

SOME THINGS
WE HAVE REMEMBERED

SAMUEL THORNTON, ADMIRAL, 1797-1859
PERCY MELVILLE THORNTON, 1841-1911

PERCY MELVILLE THORNTON

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MIDSHIPMAN SAMUEL THORNTON, R.N., AFTERWARDS
ADMIRAL THORNTON, 1797-1859

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SAMUEL THORNTON, ADMIRAL, 1797-1859

PERCY MELVILLE THORNTON, 1841-1911

BY

PERCY MELVILLE THORNTON, LL.M.

Ex-M.P., CLAPHAM, 1892-1910

AUTHOR OF "FOREIGN SECRETARIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,"
"HARROW SCHOOL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS," "THE STUART
DYNASTY," "CONTINENTAL RULERS OF THE NINETEENTH
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THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

TO

MY WIFE

PREFATORY NOTE.

My indebtedness to the Rev. John Thornton, head of the Birkin Thorntons, for the privately printed volume of "Yearly Recollections," by Samuel Thornton, M.P., is acknowledged in Chapter I; but I also wish to express my thanks for an unfailing attention to every request made for family information. Lady Elton has contributed interesting notes upon the records of her own and Sir Edmund's predecessors at Clevedon Court, and about the classical acquirements of their grandfather, Sir Charles Elton. The Hon. Norman Leslie Melville sent some recollections of his uncle, Admiral Thornton, which have been embodied in the narrative, while his own experiences as an amateur Jockey when riding for King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, have been recorded. My cousin, C. I. Thornton, has kindly furnished details of his Cricket experiences. To Miss Rice I owe it that I have been able to consult the letters and diaries of our Celtic ancestors. Also for the portraits of my grandparents, the Rev. J. M. Rice and Mrs. Rice. I am indebted to my cousin, Col. Mockler-Ferryman,

for a valuable summary of the Rice connexion with the 51st Regiment.

Lady Stawell's account of the career of her father, Capt. Greene, R.N., completed the notices of my father's closer naval friends. I have to thank Mr. Arthur McIlwaine for the materials connected with his father's life as well as for leave to copy the portrait which appears in this volume.

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ARMS OF THE THORNTONS OF BIRKIN

CHAPTER 1.

THE THORNTONS OF BIRKIN.

It may be asked why under the title of this work I incidentally narrate the history of several Thorntons of Birkin, some hitherto unnoticed in literature, others already celebrated by the Stephens, Wilberforces, Macaulays and other powerful writers, students of the nineteenth century, who have made Clapham a veritable Mecca of philanthropy and anti-slavery. It is because I think there will be a general interest felt for some of those members of my family who have striven to serve the State well in more than one capacity.

Even if at first sight it may seem a somewhat startling audacity for me to propound this view and to connect earlier incidents with the recollections of my father and myself, I trust that a perusal of these pages will show that a more complete record of the times in question has been thus secured by the addition of some valuable details to those already published.

The claims of Battersea Rise, Clapham Common, to be venerated as the centre of the Thornton-Wilberforce traditions naturally receive respectful attention from me, a son of the house by marriage.

That my grandfather Samuel Thornton's work in the House of Commons and at the Bank of England was worthy of commemoration is as certain as that his son, the Admiral, did good service in his profession. Another justification for venturing to review such events and do justice to the careers of these and other noteworthy residents of Clapham, beyond that of my relationship, consists in my having been upwards of seventeen years (1892-1909) Member of Parliament for Clapham, at a critical time in our modern history.

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It has also occurred to me that many persons allied by kinship to our clan, but not bearing their name, may care to learn more of the Thorntons connected with their families. Let me instance at random some such family names borne by persons mentioned in this volume, Milnes, Wilberforce, Leslie Melville, Pym, Sykes, Dealtry, Rice, Thrale, Elton, and Forster.

As the title of the work suggests, many of the incidents mentioned are vouched for by the writer's experience; but most of these have been verified by the help of contemporary collaborators, so that every precaution has been taken to avoid errors by testing statements which for the most part are based upon memory.

I have, of course, had access to many letters as well as diaries and notebooks.

Following Shakespeare's advice to "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," I have carefully avoided hasty averments at all likely to hurt the feelings of those connected with the many individuals and families concerned. A believer in looking upon the bright side of life where possible, I have not hesitated to repeat a good story when I have had at command such an aid to the dispersion of an occasional tinge of sadness inseparable from nearly all shades of biography.

One caution to my readers I desire to add, and it is against the expectation of any complete biography of my father appearing in these pages. The recollections I possess of Admiral Samuel Thornton are, it is true, fortified by sundry data in epistolary form and aided by contemporary relatives and naval friends. But to produce such a volume satisfactorily the work must necessarily have been commenced long before half a century had elapsed.

Nor can more than passing mention be made of those who come under the title of "what we have remembered". The autobiographical portion of this volume is likewise circumscribed, and for the reason that, as the writer believes, he has discriminated between such memories as conspire to

render this work useful to students of the period in which he has lived as well as interesting to his own family, and those which might have involved disputatious contentions and introduced fugitive opinions regarding matters which should only be dealt with by expert writers. I have ventured to narrate certain experiences undergone in the House of Commons in the years 1893-1910, both in Chapters XVII, XVIII, and the "Gleanings" included in this book, because they illustrate the character of some of the changes which came before the country during that period.

THE THORNTONS OF BIRKIN.

This ancient Yorkshire family received in the year 1563, through Robert Thornton of East Newton, near Pickering, Yorkshire (North Riding), a grant of the Crest and Coat of Arms printed above.

In the "Dictionary of National Biography" A. P. F., writer of the article on Thomas Thornton, supposed to have transcribed the "Thornton Romances" about 1440, says, "The transcriber is more probably to be identified with Robert Thornton of East Newton, near Pickering, in the North Riding of Yorkshire"; and that this man's grandson, "Robert Thornton, born 1454, married a daughter of William Langton of Sproxton," from whom the Thorntons of East Newton are said to be descended. It is quite likely that the Thorntons of Birkin descended directly or collaterally from the Robert Thornton who may have transcribed the "Thornton Romances".

That a connexion between the East Newton family and that of Birkin existed and was maintained by intercommunication is suggested by Jane, the elder sister of John Thornton the fifth successive head of the Birkin family, having become the wife of Dr. Richard Conyers, Rector of Helmsley, near East Newton, comparatively far from Birkin and Hull.

Until the late Admiral Thornton, whose life is dealt with in this book, discovered in Yorkshire such irrefragable proof of earlier ancestors in the North, the pedigree of the Birkin

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branch of the Thorntons was traced from the Rev. Robert Thornton, Rector of Birkin near Wakefield, but nearer still to Pontefract, also in Yorkshire, of whose loyalty to the Throne and attachment to the Church of England during the Civil War between Charles I and his Parliament there is a touching account in John Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy," Part II. p. 385 (1st Edition, 1714), from which the following is an extract :—

“He was several times plundered; and tyed to an Horse Tayle, and dragged in that manner prisoner to Cawood Castle. He survived the Usurpation and was repossessed of his Living.”

It would be difficult for any one of that race visiting Birkin and beholding the simple inscriptions on the Memorial Tablets (for three successive Thorntons were Rectors of Birkin) to refrain from revering such steadfast adherence to principle as that maintained by this brave clergyman; so it is well that his grandson, John Thornton, merchant of Kingston upon Hull, oldest brother of William the third rector, and brother-in-law of Prebendary Robert Banks, Vicar of Hull, should have erected towards the close of the nineteenth century this apt memorial of a noble past. Indeed kindred thoughts would be likely to move those, too, who, inclining to the constitutional maxims of Pym, were unable to see eye to eye with the Cavalier sentiment which involved such devotion to Church and Crown.

The exact relationship of the persecuted rector to Robert Thornton of East Newton is not recorded. The first Rector Robert Thornton may have had brothers, and the second Rector Robert Thornton may have had brothers, even elder brothers, as he was born nineteen years after his father's marriage. These possibilities are suggested by the Fenay inscription in the north chancel of Wakefield Parish Church, commemorating Nicholas Fenay, Esq., and Jane his wife [*née* Thornton], who died, the former March 21, 1710, the latter August 15, 1713, and Mrs. Margaret Thornton, sister to the

aforesaid Jane Fenay, who departed this life in the year 1715.

But the most enduring traditions of the Birkin Thorntons built upon other foundations than persecution so nobly borne by the Royalist Rector of Birkin, have been summarized so admirably by my cousin, Miss Laura Forster of Abinger-Hammer, Surrey, an able literary descendant of the above, who has placed her researches at my disposal, that I feel sure I cannot do better than transcribe them here verbatim. She justly chooses John Thornton, grandson of the before-mentioned John and head of the family in his turn, as the central figure around which the Clapham kinsmen are grouped.

“John Thornton (1720-1790), one of the most eminent of the early Evangelicals, was the only son of Robert Thornton of Clapham Common, a Director of the Bank of England, by his first wife Hannah Swynocke.¹ John Thornton inherited a large fortune from his father, which he embarked in trade. He was known in the religious world by his great munificence. Cecil in his *Memoir of John Newton* says of him, ‘He differed as much from rich men of ordinary bounty as they do from others who are parsimonious’; and he adds that he purchased Advowsons and Presentations with a view of appointing the most enlightened, active, and useful Ministers in various Parishes. He also mentions that John Thornton employed his extensive trade as a means to convey enormous quantities of Bibles, Prayer-books, and other well-chosen religious publications to different parts of the world, and that he printed at his sole expense large editions of the latter for this purpose. Cecil relates that after visiting Mr. Newton at Olney Mr. Thornton said to him: ‘Be hospitable and keep open house to

¹ He was also nephew of Godfrey Thornton, Director of the Bank of England, as also was this Godfrey Thornton’s eldest son, Godfrey, and his eldest grandson, Stephen Thornton. John Thornton’s eldest son, Samuel Thornton, enjoyed the same distinction.

such as are worthy of entertainment. Help the poor and needy. I will stately allow you £200 a year and readily send whatever you have occasion to draw for more.' When Cowper in an access of depression came to Newton's house, avowedly for one night, in March, 1773, and refused to leave it till May, 1774, John Thornton doubled this annuity. In 1779 he appointed Newton to the Rectory of St. Mary, Woolnoth.

"With Cowper and with Mrs. Unwin John Thornton had a warm and intimate friendship, and the latter consulted him, and was guided by his advice, in some of her greatest difficulties when watching over Cowper in his fits of depression. The Poet himself, writing to Lady Hesketh in 1785, mentions 'John Thornton the great, who together with his three sons, all three in Parliament, has, I suppose, a larger sweep in the City than any man,' adding that he looked confidently to him for support in his translation of Homer. He described John Thornton's character in his poem on 'Charity,' and he wrote some lines on his death in 1790, which are to be found in Southey's edition of his works (1837), Vol. X. p. 29,¹ in which he says of him: 'Thou hadst an energy in doing good, Restless as his who toils and sweats for food'.

"John Thornton was frugal in personal expenditure, and gave away habitually half his profits. Hull, Helmsley, Camberwell, and Deptford were specially centres of his liberality, but the Rev. Thomas Scott wrote that 'it might be difficult to mention one institution of evident utility to which he was not in some measure a benefactor'.

"John Thornton was first Treasurer of the Marine Society, and his portrait, painted by Gainsborough at the request of the Society, hangs in their Board-room in Clarke's Place, Bishopsgate Street Within. He was a Director of the Russia Company, and declined to be its

¹ Reproduced on pages 10, 11.

Governor, explaining to his son that he should give special offence in that position by his custom of refusing to hear the toasts and songs sometimes introduced at their public dinners. He was strict in discouraging vice, and used to leave the room if an improper toast were given, sometimes amidst the jeers of the company. He attended public dinners and exercised great though simple hospitality, but he withdrew from general society, and lived exclusively with men of business, or with those who shared his religious opinions.

“John Thornton married, November 28, 1753, Lucy Watson, only daughter and heiress of Samuel Watson, Esq., of Kingston upon Hull, a devout and earnest woman, who had been much under the personal influence of Dr. Watts. By this marriage he had issue Samuel, M.P. for Surrey, Robert, M.P. for Colchester, Jane Countess of Leven, and Henry, M.P. for Southwark.”

Surely it is evidence of the improvement manifest in the behaviour of mankind that ribaldry such as has been here touched upon is not now possible at any public dinner of a reputable institution. The offenders would be suppressed by public acclaim. That John Thornton was as tactful as he had proved himself valiant in propagating Christian principles is shown by the following letter to the Rev. Charles Simeon on his appointment as Vicar of Trinity Church, Cambridge, quoted by Dr. H. C. G. Moule, Bishop of Durham, in his book “Charles Simeon” in “English Leaders of Religion,” page 40 :—

“CLAPHAM,

“13th November, 1782.

“DEAR SIR,

“I was glad to hear the books came so timely and that the Bishop of Ely had sent you the Presentation to Trinity Church ; may a gracious God guide and direct all your ministrations, to the Redeemer’s glory, and make you a blessing to many.

“Permit me to use an uncommon freedom, and I

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hope you'll forgive me should you not be able to join issue in sentiment with me. What I would recommend is to set off with only the usual service that has been performed, as by that means I apprehend you'll gain upon the people gradually, and you can at any time increase your duty as you see occasion, and I should on the same principle advise against exhorting from house to house as heretofore you did. I assure you a subtle adversary as often obtains his end by driving too fast as too slow, and perhaps with religious people oftener.

"Remember it is God works not you, and therefore if you run before the pillar and the cloud you will assuredly be bewildered.

"The Lord ever was and ever will be with the small still voice, and therefore beware of noisy professors; they are far more to be dreaded than the worldly minded.

"Watch continually over your own spirit, and do all in love; we must grow downwards in humility to soar heavenwards.

"I should recommend your having a watchful eye over yourself, for generally speaking as is the Minister so are the people. If the Minister is enlightened, lively and vigorous, his word will come with power upon many and make them so; if he is formal the infection will spread amongst his hearers; if he is lifeless, spiritual death will be visible through the greatest part of the congregation; therefore if you watch over your own soul you may depend upon it your people will keep pace with you generally, or at least that is the way to the blessing.

"It is a sad tho' too common a mistake to be more regardful of others than ourselves, and we must begin at home; many regard watchfully the outward work and disregard that within.

"Your sermons should be written, well digested and becoming a scholar, not overlong but pithy, that those who seek occasion may find none except in the matter of your God.

“ May the God of all grace grant unto us and all that are dear to us the repentance of Peter, the faith of Paul, and the love of John, and be with you at all times and in all places, and with,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your affectionate friend and hearty well wisher,

“ JOHN THORNTON.

“ THE REV. MR. SIMEON.”

The descendants of John Thornton, who married, in 1753, Lucy, only daughter and heiress of Samuel Watson, Esq., of Kingston upon Hull, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Charles Hoghton, Baronet, of Hoghton Tower, County Lancashire, trace their ancestry back through the said Margaret to George, Duke of Clarence, murdered 1477, and his royal forebears.

The reverent appreciation of relatives and friends is corroborated by the contemporary press notices such as that which appeared in the “Gentlemen’s Magazine” for November, 1790, and is here reproduced, followed by Cowper’s poem, “monumentum aere perrenius,” to his memory.

“On November 7th, 1790, at Bath, John Thornton, Esq., of Clapham, Co. Surrey. . . . He was the greatest Merchant in Europe, except Mr. Hope of Amsterdam; and generally one half of his profits were dedicated to the poor. Mr. Thornton was one of the principal promoters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; and expended annually upwards of £2000 in the distribution of religious books.

“Three of his sons were in Parliament, and his nephew, Mr. Wilberforce, is Knight of the Shire for the County of York. Perhaps there never lived a man more deserving of public regard; a pattern in every virtue that could promote the welfare, or improve the interest of mankind. . . . His tenderness prompted him to anticipate by the most diligent enquiry the woes he wished to heal, and to relieve them with the most refined benevolence.

He died without having incurred a censure, during a life of seventy years, from the most licentious of mankind ; and was buried in the family vault at Clapham."

(*Note.*—Jane, the elder of John Thornton's two sisters, married secondly Richard Conyers, LL.D., Rector of Helmsley, near East Newton, County York ; Hannah, the younger, married William Wilberforce, her first cousin, and died childless. William Wilberforce, M.P. for Yorkshire, was not John Thornton's "nephew," but grandson of his Aunt Sarah, and his first cousin once removed. He was also nephew by marriage of the just-mentioned Hannah.)

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

NOVEMBER, 1790.

Poets attempt the noblest task they can,
Praising the Author of all good in man,
And, next, commemorating Worthies lost,
The dead in whom that good abounded most.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more
Famed for thy probity from shore to shore ;
Thee, Thornton ! worthy in some page to shine,
As honest and more eloquent than mine,
I mourn ; or, since thrice happy thou must be,
The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.
Thee to deplore were grief misspent indeed ;
It were to weep that goodness has its meed,
That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,
And glory for the virtuous, when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,
Sweet as the privilege of healing woe
By virtue suffer'd combating below ?
That privilege was thine ; Heaven gave thee means
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food ;
Avarice, in thee, was the desire of wealth
By rust imperishable or by stealth ;
And if the genuine worth of gold depend

On application to its noblest end,
Thine had a value in the scales of Heaven,
Surpassing all that mine or mint had given.
And, though God made thee of a nature prone
To distribution boundless of thine own,
And still by motives of religious force
Impell'd thee more to that heroic course,
Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Nice in its choice, and of a temper'd heat,
And though in act unwearied, secret still,
As in some solitude the summer rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy charity ; no sudden start,
After long sleep, of passion in the heart,
But steadfast principle, and, in its kind,
Of close relation to the eternal mind,
Traced easily to its true source above,
To Him, whose works bespeak His nature, Love.

Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
This record of thee for the Gospel's sake ;
That the incredulous themselves may see
Its use and power exemplified in thee.

(Southey's edition of "Cowper's Works," 1837, Vol. X. p. 29.)

My father, Samuel Thornton, was born at the house of his uncle, Lord Balgonie, in Spring Gardens, London, 22 March, 1797. He was third and youngest son of Samuel Thornton of Clapham, then Member of Parliament for Hull, and afterwards of Albury Park and a representative of the County of Surrey, who gained the distinction of being for more than half a century (fifty-six years) a Director of the Bank of England.

The Public Schools were rejected as a matter of course by the earlier generations of Claphamites. But with regard to my grandfather Samuel, sagacious counsellors and discreet tutors made up to him and John Thornton's other children for their missing any advantages which a year or two at Eton,

Winchester or Harrow might have afforded, if the experience of some contemporary statesmen is to be weighed in the balance. But foreign travel in search of business knowledge seems to have been another compensating advantage.

Constant contact moreover with the Wilberforce relations, and in particular friendship with the young statesman and future philanthropist of that name, were potent influences on their careers. For instance, my grandfather, Samuel Thornton, was in 1784 returned Tory Member for Kingston upon Hull and William Wilberforce for County York, and they retained their seats for twenty-three years. His first election to Parliament fell on the fourth anniversary of his marriage, 12 December, 1780, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert Milnes, of Fryston, whose grandson was in 1806 returned to Parliament as Member for Pontefract. R. P. Milnes achieved considerable distinction both at Cambridge and in the House of Commons and was offered a seat in Mr. Perceval's Cabinet, but declined, as he did not aspire to the Treasury Bench. He married the Hon. Henrietta Maria, second daughter of the fourth Viscount Galway, and soon after retired from active public life. He refused a Peerage offered him by Lord Palmerston in 1856.

With the career of his son, the celebrated Richard Monckton Milnes, first Baron Houghton, it will be right to deal chronologically. This Peer's only son, successor to the title, is the present Marquis of Crewe, to whom a son and heir was born February, 1911.

It was in the year 1800 that my paternal grandfather became Governor of the Bank of England, and was soon successful in getting its Charter renewed. This moreover was a year after the Income Tax (first introduced 1799, by Mr. Pitt) took its place in the annual financial proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and although at first, as my grandfather remarked in the House of Commons, "not so productive as could be wished, has established a principle that may be highly advantageous to the State". This measure was resolved upon as his summary of events records,

when "a scanty harvest and short importation of grain" having made the chief necessary of life extremely dear, subscriptions were opened for the benefit of the poor, and every means that could relieve them considered.

As in the previous year a quartern loaf cost 1s. 9d., according to the same authority, it is possible to realize the condition into which war and its attendant taxation, however inevitable, had brought the people of this country just before the Peace of Amiens was signed in 1802.

The wealth accumulated by John Thornton had doubtless been sensibly increased during the burst of commercial prosperity which so mysteriously followed the close of the American war. At the Peace of Versailles, in 1783, which set its seal upon these events, although Great Britain lost her transatlantic provinces and gave other Colonial concessions to European foes who had coalesced with the revolted Colonies, never was her national credit higher, or, owing to Lord Rodney's genius for sea power, her fleets more supreme. Commercial men were in the ensuing decade not unnaturally prone to trust perhaps too unflinchingly to the genius of their young Premier, Mr. Pitt, whose policy of encouraging free commercial relations with the Continent (evidenced by the famous Commercial Treaty of 1785 which the Hon. William Eden negotiated with France) was then believed to presage a continuance of the conditions which had lately rendered accumulations of wealth so notable in England. John Thornton's three sons, Samuel, Henry, and Robert, all formed part of the famous majority which under Mr. Pitt's leadership in 1784 triumphed over the unnatural coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox. Samuel Thornton might at this time well have believed that the omens foretelling commercial advance apparent in the banking centre of the United Kingdom justified the hope of a still farther advance in the volume of trade between this country and Russia. Nor could he foretell how disastrous to the Russia merchants was destined to be the system adopted by the British Parliament of excluding the fine timber of Northern Europe in order to give preference to the

Canadian lumber trade, which appears from the debates on that question which took place in the House of Commons during 1822 not after all to have benefited thereby nearly so much as did the United States. Again, despite the amazing changes which had occurred in France between 1789 and the opening years of the nineteenth century, the hopes aroused of a renewal of commercial activity by the signing of the Peace of Amiens in 1802 did not appear to our City men less stable because the pre-eminence of Napoleon Bonaparte was deemed secure. Under these circumstances Samuel Thornton, fortified by the prosperous hopes of a staple business connexion with Russia, became a Surrey landowner at Albury.

Some idea of the character of the society which visited Albury may be formed when most of the Thornton and Milnes relations, Mr. Wilberforce and his family (frequently), Lord Teignmouth, the ex-Governor-General of India, Lord and Lady Leven, their naval son Lord Balgonie, Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, the Rev. Mr. Gisborne and Mrs. Gisborne, Dr. Dealtry, Mr. Edward Parry, Chairman of the East India Company, and very often the Rev. John Venn and his son Henry, are numbered among welcome visitors, as also were the Thornton Astells. This was a branch of the Thorntons of Birkin who adopted the name of Astell and settled at Woodbury, County Beds., which place they inherited through the female line. In 1808 three Thorntons and one Thornton Astell were returned to the House of Commons, not to mention connexions by marriage.

It happened, then, that my father having entered upon his young life in an era of national stress and crisis, had opportunities of hearing from those around him all that was going on in the arena of Government at Westminster. Not only was his father, Mr. Samuel Thornton, as Governor of the Bank during an anxious period of Mr. Pitt's second Administration, of necessity often consulted upon the national finance both in and out of the House of Commons, but his father's brother, Mr. Henry Thornton of Battersea Rise, Clapham, M.P. for Southwark, twin philanthropist with his

cousin, Mr. Wilberforce, was a leading authority upon paper credit. Another brother, Mr. Robert Thornton, represented Colchester. He resided at Clapham, and the grounds of his beautiful home there, on the south side of the Common, were visited by many people of high distinction early in the nineteenth century.

Interesting details regarding the Thorntons are inscribed on the family tomb at St. Paul's Church, Clapham, the most ancient site of Christian worship there.

To the old Rectory, unfortunately destroyed in 1886, "Sam Thornton junior, aged 8 years, came to reside with me as my pupil" (according to the diary of the Rev. John Venn, Rector of Clapham, under date 13 May, 1805). But the breezy downs around Guildford and the pleasant groves of Albury had so enchained the youthful imagination of the small student, that he always spoke of his father's sojourn in that part of Surrey as forming one of the happiest episodes in his life; which, indeed, will not seem strange to the modern seekers after health-giving and sylvan scenery, who, from duties keeping them comparatively near to the great Metropolis, pass day by day to homes near Shere and Albury.

The lovely wooded undulations around the River Tillingbourne, a tributary of the Wey, spread to the verge of the valley which skirts the hill leading up to the venerable St. Martha's Chapel built upon that storm-swept height. The situation of the house and parish church within the Park attracted the attention of W. S. Gilpin, the famous water-colour artist, who painted the scene from the northern hill early in the last century at the request of Mr. S. Thornton, M.P. The property is now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, the house having been enlarged and much altered.

Albury itself is situated in the vale at the foot of the range of chalk hills which extend from near Farnham into Kent. Upwards of ten years of my father's childhood were spent amongst these beautiful country scenes, and he often re-

counted to us how much attached he became to the neighbourhood which he left in 1811 to join the Navy.

My father used to tell me how the Rector of Clapham had taken him with his own son Harry (afterwards the Rev. H. Venn, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society) to seats given them in Westminster Hall by my grandfather on the occasion of Lord Melville's famous trial. This and other such youthful visits to the seat of Government seem to have inspired my father with that abiding interest in the past and general history of his country, which characterized the thoughts and opinions of a lifetime in a great measure spent on the wooden walls of old England.

For the studies at Clapham so thoughtfully directed by Mr. Venn, which an ever-anxious mother hoped would turn her third son's attention to the ministry, were, if not unfruitful, yet destined to be ultimately forsaken for the more eventful career of a British naval officer. In the *Life of the Rev. J. Venn, Rector of Clapham* (by Dr. Venn, of Caius College, Cambridge), will be found an account of how the young Sam Thornton pined for a sea life, and was wont to dress up the Rectory chimneys as masts, fitting them with sham sails.

It has seemed anomalous to me, when scanning the biographies of our times, that my own father, a popular naval officer in his day, who had seen important service and performed his part well, should have left no record of his life beyond what is told of the naval events in which he participated in the late William R. O'Byrne's "*Naval Biographical Dictionary*," and Marshall's "*Royal Naval Biography*". Add to this the fact that he was a son of an influential Member of Parliament, and I shall be forgiven for making this attempt to intertwine events in the joint lives of Admiral Samuel Thornton and Percy M. Thornton, upwards of seventeen years M.P. for Clapham, by the simple device of recording "some things we have remembered".

My father's uncle, Henry Thornton, for thirty-three years represented Southwark in Parliament, being recognized not only for his own prominent abilities but also for his effec-

tive participation in all the philanthropic movements of his day.

I can only here indicate very briefly the atmosphere of life with which my father was surrounded when his home was at Albury Park in Surrey, and when from time to time he sojourned at his historic Clapham home; and I use the word "historic" here advisedly, because it was in the old red mansion on South Side, Clapham Common, part of which estate is now the property of an important Roman Catholic community, that John Thornton the philanthropist, intimate kinsman of William Wilberforce and friend of the poet Cowper, lived, and his sons, Samuel Thornton, my grandfather, and Henry and Robert, first saw the light.

To enter upon a dissertation concerning the worthies of Clapham is going beyond the scope of this volume, but I cannot help recording the opinion that we as a family settled long at Clapham, owe much to the memory of our above-mentioned great-grandfather, who offered the shelter of a home to the young Yorkshire legislator, M.P. for York, William Wilberforce, and helped in influencing that noble nature to approximate towards virtues such as have stamped the surroundings of a suburban village with abiding dignity and rendered some of its denizens famous amongst their contemporaries.

At the end of the year 1806, when Napoleon entered into alliance with the Tsar Alexander I, things began to look very dark for those who, like Mr. Samuel Thornton, M.P., were engaged in the Russian trade; because the Berlin decree of Napoleon, adverse to British commerce, had been swiftly followed by the third coalition against France, while Pitt, the inspiring spirit of British opposition to Napoleonic aims of European conquest, was on his death-bed.

Austerlitz and Jena may be said to have riveted the iron bonds which were rendering northern commerce null and void. Under these circumstances the fortunes of any business house centred in the City of London and trading with Russia were gravely depressed, and there seem to have been

special reasons which accelerated this decline in my grandfather's case. It is sufficient here to record the fact as bearing on the fortunes of a younger son just joining the Navy in 1811, about the time when the sale of the Albury residence and estate became necessary.

My uncle, John Thornton, and his brother, Henry Milnes Thornton, both went to Trinity College, Cambridge, the former as a fellow-commoner, having been brought up to inherit a seat in his father's counting-house at King's Arms Yard, then famous as the place of business of Samuel Thornton, representing as head the elder branch of the Thorntons of Birkin, just in the way that 20 Birchin Lane acquired distinction under the ægis of his younger brother, Mr. Henry Thornton, M.P., and in later years when affairs there were guided by his (Henry's) son, Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton.

The character of Mr. Henry Thornton, as drawn by the magic pen of Sir James Stephen, in his "Essay upon the Clapham Sect," had given, so to speak, a family primacy for unostentatious piety to that great and good man; but none the less when a great-grandson of Samuel Thornton, M.P., hereditary possessor of the family archives, the Rev. John Thornton of Betchworth, privately published in 1891 the "Yearly Recollections" of his ancestor, we all felt glad that it should be known how kindred thoughts had animated the two brothers' hearts throughout their lives, and how worthy they both were to accomplish the religious designs and follow the high example of their common parent, John Thornton, the friend of Cowper and the early mentor of William Wilberforce.

These "Yearly Recollections" of Samuel Thornton, M.P., I shall have of necessity to draw on both for facts and dates while tracing the naval career of my own father.

The most important element in Mr. S. Thornton's "Yearly Recollections" consists in an all-consuming zeal for the success of Christianity, not only in the home but abroad, in fact a fervent desire to see it propagated throughout the world. There can be no question in the mind of any reader as to the

good man's zeal and strength of faith ; although like his hitherto better-known relatives he was so humble-minded in these exalted regions of sacred thought that his writings are those of a man given somewhat to self-depreciation.

The Hull merchants bearing the Thornton name had adhered to the Church of England, which their ancestor, Robert Thornton, Rector of Birkin, underwent ignominy, suffering, and deprivation to defend ; and when, to use his own words, Samuel Thornton the elder in 1776 entered within the pale of the Church of England by taking the Communion at the Church at Deptford of which his uncle by marriage, the Rev. Dr. Conyers, was incumbent on the first Sunday in January, he was, as he said, "acting on his own responsibility," the fact being that his mother's predilection for the doctrines of Nonconformity, though she was, as before mentioned, of royal lineage, had for a time strong influence over the eldest surviving child. From that date he was much in communication with other clergymen of the Established Church in addition to the above named, such as the Rev. John Venn and the Rev. Dr. William Dealtry.

Two such friends as these, whose abilities were on an equality with their enthusiasm, must have acted as powerful aids to the evangelical beliefs held so firmly by the home party at Albury.

But there was a certain human breadth in the sympathies of Samuel Thornton which permitted him conscientiously to perform the functions necessary to the maintenance of his position as M.P. for Surrey. For instance, he did not discourage the effort of the ladies at Albury to exercise county hospitality, and the dance was by no means precluded from the category of healthy and natural amusements. In this particular there may have been a certain shifting from the recognized Evangelical position, although I have never discovered that my grandfather moved from his cherished beliefs in any essential matter.

Mr. John Venn had a wealth of Evangelical tradition behind him as the son of Henry Venn of Huddersfield. He

was certainly an excellent clergyman at Clapham, and a kind adviser to my father when he yearned so strongly to join the British Navy.

Dr. William Dealtry (1775-1847), to whose influence at Albury when friend and guide of my uncle John the Thorntons owe so deep a debt, was a scholar of wide repute. Second Wrangler and Second Smith Prizeman in 1796, he was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, between 1798 and his marriage in 1814. He lived to follow Mr. Venn as Rector of Clapham, and died Archdeacon of Surrey.

Both Venn and Dealtry owe their rectorial appointments at Clapham to the Thornton family, the life interest of R. Bowyer Atkyns, who inherited the presentation to the Living of Clapham, having been purchased by Mr. John Thornton, my great-grandfather.

In the "Venn Family Annals" (pp. 148-9) occurs the following passage:—

"In the year 1805 Samuel Thornton, a year younger than myself, came to be my father's pupil and to be educated with me. Then I suppose plans of instruction were adopted such as my father's wisdom was well calculated to devise; but he was overwhelmed with the business of his important ministerial charge and could only hear our lessons in the morning from eight to nine. The rest of the time we learnt our lessons alone in a schoolroom which opened out on a playground and two windows looked into the street. I have a more lively recollection of transactions at the door and window than at the table. . . . Samuel Thornton remained with us until he went to sea in 1811. . . . When Samuel Thornton went for his holidays to his father's beautiful seat Albury Park I generally went with him and was treated like a son in every respect."

Opportunities given to imbibe some of the many forms of knowledge which the Rev. John Venn was competent to inculcate seem to have completely overbalanced any disadvan-

tage which his pupils might otherwise have felt through their exclusion from public school life. For in my father's generation such a form of education was still rigidly eschewed by Evangelical parents. Not only had the Rector of Clapham equipped himself as a scientist of a practical character, but he was destined specially to apply such learning on a critical occasion. When, doubtless owing in some degree to the sympathetic advice given by his honoured preceptor, my father turned his budding talents towards the sea, that trusted friend went to bid the boy good-bye at Plymouth. A thick fog springing up as the boat was leaving the "Amazon" for the shore, the visitor and crew might have been long indeed in reaching land, but for Venn consulting a pocket compass and discovering that they were already pointing seawards, and in an opposite direction to Plymouth Harbour. I will not pause to show how beneficial it must have been for a boy longing to don sailor's garments to become familiar with elementary nautical facts, but I must also record how instruction in all branches of heraldry and antiquarian knowledge impregnated the future life and character of one whose researches have strengthened materially his own family links with the past. To this we owe the latest facts revealed concerning our family pedigree.

It was certainly as a pupil of the Rev. John Venn at Clapham Rectory that the resolution to go to sea was first reached by my father. In Samuel Thornton's "Yearly Recollections" it is told how his youngest son Samuel begged and besought his sisters to emphasize the overwhelming desire he felt towards adopting the sea as a profession. After his parents had doubtfully acquiesced in their child's wishes, and succeeded in getting him appointed to the famous "Shannon," Midshipman Samuel Thornton missed the Portsmouth coach and with it the chance of participating in the struggle with the "Chesapeake".

The Rev. Henry Venn, late Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, already mentioned as a fellow-student at Clapham Rectory with young Thornton, vouches for the truth of

the story, adding, "the poor boy nearly broke his heart" ("Venn Family Annals," p. 122).

It is certainly a remarkable coincidence that this youth should, as it were by way of salve for his regret, take part in the battle between the "Phœbe" and "Essex," leaving so graphic an account of it to posterity.

It is fortunate that I should be enabled to pen these lines at a time when my remembrance both of my father and his brothers is so strongly fixed on my memory, the impression being undimmed by years. I could trace a certain resemblance between the three; and I thought my Uncle John certainly held ideas and opinions in common with my father. When I knew my Uncle Henry Milnes Thornton, he was a suffering invalid, but still bearing traces of the good looks which his portraits denoted. He had been a popular person in his home circle and at the University of Cambridge, and when I first joined the United University Club, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, in the early 'seventies, I was in high favour with certain of the older servants, who knew me as the nephew of Mr. Henry Milnes Thornton. Judging from family tradition this uncle possessed remarkable ability which ill-health disabled him from widely exercising.

My Uncle John, on the other hand, I remember as the loved counsellor and close friend of my father, who—despite the claims of brother's and sister's children from India and a gathering host of relations—always found a warm greeting at Bowyer Terrace, Clapham.

To my mother, sister, and myself "the Terrace," short for Bowyer Terrace, Clapham, was indeed a sort of second home. My Uncle John was the tenderest and kindest of men. His great pleasure, when in later years he came home from his duties at Somerset House, was to distribute sweets and toys amongst the children so as to occasion them the greatest delight. He would hide them about the ample furniture of the well-known house, which like another Clapham dwelling of the Thorntons, namely "Battersea Rise," exists no longer. At Bowyer Terrace fire destroyed the scene of much youthful

happiness. The greenhouse in the garden, which in the fifties sloped down towards the Wandsworth Road through meadows such as Milton would have loved, was situated where the Clapham Road Station now stands.

But for the change of circumstances which I have indicated there is little doubt that my Uncle John would have become a Member of Parliament and also helped to carry on the business with Russia; but as the course of my narrative will show, the rôle of legislator, for undertaking which he possessed due aptitude, had to give way to a duller and more monotonous existence. He, however, travelled in Russia and elsewhere on the Continent, and cultivated the Cambridge friendships he had so freely contracted, more especially that with the gifted Reginald Heber, the then future Bishop of Calcutta.

Perhaps in thus early introducing my uncles to the reader I am anticipating events, but nevertheless this seems a necessity when "Some things we have remembered" are under consideration.

Chronologically the present narrative has not, however, advanced now beyond 1811, when the Rev. John Venn, the much-honoured Evangelical Rector of Clapham, went down to see my father off in the "Amazon," a 38-gun frigate, Captain William Parker, the friend and companion of Nelson in his famous voyage to the West Indies in 1805.

In this vessel my father witnessed the capture and destruction of a French convoy near the Penmarck Rocks. Removed in February, 1812, to the "Armide," another 38-gun frigate (Captain William Dalling Dunn), the young Thornton took part in more than one conflict with the enemy's batteries (O'Bryne's "Naval Biography," p. 1178).

In May, 1807, having been six years in possession of Albury, my grandfather was bold enough to attempt to wrest the county representation from the Whigs, who benefited by the extension of the Bedford influence into Surrey, for which county Lord William Russell sat for no less than five Parliaments. On this occasion the Whig champion had to succumb

before Mr. Samuel Thornton's rising popularity, the seat being gained and held by the Tories until the next election, when Mr. Thornton himself suffered a reverse at the poll. But a year later the death of Sir Thomas Sutton, a Whig, his successful opponent, restored Thornton to the House of Commons for his own county.

To have served twenty-seven years in all as M.P., and an active one, does not make a bad record, his Parliamentary career being interspersed freely with succinct and pointed speeches on the state of commercial credit before and after the great war closed in 1815. Dreading a too sudden return to cash payments, he nevertheless wished to see the issue of notes limited before such a policy, desirable in itself, could be safely carried out.

As spokesman for the Bank of England, Thornton, in 1815, during the debate on Mr. Grenfell's motion concerning the profits of that institution, protested strongly against the projected Parliamentary interference. On the former of these occasions he declared that there was no limit to the distress and embarrassment that would follow such a measure.

The policy was not carried out until after my grandfather left the House of Commons, but the financial cataclysm of 1825 has been held in some quarters to have been rendered more acute by the drastic and premature resumption of cash payments by Sir Robert Peel.

Strong Tory as Samuel Thornton remained, he never disguised his desire to approximate as far as possible to the Free-trade ideals of his leader, Mr. Pitt, as well as to the teachings of Adam Smith. Living under an iron-handed system of Protectionism, which the vast warlike expenditure had led men of all fiscal views temporarily to tolerate, this representative City statesman spoke out boldly in the debate of 13 March, 1817, on Mr. Brougham's motion regarding the state of the trade of the country. During his speech Thornton demonstrated clearly and succinctly how the vicious burdens upon foreign linens had dwarfed and depressed that great trade to a minimum. Tracing this admittedly bad con-

dition of things to the high tariff prevailing, the speaker showed how the composite articles of which linen formed part were suffering also from the same cause.

It is no answer to say of any Tory holding these views, and boldly avowing them either in 1820 or 1903, that he failed in duty because his opposition was not extended to a point which would cripple his leader's power to preserve that Constitution they were all pledged to sustain both in Church and State.

That Mr. Canning in 1826 appreciated to the full the stand made by Mr. Samuel Thornton for Free-trade principles, the following facts will prove.

The merchants and traders of the City of London in May, 1820, presented a petition to the House of Commons, and chose to head the document with his signature one of its most experienced citizens, namely, my grandfather. Two or three extracts and those alone I now quote before adverting to Mr. Canning's comments upon them. The petitioners averred "that the prevailing prejudices in favour of the protective or restrictive system may be traced to the erroneous supposition that every importation of foreign commodities occasions a diminution or discouragement of our own productions to the same extent; whereas it may clearly be shown that although the particular description of production which could not stand against unrestrained foreign competition would be discouraged; yet as no importation could be continued for any length of time without a corresponding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement for the purpose of that exportation of some other production to which our situation might be better suited, thus affording us an equal, and probably a greater, and certainly a more beneficent employment to our own Capital and Labour".

Again, "that among the other evils of the restrictive or protective system, not the least is, that the artificial protection of one branch of industry, or source of protection against foreign competition is set up as a ground of claim by other branches for similar protection, so that if the reason upon

which these restrictive or prohibitory regulations are founded were followed consistently, it would not stop short of excluding us from all foreign commerce whatsoever".

The petitioners concluded their arguments by admitting "that so long as the necessity for the present amount of revenue subsists, the petitioners cannot expect so important a branch as the Customs to be given up, nor to be materially diminished. . . . But it is against every restrictive regulation of trade not essential to the revenue, against all duties merely protective against foreign competition, and against the excess of such duties as are partly for the purpose of revenue and partly for protection that the prayer of the petition is submitted to Parliament."

Mr. Canning in his speech on the condition of the silk trade, 24 February, 1826, justified the Government's tending in some degree towards the alleviation of these unnecessary fiscal burdens by urging that the protesting London merchants were animated by convictions based on facts they beheld around them and not, as was often alleged, "by the recommendations of Theorists and Visionaries". "This morning," added Mr. Canning, "I took the trouble to look at the names of the merchants who signed it, and the first signature I read is that of one of the most distinguished of that class in the City of London; a gentleman who was many years ago Governor of the Bank of England and is now a Director, and who was for a long time a valuable member of this House; a gentleman who in the best sense of the word is a practical man; and one whose conduct in private life would protect him (if any man can be protected by his conduct) from the suspicion of being 'a wild and unfeeling theorist, a hard metaphysician,' alike indifferent to the wants and miseries of his fellow-creatures; I mean Mr. Samuel Thornton."

Mr. Samuel Thornton proved himself a clever debater on the occasion of the Lymington petition discussion on 11 February, 1816. Lord Cochrane and Sir Francis Burdett had been in the habit of bombarding the House of Commons

with successive petitions from different districts which urged remedy of the public distress, rampant—alas!—during this year, in terms which to modern ears do not sound parliamentary. One of these from Lymington, couched in unpromising terms and assailing Government, on account of the whole gamut of policy both abroad and at home, was challenged by Lord Castlereagh for the Government, as being undesirable to place on the table of the House. On a division, 43 members voted in favour of receiving the petition, and 73 voted for its rejection. Three Members being found in the passage behind the Speaker's chair, had been, according to the usage then prevalent, required to vote. The first, as recorded in Hansard, was Mr. S. Thornton, Member for Surrey, who promptly declared against the petition. Sir Francis Burdett, however, discovering that the Member had not heard the petition read, insisted on the words of the prayer being repeated in the House. This being done by the Speaker's orders, my grandfather stood to his guns, and stoutly refused to alter his vote; and neither Opposition clamour nor Sir Francis Burdett's sarcasms directed against a Governor of the Bank voting blindly could move him. Mr. Thornton told his critics that on the question being put, he felt it his duty, judging from the spirit displayed and the wording used in other kindred petitions, and also in consequence of confidence felt in his leader, Lord Castlereagh, to support his motion for rejection, particularly as he, Mr. Thornton, was not aware it was his privilege to have the prayer read out again in order to form a judgment of its contents. But "as for the reflections cast upon his conduct by the noble Lord Cochrane or the Hon. Baronet, Sir F. Burdett, he felt under these circumstances totally indifferent either to their censure or approval" (Hansard, 1817, Vol. 35).

I may here repeat that Mr. Samuel Thornton first entered Parliament in 1783, and was a member of the majority which supported Mr. Pitt in his struggle against the coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox. When in 1802, after the Peace of Amiens, Mr. Pitt was granted by the House of Commons

a vote of thanks for his conduct when in power, Mr. Samuel Thornton was chosen to second the motion proposed by Lord Belgrave, the future Lord Grosvenor.

The decline in Mr. Samuel Thornton's fortunes, which, as I have observed, necessitated abandonment of Albury, coincided with the marriage of his daughter Harriet, in September, 1812.

We have seen that the only daughter of John Thornton, the Clapham philanthropist, had married Viscount Balgonie, heir to the ancient Earldom of Leven and Melville. Their eldest son joined the Navy, became an Admiral, and afterwards succeeded to the title as eighth Earl. Their second son, John Thornton Leslie Melville, married his Uncle Samuel's daughter, Harriet, my aunt, just at the moment when the temporal fortunes of this elder branch of the Birkin Thorntons seemed most surely on a decline. My grandfather had just disposed of his estate and residence in Surrey, London at this time being his only home. He had lost his seat in Parliament in a contest with Sir Thomas Sutton, the Whigs briefly regaining the supremacy formerly possessed by the Duke of Bedford's family. All looked dark and gloomy.

The weight of the support given at this juncture by a shrewd, kindly, business adviser and never-failing friend, all the party leaving Albury learned fully to realize. Uncle Melville, as he came affectionately to be styled, lived to succeed to the Earldom and become father of the House of Lords.

The friendly relationship of my father, Admiral Thornton, with this part of his family will be found recorded in the "Gleanings" which close this work.

CHAPTER II.

NAVAL CAREER OF SAMUEL THORNTON.

THE next theatre of warfare whereon the young Samuel Thornton figured was in the Pacific, and the rôle, one regrets to remember, was opposition to the United States.

The resolute determination of the British nation not to allow its power to be sapped in the day of peril by permitting its seamen to transfer their allegiance to any other maritime Power led the two English-speaking peoples into this unnatural conflict.

Though Britain was not able to justify seizures of deserting seamen who were found in neutral vessels in times of peace, yet in practice no American sailor who had been in the British service could feel sure of his position when England and France were striving to wound one another in the most deadly manner possible. Rigid adherence to the press-gang system enabled England to man the numerous ships as never could have been done under a free system. Hence in America, where numerous seafaring men from Great Britain who dreaded this compulsion congregated under the Stars and Stripes, they nevertheless soon recognized that this defence might fail them on the high seas, infested as they were by British cruisers.

Out of this state of things originated the American motto "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," which was displayed by so many vessels. To ourselves, surveying these events from a more modern standpoint than could possibly have prevailed in 1814, it seems almost suicidal that the English-speaking nations did not combine on behalf of the freedom of peoples when the choice lay between Napoleon conquering Europe,

and England defending it in the common cause. But, unfortunately, historical prejudices stood in the way of a timely approximation between the Governments of Washington and St. James's, even if the special circumstance I have spoken of had not encouraged the conflict which raged between 1812-14.

When the "Phœbe" went out with the "Cherub" and "Raccoon" to the Pacific in search of the "Essex" and her armed and other prizes, the naval success was on the American side both on the open sea and on the lakes. In truth the world stood entranced by the spectacle of the unexpected check thus given to the hitherto supreme rulers of the ocean. In Mr. Roosevelt's words ("Naval War of 1812," p. 136): "For a hundred and thirty years England had no equal on the seas, and now she suddenly found one in the untried Navy of an almost unknown Power".

The fruitful cruise of the "Essex" among British whalers had compelled the British Admiralty to make a determined effort to bring this attack on its trade to a close; and it can be imagined with what anxiety the result of the meeting of the squadrons was anticipated in Whitehall.

The 28th of March was an anniversary whereon the naval comrades of my father used to foregather; and I have often heard the story of the capture of the "Essex" near Valparaiso Bay in 1814 recounted. One of my earliest recollections is that of Gunner Gilbert Lawson of the victorious "Phœbe" coming to 12 Upper Gloucester Place on one of these occasions. I do not think my father saw him after 1848, as he (Gunner Lawson) died two years later, and at his death left his old friend and messmate (then Captain Samuel Thornton, R.N.) a copy of Captain David Porter's "Cruise in the 'Essex' during 1812-13-14," which concluded with his account of the conflict with the "Phœbe". Mr. Lawson also left him two South Sea war clubs.

Gunner Gilbert Lawson had a medal with five bars:—

(1) The battle of the Nile, 1798, "Swiftsure".

(2) Capture of Alexandria, 1800, "Swiftsure".

(3) Sir Richard Strachan's action, 1805, "Cesar".

(4) Basque Roads (with Lord Gambier), 1809, "Cesar".

(5) Finally the successful fight between the "Phœbe" and "Essex," 1814 ;—in which action his remarkable experience at gunnery was exercised with good effect for the British.

Captain David Porter's work is in two volumes containing 428 pages of closely printed matter, embellished with engraved plates taken mostly from the author's own sketch-book. The American Captain displayed a considerable gift of description and a fund of anecdote which would have ensured literary success, even if the dramatic event narrated at the end was not one of supreme interest. Captain Porter's book was printed in Philadelphia in 1815, soon after his return to America.

I must here say, in justice to the British officers who were concerned in this engagement, that they nearly always prefaced their memories by tributes paid to the extraordinary gallantry of the United States seamen of all ranks, and in so doing only reflected the recorded view of their honoured leader, afterwards Admiral Sir James Hillyar, K.C.B., who, at his death at Tor House, Tor Point, 10 July, 1843, enjoyed the devotion and respect of all those who had served with him. To one like myself, cognisant of this, and familiar with all disputed questions concerning the capture of the "Essex," as set out in Porter's famous Journal, I have been amazed to read in later American histories, including that of Mr. Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812," belated and gossiping accusations of a breach of faith, never suggested against the British Captain by any contemporary writer, and not even mentioned by Porter himself.

It is averred on the apparent testimony of Midshipman Farragut, aged 13, afterwards the famous Admiral, who was on board the "Essex," that during a conversation held ashore previous to the action, in a Chilian gentleman's home (one Mr. Blanco), Captain Hillyar had promised not to attack the "Essex" in Chilian waters, even if escaping from the "common anchorage".

I repeat this because Mr. Roosevelt asseverates as much on page 106 of his above-named work, and founds upon it the charge of treacherously breaking faith, which, being made as late as 1882, could not be met by the counter-evidence of those who were present on the British side, as they had then all passed away.

Admiral Farragut's great reputation as a naval warrior is beyond question, but that his version of the stories he heard from his guardian and friend, Captain Porter, repeated privately in the hour of disappointment, are more worthy of credit than the distinct remembrance of others, such as Gunner Lawson and my father, I must respectfully deny. Midshipman Farragut was just over 13, and my father, Midshipman Samuel Thornton, in his seventeenth year; so that even if the latter's story, frequently told to me, had not been supported by a sailor of Gunner Lawson's capacity, I should have claimed for my father's evidence authority at least equal to that of his junior—if more famous—contemporary.

The story sprung upon the world so suddenly was to the effect that the Commander of the British ships "Phœbe" and "Cherub" contemplated a surprise when first they entered the common anchorage of Valparaiso Bay, and that the former would have boarded the "Essex" forthwith had any considerable part of her crew been ashore on that occasion.

Now, my father always said that the "Phœbe" and "Cherub" claimed the common hospitality of the harbour of Valparaiso for the purpose of revictualling before attempting a blockade of the port. This view was generally acquiesced in and credited as being in accord with all published versions, including Captain Porter's own account written directly after the battle, until after Admiral Farragut's death. It is true that Captain Porter did rest a case of illegality against Captain Hillyar for attacking the "Essex" when attempting to escape from Valparaiso harbour and, with a broken topmast, taking refuge less than three miles from the shore. This accusation Mr. Roosevelt brushes aside lightly,

on the ground that American Captains had acted in the same way during the Civil War; but rests his complaint upon the rumoured private understanding to which I have alluded.

Captain Hillyar was also said (and here I quote Sir J. K. Laughton's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography") "to have acted a cowardly part in attacking the 'Essex' when disabled, and for keeping out of the reach of her 32-pounders while he destroyed her with his long 18's". Mr. Roosevelt here, however, again steps in (p. 301 of his "War of 1812"), and admits the absurdity of expecting a Captain "to give up the advantages of his armament and superior condition". Considering the enormous depredations made by the "Essex" in the Pacific, which in the value of prizes reached two million and a half dollars during her late cruise, it is hardly to be wondered that every legitimate opportunity was seized to bring such a state of things to a close.

Captain Porter recounts ("Journal," Vol. II. p. 159) how during the action the American Consul-General, Mr. Poinsett, called on the Governor of Valparaiso and requested that the batteries might protect the "Essex". The answer came that should that ship fight her way to the common anchorage he would request Captain Hillyar to cease firing. This would go to show that in the Chilian belief, if any understanding did exist as to non-infringement of neutrality, it had reference only to the limits of the harbour of Valparaiso itself.

When the foregoing remarks upon the "Phœbe's" capture of the "Essex" were penned, I was unaware of the existence of a letter written by my father describing the action and fully bearing out what I remembered to have so often heard. The document was addressed to my grandfather, then resident at St. James's Square, and dated 12 April, 1814, from "Late United States Frigate 'Essex,' Valparaiso Bay, on the Coast of Chili".

The part dealing with the finding of the American vessels in Valparaiso Bay is as follows:—

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ Providence has been pleased to grant success to the ‘ Phœbe ’ in a comparatively short but very bloody contest with this ship.

“ After visiting Juan Fernandez, Guaquil, the Gallapagos Islands, and Lima, where we stayed two months, we arrived at this place in company with the ‘ Cherub ’ Sloop of 18 guns. We had been in search of the ‘ Essex ’ for the last nine months, during which time she had taken 13 Southseamen, and you may judge of our surprise in rounding the point of the harbour on finding the object of our search before our eyes at anchor in the bay, in company with three of her prizes and a 20-gun ship called the ‘ Essex Junior,’ which she had fitted out and commissioned as an American man of war. It is needless to add that immediate preparations were made for battle on either side, tho’ Sir James Hillyar never intended to infringe the neutrality of the Port. In this condition we ran alongside of the ‘ Essex ’ as she lay at anchor, and Sir James Hillyar hailed her, hoping that Captain Porter was well (for they are old friends). He was answered in the affirmative by Captain Porter who returned his compliments, but added, ‘ If the “ Phœbe ” touches the “ Essex ” (we were near) it will be productive of serious consequences. I *must* act on the defensive.’

“ ‘ Upon my honour, Captain Porter, I do not mean to touch you,’ cried our Captain, ‘ I respect the neutrality of the Port and only came alongside for the purpose of inquiring after your health.’ His answer was, ‘ Excuse me in calling my boarders ’. ‘ Fie, fie, Captain Porter, I am ashamed of you. I thought you knew me better, sir, than to think I would break my word. You have no occasion to be so alarmed.’ ‘ I am not alarmed,’ answered our American opponent, vociferating the words, ‘ Stand by, my boys,’ when in a moment the ‘ Essex’s ’ sides and rigging, like Sir Walter Scott’s hill in the ‘ Lady of the Lake,’ were covered with American

warriors to the number of 340, armed with pistols and cutlasses.

“The ‘Phœbe’ exhibited the same warlike appearance in a moment and then we backed astern of her amidst the shouts of the Spaniards on the shore and of the crew of the ‘Emily,’ an English ship laying here in durance vile, ever since the ‘Essex’ had been in the Port.

“We then came to an anchor as close as possible to the ‘Cherub’ moored alongside the ‘Essex Junior’. There was no peace at night for the noise that these sons of the lion and the eagle made, and their nocturnal disputes were not unentertaining. ‘We have found you rascals at last,’ was heard from the deck of the ‘Cherub’. ‘You have found the worst job attempted since you left England,’ was the prompt retort from the ‘Essex Junior’.

“The Americans then struck up a song, ‘Let Britain no longer lay claim to the sea’. It was very soon answered by ‘Rule Britannia’ the whole crews of the ‘Cherub’ and ‘Phœbe’ joining in chorus.

“Next morning at 8 o’clock, the usual time when men of war hoist their colours, the ‘Essex’ displayed a large white flag at the head of the foretop gallant mast-head with ‘Free trade and sailors’ rights’ as motto. We had previously heard that a number of Englishmen had entered the ‘Essex’ out of the South Sea vessels captured by her, the suggestion being that sailors’ rights were better cared for on a United States ship than under British discipline. The ‘Phœbe’ immediately answered this signal by hoisting a St. George’s ensign inscribed with the motto ‘God and country, sailors’ best rights. Traitors offend both.’

“At this moment the crew of the ‘Essex’ manned her rigging and gave us three challenging cheers such as were instantly returned by the ‘Phœbe,’ our little band striking up ‘God save the King’.

"All this time our men stood aloft with their hats off, the sailors of the 'Essex' answering again and again with loud cheering mingled with a song called 'The Rights of Man'.

"The 'Phœbe' having completed her provisioning sailed outside the Bay of Valparaiso and there remained for seven weeks, during which several flags of truce were exchanged.

"On the 28th March the 'Essex' came out of the Bay attempting to break the blockade or give battle. She had just got to sea when a sudden gale of wind carried her main-topmast away. She then hoisted her ensign I have described, and after a short chase came to an anchor. Captain Hillyar collected his crew, and in a short but spirited speech, imploring the divine assistance, concluded, 'Do your duty, my lads, and you can never fear'. 'Never,' was echoed from 300 mouths, 'God save the King' being passed for the watchword in case of boarding.

"At half-past three the action commenced by the 'Phœbe' crossing the 'Essex's' stern and discharging her larboard broadside. Our first attack lasted half an hour, and upon the 'Phœbe' retiring to prepare for a second the 'Essex' cut her cable and dropping alongside as if with an intention to board us which by Captain Hillyar's superior seamanship we avoided, at the same time raking her so severely that she gave over the idea of closing with us, but gallantly maintained a very warm fire for two hours more.

"We kept at such a distance that her short caronades could not take effect and tore her to pieces with our long double-shotted guns. Our rigging was nearly destroyed by the 'Essex's' grape, but this heavy firing took place in such a calm that sails would have been of no use to either of us, so we lay like two logs battering at one another. How, I don't know, but fortune always placed the 'Essex' in such a position that we continually raked her. Towards the last half-hour 63 Americans

being killed and upwards of 70 wounded, the 'Essex' struck.

"The dead silence which immediately ensued when our last gun ceased and their ensigns lowered or shot away was a great contrast to the crashing noise.

"I was in the first boat that boarded her. Nothing was to be seen all over her decks but dead, wounded and dying. Many of the wounded were still cheering, the word they fought for, viz., 'Liberty,' being on their tongues."

Verily men become heroic who suffer like this in any cause they believe in and die for.

I shall spare my readers some particulars of this awful and sanguinary scene so graphically and tersely described by my father, and here only remark that I understand at last why he would so seldom mention to any of us at home the details of an event which, however creditable to Captain Hillyar, his officers, and crew, must ever be remembered with sorrow because of the internecine character of any conflict between English-speaking people of Europe and the West.

Midshipman Sam Thornton added to his account of the capture of the "Essex" the following interesting facts:—

"Poor Ingram, the first Lieutenant of the 'Phoebe,' who was with me in the 'Amazon' and whom you may remember at Portsmouth, a very tall man and handsome, was amongst the slain. He was buried ashore with military honours. Captain Porter and the American officers attended. They were on parole ashore and will be so until we have made ready for sea. A sad circumstance connected with Lieutenant Ingram's death was his engagement to a young lady he had met during the cruise. The crew of the 'Essex' have liberty for one hundred miles around Valparaiso until the 28th. The 'Essex Junior' has capitulated and we have taken all her stores out and are going to make a cartel of her to carry all the prisoners to America. She will be considered as the 'Phoebe's' prize."

My father mentions his friendship with the American Chaplain, "a very nice and good man" whom the Midshipman had met "before and after the action". This remark goes to show that there must have been intercourse between the men of each nation ashore, either during the provisioning of the British vessels or during the above-named times of truce; but I venture to say with confidence that this letter of my father's has disposed once and for all of the contention of writers such as I have mentioned who have been led to attack the character of Captain, afterwards Sir James, Hillyar as having broken a solemn promise, whereas he can never have made any other than that openly given face to face to Captain Porter in Valparaiso Bay, that he would respect the neutrality of that port, which the Chilians themselves defined as "the common anchorage".

Midshipman Thornton's letter further disposes of the averment that the "Phœbe's" Captain had been told by the officer in command of a brig outside Valparaiso Bay that the crew of the "Essex" were half ashore, the suggestion being made by some writers that it was then intended to take the American by a boarding *coup-de-main*, otherwise the words "our surprise in rounding the point of the harbour on finding the object of our search before our eyes" could scarcely have been felt by the "Phœbe's" officers and crew. Anyhow it will require a good deal of special pleading to shake the simple, unadorned statement of my own father, written a fortnight after the battle.

The experiences of an Officer in South America at this period were frequently strange. It was here that my father heard of a man not wishing to survive after an ineffectual attempt had been made to execute him.

The Admiral could tell a good story without spoiling it and he was wont to comment upon the wild characters he met out at Valparaiso in 1814. Amongst these there was one Macnaughten who had once got into some revolutionary broil in South America and been condemned to death by rebels in a deserted spot. When the time for his execution

arrived the noose was adjusted round the man's neck and he was hauled up on an improvised gallows, but the rope broke and he fell back uninjured. Seeing this the Officer in charge bade him sheer off and take advantage of the good fortune which had befallen him. "No," indignantly replied the prisoner, "go and fetch another rope. I will never live to be called half-hanged Macnaughten."

At this moment Government troops came up and dispersed the rebels and the question of a second trial was not mooted.

The course of my story will show how the career of a sailor in the eighteenth century was one of perpetual change, and this ultimately led to young Samuel Thornton participating in the first Burmese war, the origin and progress of which I will leave to be narrated in words taken from his own "Summary of the History of the East India Company" (pp. 231-7, 240-2), published in 1833.

"After many unprovoked aggressions on the part of the Birman monarch, a descendant of Alompra, an adventurer, who usurped the throne of the Birman Empire in 1752, it became evident, at the close of the year 1823, that hostilities with that power were unavoidable."

"In the Marquis of Hastings's summary of the operations in India during his administration, the following passage occurs:—

"In my way back to Calcutta in July, 1818, I received a rescript, brought by an envoy from the Birman monarch, whom we incorrectly call King of Ava, from one of the great divisions of his empire. The purport of this curious paper was a requisition for our immediate surrender of all the provinces east of the Bangrutty, even including Moorshedabad, with a menace, that should the demand not be obeyed, he would lay waste our territories with fire and sword. His projected hostility was evidently a measure concerted with the Mahrattahs, and during the rainy season, when the overflowing of the rivers renders the march of troops impracticable. His majesty conceived by advancing a title, however extrava-

gant, to those provinces he should have an ostensible ground for invading a state, with which otherwise he had no quarrel.

“I sent back the envoy with an intimation that the answer should be conveyed through another channel. He had come from the Court through the northern Birman provinces. The answer was dispatched by sea to the Viceroy of Arraccan, residing in the Port of Rangoon, in the central division, for transmission to his sovereign.

“It expressed, that I was too well acquainted with his majesty’s wisdom to be the dupe of the gross forgery attempted to be palmed upon me; wherefore I sent to him the document fabricated in his august name, and trusted that he would subject to condign punishment the persons who had so profligately endeavoured to sow dissension between two powers reciprocally interested to cultivate amity. By this procedure I evaded the necessity of noticing an insolent step, foreseeing that his Birman majesty would be thoroughly glad of the excuse to remain quiet, when he learned that his secret allies had been subdued. That information he received at the same time with my letter; and all further discussion, or explanation, being forborne, the former amicable intercourse continued without change. The circumstance will show the extent to which the negotiations of the Mahrattahs had gone, exhibiting also the advantage of using exertions so decisive, as should not leave time for distant enemies to come forward.”

“Though Lord Hastings, in 1818, entertained the opinion, that the ambitious views of the Birman monarch were bounded by the absence of the hope of an alliance with the native powers of Hindostan, disposed to hostility with the British Government, the insulting tone of the Court of Ava, in its subsequent conduct, demonstrated that its presumption and arrogance were sufficient to encourage the formation of a plan for the

invasion of the British territory by a Birman army, even when no other power appeared disposed to aid the aggression.

“The Birman Empire had itself been much extended by conquest during the reign of Alompra and his successors, which may in some measure account for the infatuation which pervaded the councils of its monarch in 1823, and which was fed by the sanguine enterprise of his ablest warrior, the Maha Bundoola, who afterwards fell in defence of the fortified position of Donabue, on the river Irrawaddy, April 1, 1825, after having opposed the progress of the British invading force for ten months.

“The Marquis of Hastings quitted the Government of India in January, 1823. In the August of that year, Lord Amherst reached Calcutta as Governor-General.

“Fresh aggressions on the part of the Burman Government, led to the British Manifesto of 24 February, 1824. It was determined to attack Rangoon, and to alarm the enemy by landing an army on his southern territory; while Brigadier-General Morrison, C.B., was to occupy the City of Arraccan, and effect a junction with the main body under Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Campbell, on the banks of the Irrawaddy, on about the 20th parallel of latitude.

“General Morrison’s force was so reduced by sickness, as to be unable to advance from Arraccan.

“Rangoon was taken on the 11th May, by the combined force under Commodore Grant, C.B., and Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B.”

The writer, Captain Thornton, was then third Lieutenant of the “Liffey,” and hoisted, by Commodore Grant’s order, the first British flag in Ava, on the Fort of Rangoon being silenced by the “Liffey’s” fire.

“After suffering severely from sickness during the rainy season of 1824, and repulsing the Burman army

under Maha Bundoola in December, 1824, and January, 1825, Sir Archibald Campbell's column advanced to the northward in February, 1825, while a force of 1200 men under Sir Willoughby Cotton, C.B., embarked in gunboats, and escorted by the boats of the ships of war at Rangoon (the river force while afloat being under the late Captain Alexander, C.B., of the Navy), ascended the river Irrawaddy, conveying provisions for the whole armament, Lieut. Thornton being present and taking part in this expedition.

"The Maha Bundoola had retired to the Fort of Donabue, which was summoned to surrender on the 6th March, by the Commander of the water column; Sir Archibald Campbell having continued his march towards Prome, leaving the reduction of Donabue to Sir Willoughby Cotton alone. The Bundoola refused to surrender, inviting the British Commander to view his works of defence, and convince himself of the impracticability of their reduction by the British force present.

"The following morning the southern outwork of Donabue was cannonaded, stormed, and taken; and in attempting the approaches to the main work, the storming party encountered a cross fire in passing a dry nullah, by which they were almost all either killed or wounded. Captains Rose and Cannon of His Majesty's 89th Regiment were among the former."

Thornton, who was present, had smoked a cigar with Rose the night before, when Rose remarked: "We shall have wigs on the green before this time to-morrow".

"Captain Rose was shot through the hand, but continued to animate his men, till a ball through the heart terminated his gallant existence.

"The attack failed, and it was with difficulty that the guns, which had been landed, were re-embarked. The flotilla dropped down the river, leaving the Birmanese

in possession of the Pagoda stockade, the work which had been carried on the morning of the 7th of March.

“Sir Archibald Campbell on hearing of this reverse, crossed the Irrawaddy 40 miles above Donabue, and counter-marched to the relief of the water column, and to meet those supplies he had no means of obtaining but through their exertions. The latter again approached Donabue on the 17th of March, and remained exposed to the nightly fire of the enemy, from the right bank of the river, and from the attacks of his war boats till the 25th, when the British Artillery were heard on the northern side of the Fort. After the union of the two columns, a week elapsed before a termination was unexpectedly put to the siege (regular trenches having been opened, and a breaching battery erected) by the death of the Maha Bundoola, who was killed by a rocket on the evening of the 1st April. After which the whole garrison, amounting to at least 12,000 men, including cavalry, escaped during the night, by those two sides of the place which were too extensive to be invested by Sir Archibald Campbell’s lines.

“The whole of the ordnance, ammunition, and provisions in Donabue, were captured, and the British armament met no further opposition till after the occupation of Prome, the second City of the Burman Empire, which took place on the 26th April, 1825.

“That the expedition to Rangoon took place at an unfavourable time of the year, and that the circumstance led to the loss of many lives, cannot be denied. At the same time it should be considered, that the same mortality would have, in all probability, attended the defence of our own territory, had the Government of India allowed it to have been the scene of invasion, instead of striking a blow at that of the enemy, in a quarter which drew all his military resources from our frontier.”

“A Treaty of peace between the Government of India

and the Burman monarch was ultimately signed at Yandaboo on the 24th February, 1826.

“By this treaty the Birman monarch has ceded in perpetuity to the British the provinces of Arraccan, Ramnee, Cheduba, and Sandoway, which comprise all the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal as far south as Cape Negrais. The new British possessions are bounded to the eastward by a range of mountains which separate them from Ava proper.

“His Majesty has renounced all claims on, and engaged to abstain from all interference with, the states on the British eastern frontier to the northward. He has also ceded to the British the provinces of Yeh, Tavoy, Merqui, and Tenasserim to the southward, with the islands and dependencies thereunto belonging; has consented to receive a British resident at Ava, and to depute a Birman Minister to reside at Calcutta; to abolish all enactments upon British ships or vessels in Birman Ports, and to enter into a commercial treaty on principles of reciprocal advantage. The King of Ava, in proof of the sincere disposition of the Birman Government to maintain the relations of peace and amity between the two nations, and as part indemnification to the British Government for the expenses of the war, agreed to pay the sum of one crore of rupees, equal to about £1,000,000 sterling; valuing the rupee at two shillings (the then rate of exchange); the first instalment of which . . . was paid on the spot.

“Thus terminated the contest with Ava, in which more English blood was shed than the public are at all aware of. Of the eight King's regiments that served under Sir Archibald Campbell, the 13th Light Infantry suffered most, being reduced from near 800 rank and file to less than 200 in strength, during the twenty-two months' service of that gallant corps. Though the fidelity and courage of the native troops was great, yet



T. Stothard, R.A., pinx.

THE SIEGE OF DONABUE

THE COMBINED FORCES UNDER BRIGADIER COTTON, C.B., AND CAPTAINS ALEXANDER, C.B., AND CHADS, R.N.,
PASSING THE FORTRESS OF DONABUE TO EFFECT A JUNCTION WITH SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL ON MARCH 27, 1825
From a Sketch by Captain Thornton, R.N., published Sept. 12, 1826

H. Pygall, Sc.

the enemy cared little for them, and latterly every action was decided and every post carried, by the bayonet of the European soldier. The services rendered by the officers, seamen and marines of the Royal Navy were attended with great mortality. Commodore Grant, C.B., Sir J. Brisbane, C.B., and Captain Alexander, C.B., may all be said to have fallen victims to their exertions on this service; and the crews of the ships of war, employed in open boats up the Irrawaddy, suffered in proportion, though their ardour and cheerfulness never diminished. Some of the men were upwards of twelve months away from their ships without ever seeing them, and when the 'Alligator' of 28 guns weighed her anchor to proceed to Calcutta with the first instalment of the treasure paid by the enemy, the Surgeon was the only officer on board who had belonged to that ship when she anchored off Rangoon 14 months before."

Thornton served as Lieutenant in the "Alligator's" boats for six months. What hardships must have been entailed in fourteen weeks spent out in an open boat near the then swampy country round Irrawaddy, readers will understand. My father, when so situated, helped to survey ninety miles of the river!

The advance on Donabue being accompanied by the first steam vessel built at Calcutta, has an historic interest, and in his volume "The East India Company," my father states in his summary of these events that "she was the first used in warfare".

I have quoted from his book in order to show how succinctly the later events connected with the East India Company were dealt with by his pen; but he expressly states that minute particulars have not been attempted in his narrative.

Contemporary comments on the policy of a war and the operations by sea and land possess, it is true, the virtue of being able to record facts that come into one's observation; but work such as this can scarcely be taken as exhaustive of

the subject. Therefore it is that I would call attention to the fuller description given in Marshall's "Naval Biography" (Vol. V. chap. I.) of a struggle which recurred again and again in after years. The country was still seething with discord when my father's account was printed, and for a time trouble burst out at Prome. One of the officers, under whose orders Thornton served during the campaign, was the renowned naval novelist, Captain Marryat.

England was destined to suffer largely in the loss of valuable lives and spend much treasure in two more Burmese Campaigns before peace was finally assured by the annexation of the upper portion of that country in 1886.

The struggle in 1852-3 was a severe one, while the skilful leadership of Sir Harry Prendergast lives in history as having brought to a close the reign of the last Burmese Sovereign and so freed an interesting people from a cruel despotism.

ADMIRAL THORNTON AND HIS OLD NAVAL FRIENDS.

In narrating "some things" we two have remembered I must make some mention of my father's talent for entertaining people by singing amusing songs, a faculty which he retained to the end of his life.

On returning from Burmah the little sloop "Slaney" was for some time at Penang, and there Samuel Thornton became acquainted with Sir Ralph Rice, the acting Judge in that district. The harbourage seems to have been frequented by other British ships of war, and the officers mingled together in friendly converse and joined in the social parties of the place.

Amongst the ship's companies a rivalry of song seems to have prevailed both on shipboard and on shore, and at one of these symposiums my father's remarkable faculty for reeling off witty and characteristic naval and other ditties was challenged by a rival songster desirous of coping with him in this performance by wagering that he would at least exceed him numerically. The winner was to be the man who sang the last song. Although, as Sir Ralph used to tell me, and

my father's fidus Achates, Captain McIlwaine, confirmed, the future Admiral had to surrender and in modern parlance "own up" defeat, yet the character of his minstrelsy was so far established as to give him a footing wherever a bright and amusing improvised entertainment was needed to make a party successful.

This was certainly the case at 4 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, where Miss Rice, one of his nieces, presided over her uncle Sir Ralph Rice's household, and in after years during sundry youthful festivals both at the Battersea Rise and Roehampton houses.

Captain Thornton, in default of any musical accompaniment, used to snap his fingers in order to give effect to the refrain, and, as the songster so obviously enjoyed the performance himself, those present readily caught the happy contagion of mirth and jollity. Of the songs themselves I remember but few. "The Two Flies" was undoubtedly the most popular, but needed the manner and method of its interpreter to make its points appreciated. Sometimes he, the soundest of old-fashioned Tories, would shock the Pittite associates of his father by giving utterance to the sentiments contained in Ireland's once popular song "The Shan Van Vaugh".

Personally I was more attracted to the homely narrative contained in "Mr. Bourne and his Wife," the words of which I reproduce:—

Mr. Bourne and his wife, had at breakfast a strife

All about the bread and butter and the tea,

Swears she, "I'll rule the roast, and I'll have a plate of toast,"

So to loggerheads with him went she.

Now a certain Mr. Moore, who lived at the next door,

A man very strong in the wrist,

Overheard the splutter all about the bread and butter,

And he knocked down Mr. Bourne with his fist.

"Oh, now you rogue," said he, "you shall not beat your wife,

It is both a shame and a disgrace,"

"You fool!" said Mrs. Bourne, "it's no business of yourn,"

And she smacked a cup of tea in his face.

Quoth poor Mr. Moore, as he sneaked to the door,

"I am surely a man without brains ;

For when married folk are flouting, and a stranger pokes his snout in,
He deserves to get well scolded for his pains".

I have found it difficult to discover where all my father's messmates of whom he spoke affectionately met with him. The changes from ship to ship were frequent, and it is partly for this reason that I am unable to trace the naval experiences of Captain William Pomeroy Greene as completely as could be wished. In this officer's case only the salient facts emerge from the confusion caused by most of his papers being destroyed by fire at sea. To his daughter, Lady Stawell, I owe the slender details of an active and useful career.

Joining the Royal Navy when 11 years old, he was on one of the men of war guarding Napoleon at St. Helena.

Mr. Greene was present on the Bomb ship "Hecla" at Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers, and wrote an account, which has been preserved, of the engagement.

He served in the "Liffey" during the first Burmese war of 1824, where his intimacy with my father doubtless commenced. Lady Stawell adds that he there knew Captain Marryat.

Unfortunately Captain Greene here suffered from a fever which left his constitution impaired and afterwards induced the family to spend much time in Australia, leaving their old home in County Louth, where my father had spent many happy days, and been accustomed to look forward to these trips to Ireland with much pleasure.

A son of his naval friend was the late Canon Greene, Rector of Clapham, who possessed a Prayer-book given to him by Admiral Thornton, of whom Lady Stawell speaks as a cherished family friend remembered by her parents with "great affection".

Next I would say a few words of John Furneaux, four years the senior of my father, who was one of that branch of the ancient family bearing his name at Swilly, Stoke Damarel, near Devonport. Joining the Navy in 1805, this lad of 12 was often shifting from vessel to vessel.

Appointed to the "Royal George," 100 guns, he was sent into the Dardanelles in the year 1807 with Sir John Duckworth, and in the celebrated engagement with the Turkish batteries received a severe wound in the left jaw from one of the wooden splinters which the stone shot fired by the Turks scattered over the deck. It was a sad drawback to be so maimed in speech at 14 that clearness of intonation never could be recovered. Henceforth John Furneaux became a meditative, silent man, and when my father first met him four years afterwards in Captain William Parker's Frigate "Amazon," the relations between these two sailor boys became like that of elder and younger brother. Together they witnessed the boldly conceived achievement of Lieutenant Philip Westphal, brother of Sir George, Lord Nelson's wounded companion in the "Victory's" cock-pit at Trafalgar, when, assailed by the guns of the land batteries, the boats of this British frigate cut out and destroyed no less than nine French vessels near Quimper and the Penmarck Rocks.

The scene from the "Amazon" has often been described, occurring as it did under shelter of the rugged shores of Brittany where the convoy felt itself secure. Indeed my father would speak of this, his first engagement, which, if not bloodless, provided no such scenes of carnage as it was his fate to witness thereafter at Valparaiso Bay and in Burmah.

John Furneaux had only been lent to the "Amazon" and soon changed to the "Antelope," fifty guns, when his old chief Sir John Duckworth was a passenger in the vessel to Newfoundland, having been appointed to command the naval forces of that island. Joining in May, 1818, the "Carron" sloop of twenty guns, Furneaux was wrecked in the Bay of Bengal upwards of two years after and barely escaped drowning.

Thornton and Furneaux met again in India at this period, renewing the intimacy of former years which in London ripened into that warm mutual regard and respect which characterized their personal relations one with another.

On his retirement Captain Furneaux (who had reached post rank in 1829) developed a taste for literature, and his work on the Treaties to which Great Britain was party ("An Abridged History of the Principal Treaties of Peace," 1837), is a clearly compiled volume upon this intricate subject.

Several years before his death, having survived my father, he presented me with a first edition of Mr. J. A. Froude's "History of England," containing that brilliant author's attempted vindication of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. Indeed I owe it to the importance this led me to attribute to sixteenth century history in Spain that, when in the 1906 Parliament the question of the value of Simancas as a centre for the acquisition of such knowledge came up, I was enabled to make clear to doubting friends around me, as well as to indignant advocates of retrenchment on the opposite benches of the House of Commons, why a small sum of British money was not misspent in promoting manuscript investigations at the hands of an expert in that part of the Peninsula.

This was the sole occasion upon which I was ever accused of using obstructive tactics in the House of Commons. The fact was, however, that I was vainly endeavouring to explain to those present where Simancas was and why we kept a literary worker there. Indeed only two members present seemed to be cognisant of the facts, one being John Redmond and the other the Rt. Hon. L. Harcourt, who replied for the Government.

I may add that this taste for historical research was shared with Furneaux, soon to be an Admiral, by my father, who in this particular had found a companion of congenial culture. His own "History of the East India Company" demonstrated the trend of mind to which I allude. But whatever the bond of friendship between Admiral Samuel Thornton and his numerous acquaintances might originally have been, wherever he gave full confidence and felt respect then a more abiding sentiment prevailed, and how he could best serve the one thus trusted and loved, seemed, after duty to wife, children, and relations, to become a leading object of his existence.

In short, Admiral Thornton possessed a perfect genius for friendship. Another trait in his character of which I am cognisant consisted in reverence for the senior men like Sir William Parker and Sir James Hillyar under whom he had served. The fact that they both had learned their seamanship and fighting qualities under the eye of Nelson himself rendered patriotic allegiance to the name of that greatest British Admiral more a principle than a sentiment. "How trite a thought," I hear some of my readers say, when such right appreciation has been merged in a general hero-worship in all naval and patriotic British communities. Nevertheless I claim definite acknowledgment for those who derived their inspiration very near the parent shrine.

Amongst the acquaintances made in Burmah I have mentioned Captain Marryat, the sailor novelist, whose energetic determination during the campaigns of 1821-5 did much to gain a hold on those territories now such an important portion of the British Empire in Hindustan.

But Captain Marryat being known to my father as a Senior officer was never on the terms of intimacy which bound together John Furneaux, Samuel Thornton, and William McIlwaine, the two latter officers spending three critical years together during the Burmese campaign and remaining ever after the closest of friends.

I have, generally speaking, followed the plan of referring more amply to those whose careers have not already been recorded in the "National Dictionary of Biography," or, if a sailor, fairly acknowledged either in O'Byrne's Naval Biography or that of Marshall. William McIlwaine has not hitherto been so treated, and I therefore give the headings of his professional life in the Navy; and, only knowing the Captain as a family friend, I gladly here add the testimony of those who served with him.

Chronologically the dates of this officer's appointments are stated in O'Byrne's Naval Biography; but from these a reader would not understand what services had been given to his country such as are described in the following letters.

On entering the Navy in 1811 McIlwaine's first war-like employment seems to have been in the Frigate "Liffey" of 50 guns, under Captain Grant and Thomas Coe. It was here that the friendship with my father commenced. Afterwards in 1839 he went to the Coastguard, a service of real danger and anxiety while high Protective duties were the law of the land. Previous to this, however, he acted as Flag-Lieutenant to the Admiral Superintendent, Sir F. L. Maitland, at Portsmouth and then in the Mediterranean. How well he was appreciated in this capacity the following statement of his chief Commander, James Wilkinson, R.N., dated March 6, 1836, as regards Captain McIlwaine will show:—

"I beg leave to certify Lieut. William McIlwaine served in H.M. Ship 'Liffey' with me for nearly two years as Mate and Lieut. He was under my command in the boats after the capture and the attack on the Stockades at Kimmindine, May 16, 1824, when I was severely wounded. Lt. McIlwaine then gallantly led on the men and in a short time carried all before him, driving the enemy some way in the woods. On his return we attacked the third Stockade which by the same Officer and in the same style was carried. I am pleased to say he received the thanks of our most excellent Commodore Grant for his deserving conduct. On the 'Liffey's' return to Rangoon under the command of Captain Coe, I again had command of the boats and the Light Division. At my request Lieut. McIlwaine was sent with me. I am happy to state that in attacking a number of War boats under the command of Prince Sirrawaddy, wherein we captured seven with stores, etc., nearly all armed with guns and small arms, he was again one of the first in the attack, for which I strongly recommended him to Captain Coe, the Senior officer in the East Indies.

"I have to add that during the time Lieut. McIlwaine sailed with me I was highly pleased with the gentlemanly and officer-like way he always carried on duty.

"It is with great pleasure that I can recommend him

for his zeal and activity, and should be happy to have him wherever I was employed in His Majesty's service.

“(Signed) JAMES WILKINSON,
“*Commander, R.N.*

“COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, 6th March, 1836.”

Here is Admiral Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland's opinion (dated March 8, 1836) of his Flag-Lieutenant.

“PORTSMOUTH, March 8th.

“MY DEAR McILWAINE,

“In reply to your letter just received, requesting me to transmit a testimonial of your conduct during the time you have served under my command for the purpose of laying it before Lord Minto, I assure you it is with much pleasure I state that, as you served me from your entry on board the ‘Emerald’ as a boy in 1811 to the present time in every ship I have commanded in peace or war, a stronger proof could not be given of the estimation in which I hold your character as an officer and a gentleman, and was anything additional necessary, the fact of your being selected as my Flag-Lieutenant, would prove the confidence and esteem I entertain for you. I further assure you I should feel much satisfaction could any act of mine forward your advancement in a service where your conduct has always ensured honour to yourself, and benefit to those who had the pleasure of commanding you.

“Believe me to be

“With great regard,

“Your attached friend,

“(Signed) FRED. L. MAITLAND.

“LT. McILWAINE, R.N.

“23 NEW BOND STREET

“LONDON, W.”

Finally I print a statement attesting efficiency in suppressing smuggling contained in a letter from the late Joseph

Planta, Esq., sometime M.P. for Hastings, addressed to Captain Hornby, R.N., Comptroller of the Coast Guard.

“ FAIRLIGHT PLACE, *June 10th /44.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Will you excuse my taking the liberty (tho’ the ground of my being no longer a Member of Parliament no longer exists) to address you on a subject in which, whilst I was one of the Members for Hastings, I naturally took a very great interest. It is the continuance of Captain McIlwaine in command of the Coast Guard service in this district for another period. Living as I do at a spot where there used to be more smuggling than in any other part of the Coast of Sussex, I may perhaps be permitted to speak of the change that has been now made in this matter and chiefly during the period of Captain McIlwaine’s command here. I have slept in this house when it and the fields around it, have been entirely in possession of the Smugglers and the preventive men creeping about without daring to attack them. Now all this thing has ceased to exist and since 1840 when Captain McIlwaine came here every kind of smuggling has been put down, and to such an extent has this gone that the most determined men in the trade have, within these three years, been drawn away from it to other pursuits and have given it up as a bad job.

“ I have reason to know this to be true from the thorough knowledge I have of the people of Hastings. This entire repression of the illegal trade I feel sure is mainly owing to the manner in which Captain McIlwaine has conducted the service. I had no knowledge of him whatever until I became acquainted with him in his duty. His politics are, I believe, entirely different from mine; his friends are among the Whigs. It is nothing therefore, but a humble tho’ an anxious wish to do justice to a very meritorious officer and sincere anxiety for the good of the service that induce me to address you in



CAPTAIN WILLIAM MCILWAINE, R.N.

this way, and to take a liberty, which, on account of the motives which cause it, I trust you will excuse.

“I have the honour to be,

“Dear Sir,

“Yours, etc.,

“(Signed) JOSEPH PLANTA.”

It is not generally known that during Napoleon's sojourn at Plymouth on board the “Bellerophon” he was in the habit of appearing daily for a short time at the ship's gangway in order to give opportunity to the many who came off in shore boats to gaze upon him. It seems that one day the Emperor remained in his cabin, as he was indisposed. Notwithstanding this, and in order not to disappoint the multitude, one of the youngsters dressed up in a suit of the great man, posed at the gangway at the accustomed hour, and, needless to say, hundreds of persons who had congregated went away under the impression they had seen Napoleon in the flesh.

One of these youngsters was my father's old friend, McIlwaine, who, acting as Midshipman valet to the Emperor, received a pair of his jack-boots as a memento.

Maitland in his narrative mentions how entertained the Emperor was by the Midshipmen on board the “Bellerophon” dressing themselves up and taking women's parts in theatrical performances for his benefit. The late Captain McIlwaine was a prominent personality in these performances. Being a native of Erin he was, like many others of his countrymen, imbued with a strong sense of humour, so that he was a valuable addition to any ship's company where theatrical entertainments were the order of the day. Amongst other gifts was that of an extraordinary memory, which never failed him; and he was considered to be one of the finest whist players in the Navy from quite an early age.

During his sojourn as Naval Superintendent at Dover Captain McIlwaine had the honour of receiving the late Queen Victoria, who landed at the Admiralty Pier from the “Victoria and Albert,” and also Napoleon III. The latter

was much impressed on learning that he had been with his uncle on board the "Bellerophon" in 1815, and gave him a cordial invitation to visit him at the Tuileries in Paris; but it seems he never availed himself of the Emperor's gracious offer.

Captain McIlwaine commanded the "Volcano," which at one time conveyed the mails from Falmouth to Alexandria in the days before the present liners were constructed, and had on one occasion Napoleon III as a passenger.

My father's intimacy with naval officers extended to the second generation after his own contemporaries. To his delight one of his two elder Thornton nephews decided on a naval career for his second son, and asked his uncle the Admiral to guide the boy with regard thereto. Captain Reginald Heber Thornton, born 1845, named after his maternal grandfather, the Bishop of Calcutta, was second son of my first cousin John Thornton of the Indian Civil Service (who succeeded my father's eldest brother John, of Clapham, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, as head of the Birkin Thorntons). He became an efficient and popular officer.

In the next generation Colonel Richard Chicheley Thornton, born 1847, second son of my first cousin Edward Thornton, C.B., who became Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, got his only son into the Navy, namely Sub-Lieutenant Edward Chicheley Thornton, successively commissioned in 1910-11 to H.M.S. "Africa" and "Angler".

To secure both these nominations as Midshipmen the relationship to my father was notified to the Admiralty.



SAMUEL THORNTON, ESQ., M.P.

From the Mesotint by C. Turner, after the Painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A.

CHAPTER III.

HOME LIFE AT CHOBHAM PLACE.

THERE is a peculiar charm in the sandy hillocks which are topped by clustering clumps of pine on Chobham Common, much mutilated as its surroundings have become since I visited it with my father in 1857. But although from Bagshot Heath to Camberley, camps and training grounds absorb every acre, the general character of this breezy heathland has not been much changed.

To compare the then quiet retreat of Chobham Place with the sylvan grandeur of Albury is to contrast two totally different Surrey scenes. But, on the whole, I believe the family and its honoured head learned to love this neighbourhood quite as much as the grandly timbered park which the magic brush of Gilpin depicted so charmingly.

Chobham Place was the house which Samuel Thornton, M.P., tenanted for twenty-two years after the great war with Napoleon closed in 1815 ; but only for the remnant of a single Parliament did he remain a member of the House of Commons, his career at Westminster terminating in 1818 by his retirement, about which I shall have some remarks to make later on.

Once the home of the Abdys, this ample Georgian dwelling is surrounded by fine trees, and nestles under the undulating and heathery slopes of the Common, whereon the once famous camp was held previous to the Crimean War, when Queen Victoria reviewed her troops on horseback.

A distance of four miles separated this then secluded place from the nearest town, Bagshot. There a royal park of 400 acres, redolent of Stuart memories, and the home of more

than one Royal Prince in later times, including the present honoured occupant, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, gives a salient and refreshing feature to scenery otherwise characterized by a fine but rather monotonous stretch of sandy ridges.

During my grandfather's residence at Chobham there dwelt in Bagshot Park William Frederick Duke of Gloucester, nephew of George III, whose fourth daughter he had espoused. The Duchess of Gloucester cultivated an intimacy with the Thornton family at Chobham Place, and was specially kind to my father, when he spent some time at home in April, 1819, after naval service of eight years, including the engagement between the "Phœbe" and "Essex". I possess a beautiful engraving of her mother, Queen Charlotte, the gift of this popular Princess.

Although fewer visitors of note were found at Chobham Place than those who experienced the hospitalities of Albury, some county constituents still joined the family circle from time to time, the numbers expanding occasionally. One faithful friend took shelter under this hospitable roof, and despite his own uncertain health, brought with him a gladness of heart which communicated itself to all. I allude to Mr. Wilberforce, the emancipator, also a frequent visitor at Battersea Rise, who my late cousin, Canon F. Vansittart Thornton, assured me, was latterly a sufferer from painful indigestion, so that on one occasion during a stay at Chobham Place remedies had to be obtained late at night from Bagshot. Whether my cousin remembered the event itself or heard of it from his father, my Uncle John, I am not sure. The Canon could not have been more than ten years of age.

It is worthy of mention how both at Albury and Chobham the visitors constantly coming and going were so apt to leave part of their luggage behind them that the carriages conveying the departing guests were, at Mr. Samuel Thornton's desire, delayed a few minutes outside the gate to give opportunity for remembering what articles were missing. This, my informant assured me, proved very efficacious in the days when posting was the chief means of transit.

My father certainly looked upon Chobham as home, when revisiting the familiar neighbourhood, even more than Albury. When I went with him to see Sir Dennis le Marchant at Chobham Place in the fifties of last century the names of many inhabitants were as household words, while those of the older generation welcomed him warmly.

So far as I can trace the family connexion with Chobham it originated in an intimacy with the incumbent, the Rev. C. Jerram, who was in possession of the living when my grandfather first resided there. Indeed as early as 1810 no less a perspicuous judge of Evangelical teaching than Henry Thornton, M.P., had entrusted his eldest son, Henry Sykes Thornton, then only 10 years old, to Mr. Jerram's care. It is remarkable how one of such tender years should have helped to teach the Sunday-school children to read, and have had the intelligence to perceive how well attended were the services in the Parish Church.

My own father, who was three years older than his cousin, came as a son of the house to Chobham Place in October, 1815. He had but a few weeks' rest after the long search for the "Essex" had ended so gloriously, and then had almost immediately to join the "Cornwallis," 74 guns, fitting out for the flag of Rear-Admiral Burlton, with whom he proceeded to the East India station, where he was appointed acting Lieutenant of the "Towey," 26 guns, Captain William Hill, in October, 1818.¹

Reaching England again in April, 1819, Midshipman Samuel Thornton soon passed the naval examination demanded of a Lieutenant at the Royal Naval College, and was at once promoted by commission dated 2 May, 1819, to that rank.

On this occasion my father found several gaps in the family. Not only his Uncle Henry, the famous M.P. for Southwark, but his aunt, Mrs. Henry Thornton, had died; and Battersea Rise which for a time in 1815 had been deserted, was then under the guardianship of Sir Robert and Lady Inglis, who were devoting themselves to the nine orphan

¹ For these facts see "Marshall's Naval Biography," Vol. V. p. 301.

children dwelling beneath that historic roof. My father used often to speak to me of the pride he felt in claiming kinship with one so patriotic and self-sacrificing as his uncle Henry Thornton. Again my grandfather's only sister, the Countess of Leven, had passed away in February, 1819.

Visitors to the Harcourt room at the House of Commons will see in a prominent position on the wall, amongst portraits of former M.P.'s, the brothers Thornton, Samuel and Henry, painted respectively by Phillips and Hoppner. Next to Henry Thornton hangs the portrait of William Wilberforce. The skilful arrangement of what may be termed this historic portrait gallery by the Rt. Hon. L. Harcourt, M.P., redounds to his good taste and historical knowledge.

It is impossible within the scope of this work to attempt a satisfactory sketch of Henry Thornton, twin emancipator with Mr. Wilberforce of the slaves. What my father remembered has been stated, but nothing more convincing than the letters of Zachary Macaulay, edited by Lady Knutsford, can ever be adduced to prove how honoured was the master of Battersea Rise House in the councils of Clapham philanthropy.

A letter of Mrs. Henry Thornton's written during the election for Southwark in 1808, recounts her husband's stolid indifference to unjust popular clamour.

A brother of Sir Francis Burdett had accused Mr. Thornton of voting to place that Radical legislator in the Tower after he had defied the Sergeant at Arms and acted insubordinately within the House of Commons. Sir Francis being a popular idol at this period, a demonstration adverse to Mr. Henry Thornton took place each night after the poll closed, when, as custom demanded, the candidate had to undergo questioning on the hustings. Now the real truth was that Mr. Thornton had abstained from entering either lobby on the question of Sir Francis Burdett's committal, and yet conscientiously believed he ought to have voted against him. Therefore Mrs. Thornton's strong solicitations as well as those of his political committee were ineffectual to persuade the good man to avoid this unpleasant nocturnal ordeal by making

an explanation. He was suffering for the mistake made when refraining from a vote he thought he should have given.

Another Battersea Rise letter from the same source recounts how John Bowdler, of expurgative fame, had originally been chosen guardian of the nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton, the duty being, however, undertaken by Sir Robert Inglis, owing to John Bowdler's unexpected death.

After a year's quiet spent between Chobham and St. James's Square, under his father's roof, Lieutenant Samuel Thornton took his aunt, Mrs. Milnes, and her three daughters a tour into Italy, from whence returning to England at Christmas he received the appointment to the East India Station as a Lieutenant in the "Liffey," which led to participation in the first Burmese war. But, being granted leave by the Admiralty, he did not sail for India until 20 March, 1823.

How much the happiness of the family reunion which then took place at Chobham was enhanced in consequence of this fact an extract from my grandfather's "Yearly Recollections" will tell :—

"January, 1822.—I begin this commemoration of God's goodness to me and mine surrounded with more of my family than of late years has been my lot—Mr. and Mrs. Raikes and the Melvilles in their usual health; Samuel, though appointed to an East India Station, in the 'Liffey,' M.W., is allowed to be with us; and my daughter Maria is returned to us . . . from Russia."

Probably nobody writing eighty-eight years later could be better able to judge of the happiness of this home conclave than one to whom most of those present lived to become well-loved personalities. Each of my aunts, Jane Raikes and Maria Thornton, as well as my father, possessed that sunny nature which communicates itself to any household, animating those therein and enabling them cheerfully to face the worries and anxieties of daily life. This was to my knowledge the case as years rolled on.

When Lieutenant Samuel Thornton returned from Burmah

and the East Indies in the gallant little "Slaney," although soon promoted to the rank of Captain, he was destined to close his official naval career, never obtaining another command, despite constant applications to the Admiralty. Times of peace and retrenchment had arrived, and the service was crowded with able and competent officers shrinking from the inevitable and pending fate of professional retirement. But in my father's case there was always present to him the congenial duty of cheering the home-life of aged parents and likewise of deeply cherished brothers and sisters.

It was at No. 1 Bowyer Terrace, Clapham—to me familiarly "The Terrace"—that the then Captain Thornton, R.N., coming with his parents, met a numerous array of cousins of both sexes, while Uncle John Thornton and his clever and beautiful wife were the hosts.

From that time forwards this hospitable home became that of numerous relatives bearing our name and hailing from distant spheres. It indeed became almost an annexe to our family nurseries in India, because three of my uncle's married sons who were destined, as will be shown, to seek their occupations in the East India Company's service, sent home their children from time to time.

In the November of this year my grandfather, at the age of 74, underwent an operation for the stone, successfully performed by Mr. Brodie, afterwards Sir Benjamin Brodie. In those days chloroform was unknown, and it is a tribute I think alike to my grandfather's resolution of character and to the family constitution that he should have made a good recovery and survived for ten years after.

In the autumn of 1829 Captain Samuel Thornton went to Scotland on a visit to a brother naval officer, the Earl of Leven, his cousin, at Melville House, the ancient Fifeshire home of the race. After this visit was over my father toured through the Trossachs and other parts of Perthshire, finally staying near Glasgow at the home of Sir Archibald Campbell, Lord Leven's father-in-law, and an uncle of Archbishop Tait. But this varied enjoyment did not prevent traces of the hard-

ships undergone in the Burmah campaign necessitating such change as was very kindly offered him by a succession of friends anxious for his society. It was not before May, 1832, that, thanks to his old skipper, Sir James Hillyar, my father was permitted to volunteer for a five months' cruise in the "Revenge," a 74 gun ship which the captor of the "Essex" commanded. This delightful experience resulted in a complete recovery, so that after a sojourn of two months in County Louth with an old messmate, W. P. Greene, Captain Thornton was enabled once more to devote his attention to the home party at Chobham Place, which my grandfather had bought in 1815.

And it was fortunate that the year 1834 found Mr. Samuel Thornton surrounded by his children, and the youngest son home from sea; because in March of that year the greatest of human sorrows overtook the head of the house, when my grandmother, Elizabeth Thornton, died after a union of fifty-three years and four months.

A brief "illness of six weeks, but not accompanied with great pain or suffering" ("Yearly Recollections" of Samuel Thornton) preceded this earthly separation of true hearts beating to the last in unison, and of two people fixed in their trustful belief that the promises of God are certain to be fulfilled.

My father frequently spoke to me about his mother and her memory for repeating favourite chapters of the Bible by heart, one of these, the 103rd Psalm, being that most often heard from her lips.

After his mother's death it was not long before a message from Mannheim was received by Captain Thornton, asking him to go and see his cousin, Mr. Rodes Milnes, who was dangerously ill, and there with two Miss Milnes (one the future Lady Galway, consort of the Viscount), in the house of other relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Wyvil, the last of a much-loved relative was witnessed.

Students of Mr. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton" must be familiar with the devotion inspired amongst the

Milnes to this fascinating but unfortunate personage, to succour whom those bearing his name sacrificed so much.

Captain Thornton after being present at his cousin's death-bed returned home to find his aged father fast breaking in health, and soon constrained to become an invalid.

Not able to attend meetings, he had to surrender the seat on the Directorate of the Bank of England as well as the Governorship of the Russia Company; while at the same time, a fresh lease of Chobham Place being thought too responsible an undertaking for the family generally, a new home was chosen in 1837 for my grandfather, at Brunswick Terrace, Brighton. There he recorded in his "Yearly Recollections" the death of King William IV, and so may be remembered as having lived in no less than five reigns and through three of them.

Mr. Samuel Thornton's companions at Brighton were his son, the Captain, and his daughter Esther Maria, who never henceforth forsook what she was accustomed to term "her seaside comforts," the little home at Temple Lodge which she inhabited after her father's death being for years the resort of numbers of her relations, old and young. Nor were the glimpses vouchsafed of previous gatherings at Brunswick Terrace by any means of a gloomy character; for Lady Galway used to tell me of the old man, surrounded by his nieces and grandchildren, playfully taking away the newspapers from the ladies and placing them in the capacious pockets of a pea-jacket in order to perform the operation of, so to speak, bowdlerizing these prints and purging them of all objectionable details.

My grandfather amongst other responsibilities had been President of Guy's Hospital and a Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

According to the custom of the day a Knight of the Shire was expected to keep up a certain dignity of position, and the county tradition—as I was assured by the late Mr. W. S. Dugan of Pointers—was that my grandfather drove four-in-hand to Ascot races until he retired from Parliament in 1818,

and yet had the courage to sit through good Mr. Jerram's annual denunciation of that particular sport.

I fully agree with the statement of the head of our family, the Rev. John Thornton, in his preface to the "Yearly Recollections," that all Mr. Thornton's kinsmen conversant with his life "fully share the affectionate esteem and veneration" therein expressed.

But to revert to the political career of Mr. Samuel Thornton, it has been stated in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that "In 1818, having failed to obtain re-election, he retired from public life"; and although on the whole it may have been best for his health that this retirement came about, it should in justice be known that the circumstances were, to say the least of them, peculiar, and bore no reference to any public act of the late Member.

After twenty-seven years' service in the mystic atmosphere of the British House of Commons its abandonment does mean a great wrench, and I have heard that my grandfather felt it so to be. The opposition to his return arose because it became necessary, owing to the death of a Mr. Haydon, to appoint a Receiver for the County of Surrey, and the Members, Mr. Samuel Thornton and Mr. Home Sumner, were, according to the custom of the day, consulted. They were united in recommending Mr. Thomas Page of Pointers, near Cobham, but were met by the powerful opposition of an influential Peer owning many acres, who shall be nameless. He consequently, when his candidate was not chosen, went into opposition against Lord Liverpool's Government, and took steps to bring about a contest for the County of Surrey at the general election. Hence Mr. S. Thornton's retirement and Mr. Dennison's subsequent election to the seat.

As the late Dr. Furner, my grandfather's medical attendant, told me, so strong a constitution did my grandfather possess that during his last illness at Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, even under stress of acute bronchitis at the age of 84, the hope was to the last that he would survive. But this was not to be; on 3 July, 1838, he passed away.

The two Addresses subjoined attest first to his public capacity and secondly to the worth of his private life amongst his neighbours in Surrey.

ADDRESS FROM THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK
OF ENGLAND.

"At a Court of Directors at the Bank, on Thursday, the 31st March, 1836, the Governor having acquainted the Court that Mr. Thornton had expressed his desire to retire from the direction of the Bank,

"RESOLVED unanimously, THAT the cordial and grateful thanks of this Court be conveyed to Samuel Thornton, Esq., for the great ability, assiduity, and unremitting attention which he has manifested on every occasion to promote the interests of the Bank of England during the unprecedented period of 56 years, in the course of which he was called on to exercise his great talents in the most trying and difficult circumstances, particularly in 1797, on the suspension of cash payments, and 1799, on the 31st October of which year Mr. Thornton received the thanks of this Court for his successful exertion and zeal on the renewal of the Charter for 33 years.

"THAT this Court do further offer to Mr. Thornton their sincere acknowledgments for his uniform, kind, and urbane conduct to every member of the Directors.

"RESOLVED, that the foregoing Resolution be communicated to Mr. Thornton by the Governor and Deputy Governor and that they be requested to express the unfeigned regret of this Court at his withdrawal from the Direction with an earnest wish that every happiness and comfort may attend him in his retirement.

"JOHN KNIGHT, *Sec.*"

ADDRESS FROM THE INHABITANTS OF CHOBHAM.

"To SAMUEL THORNTON, ESQ.,

"SIR,—

"We, the undersigned Minister, Churchwardens, and inhabitants of the Parish of Chobham, having heard

that we are soon to be deprived of your presence amongst us, feel that we should not only be deficient in gratitude towards you, but in a duty we owe to ourselves, if we permitted you to leave us without expressing the sentiments of unfeigned regret we entertain at the separation which is about to take place. We cannot look back upon the two and twenty years, during which you have been resident among us, without the deepest sense of the obligations under which the whole neighbourhood lies to yourself, and to your amiable family. During the former part of this period you most ably represented this County in Parliament, and we feel it a distinguished honour to claim you as our representative; one who uniformly maintained a strict adherence to those sound Constitutional principles by which our country has attained its present exalted eminence."

CHAPTER IV.

THE RICES OF MOTH-VEY.

THE death of Samuel Thornton, my grandfather, as well as Captain Thornton's apparent exclusion from active naval service, which a rigid peace establishment then enjoined on so many officers in the prime of life, seems to have presaged the approaching time of his engagement with my mother, whom he met at Sir Ralph Rice's house, 4 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

I will now endeavour briefly to trace her ancestry.

Morgan Rice, born at Moth-Vey, in Carmarthenshire, A.D. 1720, was the first of my mother's ancestors to leave (in 1736) the neighbourhood, where they had long resided. He was descended from Margaret, sister of Morgan Owen, Bishop of Llandaff, who was consecrated on 12 March, 1639. But the family of Rees or Rice had lived at Moth-Vey many generations before this time, and according to local tradition, gathered on the spot by Sir Ralph Rice, many of its members had been celebrated for the knowledge and practice of medicine and surgery so far back as 1220, this faculty having been transmitted from father to son.

The romance of the Lady of Llyn-y-Van-Vach near Llanddysant, Carmarthenshire, from whom the "Physicians of Myddfai or Mothvey" claimed legendary descent, may be found in a work bearing that name which was published in London by Longmans in 1841 for the Welsh MSS. Society.

The recital is romantic in the extreme and seems to afford material for some wizard of the principality gifted with the requisite skill and imagination to construct a narrative worthy of this strange and mystical tradition which as a translated couplet from the Welsh has it (p. 29),



Painter unknown
THE REV. J. MORGAN RICE



Attributed to Donnan
MRS. RICE

The grey old man in the corner,
Of his father heard the story,
Which from his father he had heard
And after them I have remembered.

The writer has no space to recount any of the numerous recipes for curing human ailments named in this work. Concerning his Rice ancestors, should it be here attempted to catalogue these and comment on the temerity of the long line of healers, it might be averred of the author that which one Dafydd ap Guilym, a Carmarthenshire bard who flourished in the fourteenth century, says of another dabbler in medicine, "A Physician he would not make as Myddvai made". (*Ibid.*)

The reputation for healing which emerged thus from the mists of antiquity about 1368 and was gratuitously dispensed for the benefit of those unable to pay for upwards of 350 years is last recorded at Mothvey in the churchyard, A.D. 1739. (*Ibid.*)

The descendants of the Rice who married Margaret, sister of Morgan Owen, Bishop of Llandaff, had as their arms—

Sable a chevron between three spear heads argent,
their points embraced impaled with sable and chevron
between three garbs argent.

This gentleman was grandfather to the Morgan Rice who came to London and purchased the Manor of Tooting Graveney of one Percival Lewis, of Putney. According to Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey" (Vol. II. p. 375), the Manor became Mr. Morgan Rice's property in 1767. After building a good house on rising ground above the church he became High Sheriff of the County of Surrey in 1772.

Mr. Morgan Rice's career seems to have been almost as romantic as that of Dick Whittington; for, leaving home in 1736 on account of some disagreement with his father, he was reported to have arrived in London with only eighteen-pence in his pocket. This tradition was told to my uncle Sir Ralph and the Rev. Horace Rice near Swansea in 1835.

Beyond that he married a daughter of one Dr. Bucknall and that in a few years' time he returned to South Wales on horseback with a servant and lived like one well-to-do in worldly affairs, little is known concerning this part of his life.

[William Bucknall, M.D., of Brompton Hall, Middlesex (born 1690, died 1763), had a son Samuel, who died 1769 and is buried in St. Marylebone Church, London (the old fabric in Marylebone Lane and the disused burying ground still exist), also two daughters, the younger marrying Morgan Rice of Hill House, Tooting Graveney, Surrey.

William Bucknall, M.D., bore the arms of and was descended from a younger son of Sir William Bucknall, Alderman of the City of London, knighted at Whitehall, September 20, 1670, by the Merry Monarch.

This knight's son John was also similarly honoured February 23, 1685, and married Mary, daughter of Sir John Read of Brocket Hall. The Bucknall family estates were at Oxney and Watford, Herts. (See "Notes and Queries," 2nd series, 1860, p. 348.)

Sir William Bucknall, according to Lyson's "History of Middlesex," Vol. II. p. 372, purchased Headstone Farm near Harrow, at the end of the 18th century and bequeathed it to the Hon. W. Grimston, who married a relative of Sir William Bucknall and took that name.

The Hon. William Grimston, born June 23, 1750, assumed the name of Bucknall in accordance with the testamentary instruction of his maternal uncle. (See Verulam Peerage. Family of Grimston. Burke.)]

Manning and Bray's "History" before mentioned says that Morgan Rice, the first head of the Surrey Rices, was a distiller when he bought the manor of Tooting Graveney. But it would seem to have been in the capacity of manager, as no such business is known to have been in the possession of his children.

He died while staying at Brighton, to which place he paid frequent visits after making his home at Tooting Manor House. His son, who was destined to own the Manor House of Tooting Graveney, roaming about the pleasant scenes in that part of Surrey made friends in extreme youth with the daughter of the then family neighbour, Alderman Samuel Plumbe of Streatham, who was Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company in 1773 and Lord Mayor of London in 1779. The Alderman was married to Frances Thrale, sister of Dr. Johnson's friend, Henry Thrale, whose wife afterwards became Mrs. Piozzi.

Mrs. Thrale was exceedingly fond of her niece Frances Plumbe, who at the tender age of 15 had conceived an affection for young John Rice, aged only 21. It was a most romantic attachment, although the rude common sense of Alderman Plumbe revolted against his daughter deciding to take so inexperienced a youth as husband when herself a child. On the other hand Mrs. Plumbe was silently tolerant of the union, and deprecated violent opposition after the young people had surreptitiously left the neighbourhood together.

Mrs. Thrale, the girl's aunt by marriage, seems to have liked the young John Rice and backed him up against the opposition which naturally arose within the family circle. Alderman Plumbe, as Mrs. Thrale's letters will show, alternately stormed and attempted pursuit; but, believing the young people had left for Scotland and Gretna Green, he was sufficiently put off his guard to enable them to retreat to the Continent.

As events turned out it has proved of the greatest advantage to my Rice kinsmen and those connected with them that this love-match was eventually accepted by both sides of the family. As will be seen, much to Mrs. Thrale's satisfaction Mr. Morgan Rice very soon accepted the situation.

It is impossible not to feel grateful to Mrs. Thrale for her kindly treatment of my great-grandfather, Mr. J. Rice, and his bride, Miss Plumbe, when fugitives from the parental nest and in danger of causing an abiding home breach but for her

tactful, determined, and effective intervention. The tone of the first letter I shall quote illustrates what is meant by this sincere if necessarily belated acknowledgment from one of their descendants:—

“STREATHAM, 1st June, 1773.

“MY DEAR FANNY,

“For so I will continue to call you till Mr. R. lets us know you are no longer *our* Fanny but *his*.

“Your letter came in a happy hour to relieve Mrs. P. from such anxiety as is scarcely to be conceived, much less expressed. She is tolerably cheerful however at present, eats and sleeps better than she has done for some time, and will I hope soon recover her former tranquillity. Tell Mr. R. that I say *his* father behaves like a *worthy* man, a *wise* man, and a *Welch* man. Of *your* father's behaviour the less said the better; but be not uneasy, his violence does his constitution no harm. He is very well as can be.”

But Mrs. Thrale did not confine her kindnesses to thus solacing the young couple, but sent messages to the Rice relatives at Tooting Manor House which evince tact, fixity of purpose, and genuine neighbourly regard.

Subsequently the kind aunt writes as follows:—

“I find you only prevented Mr. Plumbe by your journey, for on the following week he intended packing you up, and placing you in a Convent. This was the advice of old Salvator the Jew, and people say it was actually concluded on. Mr. . . . was the person who gave the first true intelligence concerning you, for your father had entertained a notion that you was gone to Scotland escorted by Mr. Thrale and Mr. N.; however he soon dropped all thoughts of pursuit and found it most convenient to turn his wrath upon our house, where we stood a regular siege, though not so well fortified as some of the towns you have lately pass'd through, —but enough of this foolish subject.”

M^{rs} Thrale presents her Compliments to M^r. Rice
with a Helon: The Gentleman she wrote to yesterday
about the special Licence is out of Town &
her Letter come back, so she is quite at a Stand
about it - wishes her Ability equaled her Wishes
to serve M^r. Rice, his young People & all his
Family - Compliments wait on them all - M^{rs}
Rice in particular.

Thursday 29: July.

Mrs. Thrale wishes to regularize the marriage of her niece by subsequent legal action which is found not easy to initiate.

“Mrs. Thrale presents her compliments to Mr. R. with a Melon. The gentleman she wrote to yesterday about the Special License is out of town and her letter come back; so she is quite at a stand about it, wishes her ability equaled her wishes to serve Mr. R. his young people and all his family. Compliments wait on them all, Mrs. R. in particular.

“THURSDAY, 29th July.”

Mrs. Thrale thinks of the young couple when on her travels in Wales:—

“GWAYNNYNOG, 2nd Sep., 1774.

“DEAR SIR,

“My regard for you and yours will I hope procure my excuse for this intrusion, as I earnestly wish for a letter to say that you and Fanny are well, and that your little boy comes on to your wishes.

“How go matters at Tooting? poor Mrs. Plumbe was so ill when we left home that I have thought of her often, is she recovered, and is the Alderman kind? If you favour me with an answer direct to W. H. Lyttleton’s, Esq., Hagley, Worcestershire.

“Give our respects to Mr. and Mrs. R. and accept love and coms; to yourself and your wife from

“Sir,

“Your most faithful servant,

“H. L. THRALE.”

Two horses were not considered sufficient to draw a carriage from Streatham to Chislehurst and back:—

“STREATHAM, 31st July, 1775.

“DEAR FANNY,

“I received your letter with pleasure as it seemed to imply that both you and Mr. R. were well; I really reproach myself with not making another effort to

see you besides that your servant told you of, when Mr. D'Avenant was with me, but I cannot always get the four horses when I wish for them and your distance is too great for a pair."

When I read these eighteenth century letters of Mrs. Thrale, written from Streatham, to my Rice relations in the hearing of a philologist whose life-long study has been the use of words, and spoke enthusiastically of the style, he replied that he even preferred it to that of her friend Dr. Johnson; and this came from one who owns that the rescue of Mrs. Thrale's faculty with the pen from oblivion is solely owing to her friendship with the great teacher whose sage conversation has so vastly influenced mankind.

The respective seats of the Thrales and Rices were not more than half a mile distant and situated in a suburban region celebrated alike for its ancient trees and spreading green stretches of sward. Streatham Common is shown by Mr. Seabohn to have been part of a primeval forest, and the type of scenery visible there even now indicates what kind of ground surrounded the mansion rendered so famous by Dr. Johnson's visits.

The Manor House of Tooting is still standing and makes a capacious laundry for the part of the Wandsworth Union situated where the hill-side slopes down to Tooting. The contiguity to Firsdown Park has preserved the rural associations of the old Rice home, which in the fifties of the last century was tenanted by Mr. Flower, father of the late Lord Battersea.

The runaway match proved to be a very happy one, and no less than twelve children were born to John Rice and his wife, Frances Plunbe. Their careers were various, and in some cases life was but brief. Thanks to my Uncle Ralph (himself a son of this marriage) I have been able to trace the course of events which marked their sojourn in this world of joy and tears.

The most prominent name of all was undoubtedly that of Uncle Ralph himself, from whose own letters and journals

may be learnt something of every part of the world in which he sojourned from time to time. He is especially interesting in his Oxford recollections. The experiences in question were those of an undergraduate at Oriel, 1798-1802. He was at the University at a specially interesting period as will be seen from the following notes.

The hand of the reformer was pressing upon Oxford at the same time as the French Revolution was dissolving into the military despotism of Napoleon. But in the calm atmosphere of this ancient seat of learning their own intellectual condition seemed a primary consideration to men of light and leading.

Up to 1800 an Oxford degree was somewhat of a formality. Class lists with Honours examinations once a year at Easter, and ordinary examinations once a term. The prime mover in the imminent reforms was John Eveleigh, Provost of Oriel (1791-1814).

The Provost "came from Devonshire, and the voluble gossip, Thomas Mozley, saw many Eveleighs still in that County when he was living at Plymptree, all fair, all like the Provost's picture, and all fond of wearing light blue. Oddly enough, when some comic verses were made at that period about the heads of Houses at Oxford—a practice not unknown in later days—they included a line showing this taste in the Provost of Oriel :—

Here comes fair Eveleigh with his blue hose.

"It appears to be the only line that has survived, and certainly it was not the colour one would have supposed likely to be chosen by one who was also Vicar of St. Mary's and Bampton Lecturer" ("East and West," January, 1907).

Mr. Ralph Rice came up three years after the election of Edward Coppleston in 1795 to be a Fellow and Tutor. He was a thorough and accurate lecturer, and later when Professor of Poetry, supported Eveleigh in his reforms.

Dinners were very early, and the habits of the day justified a good deal of hard drinking over cards. But the tutors, condemned by custom to such a life, became supporters of Eveleigh and Coppleston in their reforms.

My Uncle Ralph seems to have been naturally industrious and kept a note-book recording his proceedings. Very precise in money matters the future Judge, then only 17½, speaks of the effect of Mr. Pitt's income-tax and its assessment when a collection, based upon the allowances of Undergraduates, was placed before the youth of Oxford. Ralph writes as follows to his father :—

“OXFORD, ORIEL COLLEGE,
“ Friday, March 15, 1799.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ This tax on income has extended its effects further than I expected. It has reached the poor inhabitants of the Academic grove. A bill was sent to me by the Assessors a few days ago ordering me to state the amount of my income before 14 days on pain of twenty pounds penalty. What I am to do in this case depends entirely upon you. If you deduct my allowance from your statement, I must state it at Oxford.”

He adds in language which seems to point towards subsequent high legal equipment :—

“ I have endeavoured to procure the Act but have not succeeded. I wished to see whether we, by the clause relative to children, could be assessed.”

Again :—

“ In such times as these it is particularly unpleasant to make demands for money. But it is the *sine qua non* of life and nothing is to be done without. I should be obliged to you to remit at present about ten pounds to pay some little bills and answer common exigencies.”

Miss Miriam A. Ellis is responsible for the issue of a really useful article on Oxford University written for the “ East and West ” magazine of June, 1907, which is published in Bombay. This is founded on Ralph Rice's letters at the University and contains apt reflections upon the detachment from outside concerns of this great educational centre when the war note

throbbed so continuously in Europe early in the nineteenth century.

In 1799 my uncle writes:—

“ Our Commemoration is on the 5th when I expect to be gratified with a very fine sight. The Theatre, I understand, is attended by the neighbouring gentlemen, who bring with them their fair daughters to grace this seat of the Muses.”

Here we find the kernel of the famous Oxonian festivities. Cambridge, on the other hand, as letters written by my grandfather (Ralph's elder brother) show, possessed no corresponding ceremony, the May week being a later institution caused by various attractions, chief among which undoubtedly was the singular beauty of the banks of the Cam behind the Colleges.

But to revert to Oxford and Ralph Rice—the correspondence with his father at Tooting demonstrates a thoughtful intelligence and an inquiring mind.

As was the retired Judge when I remember him in the late forties of the nineteenth century, so was the Oxford Undergraduate, a careful student of the Bible, reading the Epistles and the Revelations in Greek. Although not thereby “confirmed upon any controversial point,” he reached the conclusion to “follow virtue with order, diligence, and affection in the real and important business of life”. In old age this tendency had developed into the steady faith in Christianity which, guiding him constantly, was his consolation to the end.

The habit of literary study seems to have been inculcated in my Uncle Ralph by his Oxford career at Oriel, the College, as Miss Miriam Ellis reminds her readers in “East and West,” of Sir Walter Raleigh, Bishop Butler, and Gilbert White of Selborne, just as it was destined to become the intellectual nursery of Whately, Arnold, Keble, and Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, as well as of Newman and Pusey.

It is amusing to note that Ralph Rice thus early expressed his belief that marriage was “like backgammon, some

skill needed, but under all circumstances being fraught with some chance". His own experiences went to show that the brevity of life may suddenly destroy the happiest of these unions.

At the close of my uncle's Oxford career, just after he passed the Honours examination, his father became dangerously ill and only survived the son's arrival a few days, this bereavement occurring shortly after the next in age of Ralph's sailor brothers had also passed away.

In December, 1802, the words "Took my degree" are written in Ralph Rice's diary, and it will interest students to know that he described the subjects for examination thus: "Lyttleton and Coke, Thuc., Livy, Juvenal, Logic, Divinity. Euclid b. 11-12, Trigonometry Plane," the examination lasting two days.

Letters from his elder brother at Cambridge, to which allusion has been made, enable a comparison to be instituted between these communications and others from the future Sir Ralph. Of the two, Cambridge seems to have been the least lively. Sailing on the Cam does not sound a very ambitious form of navigation, and although we hear little of the walk to Trumpington, the happy hunting-ground of Dons when the writer was up at Cambridge, a passing notice of the "Chase" as an amusement for well-to-do Undergraduates is made.

According to my grandfather Rice's letters from Cambridge in 1793, the May term was celebrated there by promenading "on a very pleasant Mall," supposed to be Clare Hall Piece. He goes on to speak of the "walks belonging to the Colleges" as being seen to the greatest advantage, and it seems clear that reference is intended to The Backs:—

"They are indeed," he adds, "such as to surpass any description I can possibly give. . . ."

"We have also a very pleasant Mall which reminds one of the Steine at Brighton, where in the same manner the ladies and gentlemen meet in the evening to walk."

Mr. John Morgan Rice, the Undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, who indited the latter epistles, and whose portrait with that of his wife, née Holmes, heads this chapter, was in reality the eldest of five brothers, of whom Ralph was the second, and I only recounted Ralph's experiences at Oxford first because their historical significance seemed to me to be more important than the scanty fragments of College gossip unconnected with celebrated University reforms which my grandfather sends home from time to time.

It is as the eldest son that he has to take his brothers and sisters to school when on his way from Brighton to Cambridge. There was a well-established school at Cheam under one Mr. Gilpin, the forerunner in a chronological sense of the still better-remembered institution which under the Tabor family has made the neighbourhood notable in later days. Here Mr. J. Rice leaves his little brother Ralph on 25 January, 1793, thankful that Mr. Gilpin only asked questions about College life and refrained from giving him "a lecture". But the "old Cheamite," as my grandfather styles himself, "could not leave so charming a spot without reflecting upon former felicity and being impressed with those distressful sensations which the mind feels when severed from that which is most dear to it". He adds he felt no such local concern in leaving his two sisters at school in London.

When Cambridge is reached, there is a good deal about local squabbles between the Undergraduates and members of the town who were not always treated with civilized legality, such conduct threatening the individuals concerned with penal results. On another occasion two college dons were positively on the verge of fighting a duel.

But a celebrated trial for heresy seems the most curious of all Mr. Rice's narrations. One Mr. Frend, a Fellow of Jesus College, had published (1792-3) a pamphlet entitled "Peace and Union," addressed to Republicans and anti-Republicans, containing "Many parts tending to subvert the Christian religion".

“ He is himself an Unitarian—he is a clergyman, but does not conceive it necessary for that sect to be distinguished by any particular dress, he is always seen in blue and buff, he was attainted by the Professor of Divinity, who intends to prosecute the cause with great rigour and if possible to deprive him of his gown and Fellowship. It is carried on in the Senate House where there are I suppose as many assembled every day as at Hastings’ trial.

“ He is to make his defence on Friday which will be extremely well worth hearing as he will, no doubt, from what he has already done, display great powers of eloquence and oratory.

“ But what will surprise you most is that Mr. Jones (one of the Tutors of Trinity) is his particular friend, he sits near him at his trial, prompts him and gives him his advice. He it is said is a Republican and is possessed of many of his friend’s principles with regard to religion, but whatever they may be I cannot but admire his conduct in standing up for him in his distress, as it must certainly be very disagreeable to him acting in so public a capacity as Tutor. I wonder how men of such sense can be led away. It proceeds perhaps from their great mathematical knowledge.”

I cannot follow the latter part of my grandfather’s reasoning, but publish the facts as he wrote them to serve as a specimen of the ideas current at Cambridge during the French Revolutionary era.

Mr. Frend was condemned to banishment from the University by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Milner, and the majority of Heads of Colleges for writing the pamphlet called “Peace and Union,” but, as his critics assumed, directed towards advocacy of French principles and the “rights of man”. His action was interpreted as if levelled against Mr. Pitt the Prime Minister and Member for the University, and so stirred party spirit to its very depths. The Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges endeavoured to obtain Frend’s recantation,

and prepared a document for his signature. When the accused saw it, however, he said that he "would sooner cut off his hand than sign". The Undergraduates were mostly sympathizers with Frend, but whether altogether on political grounds is uncertain. (See Gunning's "Reminiscences of Cambridge," Vol. I. pp. 255-84.) Trinity College seems to have been the Whig centre at this time.

Another Tutor of Trinity supervised the University career of Mr. J. Rice, and after a full term's experience he (Mr. Basil Montagu of Brampton, near Huntingdon) sends the following to his pupil's anxious father at Tooting:—

"Enclosed I trouble you (Decr. 18, 1791) with your son's accounts and I inform you with the most unfeigned and heartfelt pleasure, that I believe him to be as good a young man as ever lived.

"I am, Most truly yours,

"BASIL MONTAGU."

Young Mr. Rice had a good send-off at the hands of the responsible authority.

I am not undertaking to write the University careers of my forebears, but I will conclude these Trinity experiences of my grandfather by letting him tell how he received his degree on 17 April, 1795. A congregation had been summoned to present a congratulatory address to the Prince and Princess of Wales, when Mr. Rice says:—

"I went through the ceremony of taking the Honorary degree of B.A. I was examined yesterday by those appointed for that purpose when I flatter myself I shewed that I had not wholly misspent my time. The congregation being suddenly declared prevented me writing to you for the fees which amounted to the enormous sum of £9. 9. 0."

Whether in the monetary condition of the day this was an extravagant demand I hesitate to decide, but I cannot see where the term "honorary" comes in with reference to this B.A.

Owing to a youthful friendship with my great-uncle, Ralph Rice, the names of his brothers and sisters were often repeated in my hearing ; and, when I undertook the study of the Pedigree, it became a matter of such familiar interest that I found myself employed upon a thoroughly congenial task. I have mentioned the College life of my grandfather, the Rev. John Morgan Rice, at Cambridge, and that of his brother Ralph at Oxford. The former survived until 1833, being but 58 when he died. Sir Ralph on the other hand lived to 71, and passed away at 6 Royal Crescent, Brighton, in 1850. He was as clever and intelligent as he proved to be kind-hearted towards all around him.

Poor man ! he was the sole relic of his contemporary kinsmen when I remember him first in London and Brighton. There is a tablet in Tooting Church erected by Sir Ralph to his eleven brothers and sisters. In his private diaries there are pathetic references to his own solitary life, when all his generation had passed away. Being of a most affectionate nature and having been deeply attached to his brothers, especially those near his own age, he clung closely, as it is scarcely to be wondered at, to the surviving relatives, of whom his nieces, my mother and her sisters, the Misses Helen and Lucy Rice, were the means of bringing sweetness and light into the aged widower's home at 4 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

Making a study of the family history and sparing neither time nor means in order to get at the facts, he was led to visit Carmarthenshire in 1835 with my great-uncle Horace (the Rev. H. M. Rice).

My maternal grandmother, who lived in the Royal Crescent, Brighton, was greatly devoted to Uncle Ralph, so her daughters and their children naturally came under the spell of his benignity.

When I first remember this gracious lady, Mrs. J. Rice, she had been nearly ten years a widow, and was wrapped up in the future of her children. Her daughter Helen kept house

at Brighton for the Rices, just as my mother had formerly looked after Sir Ralph's establishment in London.

Two of my great-grandfather's sons who joined the Navy had but short lives, for the sailors Harry and Charles Rice died respectively at the ages of 31 and 23 ; while those who chose the military profession, viz., Sam and Frederick, joined the celebrated 51st Regiment, with which the Rice family have been so honourably connected, as the facts tell. Harry and Charles Rice saw a good deal of service in the "Royal Navy". Charles was at the capture of the Dutch Settlements, Trincomalee and Colombo in Ceylon during 1795.

"*Samuel Rice* joined the 51st Light Infantry as Ensign, 12th February, 1793 ; Lieutenant, 5th May, 1794 ; Captain, 18th June, 1798 ; Major, 13th July, 1809 ; Brevet Lieut.-Col., 22nd November, 1813 ; Regimental Lieut.-Col., 24th April, 1817 ; Colonel, 22nd July, 1830 ; exchanged to half pay, 5th July, 1831. Appointed Inspecting Field Officer of the Leeds Recruiting district, September, 1834, which office he held till November, 1835. Died in London, 7th March, 1840.

"He served in Gibraltar and Corsica ; was present at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, and at several attacks on posts ; was also present at the taking of Elba by Lord Nelson ; served in Portugal in 1798 under Sir C. Stewart ; subsequently at the Cape of Good Hope, in the East Indies, Ceylon, Portugal, and Spain, and was present at Corunna, Fuentes d'Onoro, sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, Salamanca ; taking of Madrid, advance on Burgos, and operations there, battle of Nivelle, where he commanded the Regiment, Orthes, taking of Bordeaux, and skirmishes on the Garonne ; commanded the Regiment at Waterloo, and at the storming of Cambray. Medal for Nivelle. Medal for Waterloo. Companion of the Bath, 22nd June, 1815 ; Knight of Hanover, September, 1818."

Colonel Sam Rice's letters from the Peninsula to his

relatives deal generally with the striking events in which he participated, and give several vivid descriptions of the scenes he witnessed upon that historic arena. While not claiming to deal with purely military details, these communications are of an abiding interest to members of the Family.

“Percy John Rice [my namesake and godfather] joined the 51st Light Infantry as Ensign, 14th August, 1828; Lieut., 28th November, 1834; Captain, 2nd September, 1837; Major, 28th December, 1849. Died at Bangalore, 22nd May, 1850.

“Augustus Thomas Rice [my mother’s first cousin] entered the 51st Light Infantry as Ensign, 11th October, 1831; Lieutenant, 10th March, 1837; Captain, 15th October, 1841; Major, 23rd June, 1852; Lieutenant-Colonel, 9th December, 1853; Colonel, 1st December, 1854. Retired on full pay of Major, 1st December, 1854 (the higher ranks being by brevet).

“He served with the 51st Light Infantry during the second War in Burmah from April to August, 1852; was on board the E.I.C. Steam Sloop ‘Sesostris’ during the naval action and destruction of the enemy’s stockades on the Rangoon river; served during the succeeding three days’ operations in the vicinity, and at the storm and capture of Rangoon; also at the assault and capture of Bassein, 19th May (severely wounded). Was mentioned in General Godwin’s dispatches as ‘deserving the best consideration of the Government’ for capturing by storm with his company and a subdivision of the 9th Madras Native Infantry the enemy’s stronghold, and entrenched position south of Bassein, armed with sixteen guns and twenty gingalls; honoured with the best thanks of the Governor-General in Council. Medal for Pegu.” (From Hart’s Army List.)

Captain Fred Rice, an uncle of the above and one of Sir Ralph Rice’s brothers, was also an officer in the 51st. He

died at Geneva in 1823, aged 40 years, and is buried in the Cemetery there. A sister Frances was married to Mr. John Ferryman of Cheltenham.

I never, unless in infancy, saw my godfather, Captain Percy Rice, but remember his death from cholera at Bangalore sending a shock through our home circle. Followed later by that of Mrs. Elton the two events seemed to throw a shadow over our lives.

The fortunes of the Rices, comments upon which have occupied the last few pages, have a historic interest, but my mind has naturally dwelt more upon the influences for good which the generation I have known best so freely disseminated within their sphere.

My uncle, Horace Rice, was an excellent country clergyman, and may be truthfully said to have laid a foundation at Callington and South Hill, where he was long the Rector, such as made it easier for my cousin Francis Vansittart Thornton, his successor, to bring about the educational reforms which made his name memorable. The Rev. H. M. Rice's Lecture on Dr. Johnson, delivered before the Callington Literary Society, which is extant in manuscript, certainly gives a clear and fair impression of the great arbiter of common-sense life in the eighteenth century.

As a clergyman Mr. Rice was distinctly successful. Although an Anglican of moderate views he propitiated those holding other opinions both within and outside the Church of England. He was a lover of horses and always drove a good pair, while with the gun and fishing-rod he could take his part with the best. But he loved most the sport of shooting over pointers and setters, possessing several of his uncle Mr. Ferryman's celebrated breed of the latter.

His friendly advice given to young men—and to myself in particular—was ever to be cherished in memory with the kindly welcome accorded to us at dear South Hill. His children, Morgan and Lucy Rice, were the chosen friends of myself and sister, while my parents revelled in the bracing air which came from the Cornish Tors and in the wealth of wild-

flower life which enriched the expansive beauties of this fascinating neighbourhood.

My mother and father were equally welcome guests within the portals of the John Thorntons at 1 Bowyer Terrace and of the Henry Sykes Thorntons at Battersea Rise; while the same may be said of Roehampton House where the Leslie-Melville kindred exercised hospitality, so we did not lack pleasant family converse during youth.

Colonel Augustus Rice, son of Thomas Rice, my mother's uncle, spent half his valued life in serving his country and the remainder in watching over his mother's and sisters' interests. "The bravest of soldiers and the tenderest of relatives" must stand as my appreciation of this cousin brought up in the military school of the early Victorian period. Colonel Augustus Rice was a great stickler for military etiquette and very particular also about his ordinary dress. The wound in the neck he received in the second Burmese war rendered my cousin liable to bronchial attacks to the close of his life. Indeed it is wonderful that he survived when one remembers that the bullet went clean through his neck. The devotion of this semi-invalided soldier to his mother and sister was something quite out of ordinary experience. That he never married may in some degree be considered a loss to the world, but then possibly more distant kinsmen might not have seen and known so much of his warm-hearted and sympathetic nature which under any possible circumstances must have coloured the lives of those most intimate with him. He was one of the best-known residents in Cheltenham.

With regard to the pictures of my grandfather and grandmother Rice which head this chapter, the reader will be interested to know that the originals are in the possession of my cousin, Miss Rice.

The Holmes family were settled in Derbyshire in the middle of the eighteenth century, when William Holmes married Margaret Purke.

Our grandmother, Elizabeth Holmes, who married the Rev. John Morgan Rice, and whose portrait appears in this

chapter with that of her husband, our grandfather, had a sister whose husband was that well-known General Officer, Sir Thomas Downman, who served in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington. When I remember him he was Commandant at Woolwich where our parents were welcome guests at the Reviews which I so well recall attending as a child.

It is using no exaggeration to say that Sir Thomas was one of Wellington's most trusted Officers. He commanded the Field Artillery during the retreat from Burgos.

Another of my mother's aunts, Maria Holmes, became the wife of Admiral Pearson, so we had naval as well as military relatives through this particular family connexion.

Regarding the picture of my grandmother, it has been attributed to Downman, a relation of Sir Thomas. But a lady who knew my grandmother well and survives, having in advanced age a clear recollection of the times concerning which she writes, avers that Downman the artist had amateur relatives who studied his style, and that my grandmother's interesting portrait was by one of these. A contrary opinion having long "attributed" Miss Rice's portrait of our grandmother to Downman, I have so underlined that reproduction.

My grandparents were married from Westcombe Park, Blackheath, a property now covered with modern dwellings. The old house had been the home of the Angerstein family, a local connexion which led one of the race to become M.P. for Greenwich in the fifties of last century. The locality is best known at present as the site of the Westcombe Park Cricket ground.

My great-uncle, James Park Holmes, was a Freeman of the Mercers Company, admitted thereto when the famous John Wilkes was Chamberlain of the City of London, and William Curtis, Lord Mayor. His original Indentures as an apprentice of the Mercers Company are in existence. Therein he covenanted neither to play dice nor cards.

It will be seen on reference to the descendants of Morgan Rice, first of that family to live at Tooting, that none of the

male line survive or left issue. Morgan J. Rice of Wadham College, Oxford, the head of the clan, married a Miss Hamilton of Castle Douglas, County Cork, who died before him, without issue; so his own death left Miss Lucy Rice of 11 Canterbury Road, Oxford, the sole (by name) representative of the elder branch of this family.

CHAPTER V.

SONS OF JOHN THORNTON, COMMISSIONER OF INLAND REVENUE (1783-1861).

I HAVE never heard of more justifiable hopes being gradually extinguished by unavoidable circumstances than in the case of my uncle, John Thornton. Indeed it may be truly said that the circumstances connected with this extinction of well-founded ambitions rendered the position of his sons in life totally different to that in which he had hoped to place them.

When in company with his brilliant College friend, Reginald Heber, John Thornton went, in 1803-6, to Russia and Austria, bent on perfecting European observations not expected to conclude in Vienna but designed to be pursued in Berlin, it was not only for educational purposes that the travellers set forth. The business opportunities of a Russia merchant of improving old connexions and establishing new ties, were unusually bright for such a linguist as my uncle, Russian, German, and French being within his vocabulary, while he must have found constant interest in the depth of thought and inspiring comments, religious and political, of the future Bishop Heber.

The strange character of this tour seems to have been that the European drama, destined to destroy the territorial aspirations of the Thorntons of Birkin and send their children to make careers for themselves, made progress without those most interested realizing the supreme importance of events such as the battle of Austerlitz. The letters written home by the *voyageurs* relate that the Viennese themselves, within sixteen months of the capture of their capital and total defeat of their armies, were alternately observing the ceremonies

enjoined by the stolid Imperial Court etiquette, and showing visitors the vestiges of the French occupation, such as the room which Napoleon occupied for a fortnight after the city capitulated to the French.

Upon this subject my uncle says in a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Henry Thornton: "Ladies even are indignant and eloquent, children being told to answer the question 'What is a Frenchman?' by the term 'Spitzbube or Thief,'" but he adds, "all this without any suggestion of vigorous resistance," which then seemed improbable for a long period.

More remarkable still is the fact that, when these thoughtful and inquiring travellers passed through the Crimea, the question was put "to a Divan full of Tartars whether they had ever heard of Napoleon," the answer being in the negative. One of them was on the way to Constantinople, where the intrigues of the period by the French Ambassador Sebastiani on behalf of his Emperor would soon have thrown some light on the situation even to this unconscious Muscovite.

Faithful to their Evangelical traditions Mr. John Thornton and Mr. Reginald Heber seem to have found their chief friends amongst the Lutherans and the reformed Genevan societies. Throughout Hungary they found a toleration for Protestant opinions not usual at this period in other portions of the Austrian Empire in consequence of "the footing which the Protestants had gained in the reign of Mathias before the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War". Their tour was extended to Berlin, which city they left immediately before the battle of Jena, just escaping the decree issued by Napoleon to arrest every Englishman found on territories occupied by the French armies.

As they had started in July, 1806, via Gottenburg, and passed through Norway and Sweden to St. Petersburg before inditing their Vienna experiences, a vast distance had been covered by the two travellers, and that at a time when posting was the sole means of transit, irrespective of public conveyance by diligence or its German prototype.

I have selected parts of these letters for quotation here to show what a fitting preparation for public as well as for business life was enjoyed by my uncle not destined—I regret to say—to find his occupation in either sphere. I have, moreover, placed these memories prominently, because thereby the measure of subsequent efforts of my cousins to take their parts in life should be more fully appreciated. My Uncle John must have been a good-looking young man, as he certainly was a dignified figure in advancing years. By his marriage to Eliza Parry, a niece of Nicholas Vansittart, Lord Bexley, her father Mr. Edward Parry who married the Hon. Emelia Vansittart, having been spoken of previously as Chairman of the East India Company, Mr. John Thornton secured a consort whose manifold intellectual gifts were fully employed in the bringing-up of her children as well as interesting herself warmly in the welfare of all those connected with the Thornton clan. A letter of this lady's is in existence amongst the Battersea Rise papers, giving a graphic and truly touching account of Mr. Henry Thornton's death, at which she was present, and which took place in Mr. Wilberforce's house in Kensington Gore, when neither her husband nor either of his brothers were within reach to see the last on earth of that beloved and venerated uncle, the M.P. for Southwark.

In other pages of these memories the life at Bowyer Terrace, Clapham, has been intertwined much with that of our own; and it has been my privilege to be closely acquainted with all the five sons of John and Eliza Thornton, as it now becomes my cherished occupation to recount the brave manner in which they one and all faced conditions of life different to those with which their father believed they would be called upon to deal.

The same may be recorded of his daughters, whose presence in the Clapham home helped to make it a happy refuge for the children of those whose parents were living and working far away in remote parts of Hindustan, where climatic and other well-known conditions rendered it almost impos-

sible for European infants of either sex to remain after tender years and survive.

Family letters to which I have access go to show how the possession of this timely refuge has preserved young life and prepared these children for their subsequent careers ; and, for accomplishing this, due meed of praise should not be withheld from daughters of the house like Miss Clementina Thornton, the very right hand of her parents for some years before, in advancing age, they retired to Old Park, Nightingale Lane.

I have said that my uncle had been a Fellow Commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge, a position of such weight and prestige that when Mr. Simeon, just consolidating his position as an Evangelical teacher, saw Mr. John Thornton amongst the congregation at Trinity Church, he was moved to tears. ("Charles Simeon." By the Bishop of Durham. In "English Leaders of Religion".)

In the capacity of Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue my Uncle John came into communication with Sir Robert Peel, out of which warm personal relations ensued, and he was much distressed when that great statesman met with the accident that closed a life so precious to English-speaking peoples and to the world.

My first cousin, John Thornton, eldest son of the above, who married Bishop Heber's youngest daughter, was unfortunate in having, as a young man of intellectual promise, to accept banishment from a dearly loved home, and go as a writer to India. The letters to his relations which I have read, although full of good sense and the spirit of resigned self-sacrifice, admit the sorrow of the separation to be magnified by the isolation of official existence in secluded parts of our Indian Empire, which are now doubtless far more accessible.

The following is an obituary extract from the "Times" published shortly after his death, which took place in 1889 :—

"JOHN THORNTON.

"On the 15th September there passed away a distinguished member of the Bengal Civil Service, John

Thornton, one of the few links connecting the present administrative regime with that of the first half of the century.

“A son of Mr. John Thornton of Clapham, he inherited and retained the earnest evangelical principles of the so-called ‘Clapham Sect’. A cultivated writer and able administrator, he was early called to important office in the Land Revenue Settlement in the North-West Provinces, initiated by Robert Merittius Bud under Regulation IX, 1833, and the settlement of the Allygurh district—a model of intelligence and industry in carrying out that great and novel undertaking—was completed by Mr. Thornton about fifty years ago.

“As one of his ablest officers he was selected by James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor N.W. Provinces, to be his secretary, and was of eminent assistance to that great statesman in inaugurating the system of village education—the first great attempt in the country, worked out by Mr. H. S. Reid, under Mr. Thomason’s guidance, to bring elementary instruction within reach of the rural population. Mr. Thornton was accurate and polished in his style, and the article which he wrote on the thirty years’ settlement in the North West Provinces in the ‘Calcutta Review’ is probably the best account that has been given of that great work.

“He succeeded eventually to the Sudder Board of Revenue at Agra; and retired before the Mutiny, leaving behind him a high reputation and enshrined in the affection of many friends among the native as well as English community.” (Sir William Muir.)

Two other of my Thornton first cousins shared a like fate and did their duty faithfully.

Edward Thornton, who was born 7 October, 1811, had a long and busy existence; as he lived to become an octogenarian despite the hardships undergone in India before and after the Mutiny. Successively assistant collector at Goruckpore in Oudh, and then joint magistrate and deputy

collector at Muttra, in 1848 he went in the same capacity to Serampore.

But the occasion on which his abilities were officially recognized seems to have been in 1849, at a moment when Lord Dalhousie was selecting the ablest Indian officials in order to organize the Punjaub, then suffering from the desolating war which occurred after the death of the great Runghit Singh.

Probably the leading achievement of Mr. Edward Thornton's official life was the arresting of Nadir Khan, a conspiring son of the Rajah of Mandla, whose influence was about to be used to bring about a rising of the Hill tribes around Jhelum. Mr. Thornton was shot in the neck while leading the British to arrest the discontented youth.

When the Mutiny came Rawul Pindi became the headquarters of the Viceroy, Lord Lawrence, and it can be read in Bosworth Smith's *Life of that great Pro-Consul* how he, having denuded the Punjaub of troops in order to conquer Delhi, left Thornton with much independent authority. Lady Lawrence, who was at Murri, seems to have apprised my cousin of an impending revolt of tribes in the Hazarah country, and his prompt action prevented any overt rebellion.

When the Mutiny closed, Edward Thornton was made "Judicial Commissioner for the Punjaub," and in 1860 received the honour of C.B. for these services, which speak for themselves.

My cousin retired in 1862, but survived until December, 1893, working on to the last. His life in India is amply recorded in the "Dictionary of National Biography". On Mr. Edward Thornton's return home his business capacity received swift acknowledgment, for he was offered and accepted a seat in the family banking house in Birchin Lane.

Edward Thornton was one of the most convinced and enthusiastic Christians I ever met. Like Sir Richard Temple, he placed his faith first, because the sublime principles which it embraced enjoined rigid performance of public duties. When I was in the House of Commons with the late Sir Richard

Temple, he frequently conversed with me concerning my cousins in India and their notable services to the State, constantly averring that the John Thornton he was familiar with was a perfect genius in collecting revenue and one of the ablest of those public men who served under Thomason. He also emphasized the value which—as I have said—Sir John Lawrence and Sir Robert Montgomery placed on my cousin Edward's services during the Mutiny. Probably the sufferings and dangers during this time of anxiety which Mrs. Edward Thornton experienced have numerous counterparts even on a more terrible scale amongst survivors of the Mutiny; but her escape to the hills and woods with her infant, the youngest child George, must form an exciting episode in our family traditions for all ages.

Another of these brothers, viz., Reginald, served in India and suffered a sunstroke there which affected his eyesight in later years and rendered life less enjoyable under conditions of economic success. For as a banker at Dorchester Mr. Reginald Thornton achieved prominent distinction. It is remarkable that leaving India prematurely in consequence of his above-mentioned illness, he and Mrs. Thornton gave place to two successors who were murdered by the natives upon the outbreak of the Mutiny. He died, August, 1895.

But not all my Uncle John's sons went to India, two remained at home; viz., Francis Vansittart, the third, and William Henry, the youngest, the latter still happily with us in the pleasant guise of an experienced and well-beloved Devonshire clergyman.

But the work of the former, also a clergyman and an Honorary Canon of Truro, merits more than passing mention. I cannot say that I knew this cousin sufficiently well to speak of his valuable work from personal observation, so I quote the authorities who have taught me to admire him as a pioneer of the best thought in modern education. The first notice below recording the results of these notable experiments is by one of his sons-in-law who are noticed farther on, Prebendary Percival Jackson.

(“*Guardian*,” 1 May, 1895.)

“FRANCIS VANSITTART THORNTON.

“The Rev. Francis Vansittart Thornton, M.A., Hon. Canon of Truro, whose health had been rapidly failing during the last three months, died on Saturday, at the age of 79. He was the third son of the late Mr. John Thornton, of Clapham, and was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, his tutor being Mr. Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester. He was a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1838, being second in the Second Class Classical Tripos. He was ordained on his appointment to the Curacy of Hodnett, Shropshire, in 1839; and in the following year he was appointed Vicar of Bisham, Berks. Many influences conspired to induce in him wide sympathy with different schools of thought, and familiarity with the problems and with the events of ecclesiastical and social history. The emancipation of Slaves was a ruling thought at Clapham during his early years. At Rugby, association with Dean Lake, Dean Vaughan, Dean Stanley, the Rev. J. P. Gell, etc., under the head mastership of Dr. Arnold, tended to enlarge his thought and quicken his intellect. His political sympathies anticipated the position of the Tory Democrat of later years. His ecclesiastical allegiance was always avowedly given to the Church of England rather than to any section of it. At Cambridge he held aloof from the society which Charles Simeon had gathered around him, as being exclusive, and in its tendency narrowing, although he always declined to entertain any narrow feelings towards their section of the Church. From time to time he organized at Callington conferences on burning questions wherein his ruling idea was to secure the presence of leading men of different opinions, with a view, not to contention, but to unity of result. Callington was, perhaps, too remote from the central activities of the day

for such plans to receive their due meed of reward. All the more should his heroism in undertaking the work of that parish be appreciated, when we realize how many of his keenest interests were of necessity laid aside or held in suspense at the call of duty. Whatever may be thought of his methods it will be acknowledged that the idea of grafting on a village school a competent staff of University men, and of other specialists (French, German, Music, Drawing, etc.), and thus introducing the highest possibilities of education to all classes was a fine idea. That Canon Thornton began to carry it into effect so long ago as 1848 seems to claim for him a remarkable place amongst educationists. Whether meeting little children in the roads, or entering the school, or preparing candidates for confirmation, or taking part in a school treat, he was inspired by a genuine self-forgetfulness and sympathy with the mirth of the young. He laid great stress on the necessity for Mission rooms for populations which, temporarily or permanently, grow up at a distance from the old Churches. In the same connexion he was eager for the establishment of an order of Catechists.

“Canon Thornton was appointed in 1848 to the Rectory of Brown and Chilton, Candover, Hampshire, where he established his system of education, which was, says the ‘Western Morning News,’ to graft a grammar school upon the elementary school, and by means of graduated fees secure to every child of either sex such education as it was capable of receiving. In 1864 he moved to South Hill-with-Callington, Cornwall, where he adopted the same system. He became an Honorary Canon of Truro in 1882, and retired to Torquay in 1887.”

I have been told that upwards of 100 people migrated from Hampshire with Mr. Thornton in 1864 to Cornwall, where as the successor of my uncle, the Rev. H. M. Rice, he did this good work for education and faithfully tended the parish.

(From the "*Church Times*," of May, 1895.)

"Canon Thornton was ordained Deacon (by letters dimissory) by the Bishop of Chichester on his appointment to the curacy of Hodnett, Shropshire, in 1839; and in the following year he was appointed Vicar of Bisham, Berks, and was ordained priest by the Bishop of St. Asaph. Many influences conspired to induce in him wide sympathy with different schools of thought, and familiarity with the problems and with the events of ecclesiastical and social history. . . . Mr. Thornton was a Churchman of wide sympathies, but no one can have used more appreciatively the works of that great scholar Bishop Lightfoot or those of Bishop Westcott. . . . Canon Thornton will long be remembered for his important work in attempting the problem of how to form a connecting link between elementary and higher education. . . . Canon Thornton was also one of the group of men who originated in Hampshire the idea of local examinations in the days before the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had directed their attention to them. He was one of those who, in the same county, took up the cause of Friendly Societies, and furthered their interests in various ways.

"After what has been said of Canon Thornton's zeal for education, it will easily be understood that his interest in the young was one of the great characteristics of his versatile mind. . . . Although he was 66 before he was made Hon. Canon of Truro, his work as a parish clergyman was as remarkable as his interest in those branches of parish work which have been alluded to. His preaching was marked by a singular grip of his congregation, as well as by ready eloquence, pointed illustration, and profound knowledge of the Bible. He had a curious faculty for acquiring the contents of books; having a large library, he seemed to have read everything of the nature of commentary, and much else. His written sermons were as carefully written out as if they

were intended for the Press, and yet he was rarely persuaded to print anything. His pastoral work was marked by clear judgment of character and keen consciousness of his own responsibility."

My own impressions during a visit to the second relative who became Rector of South Hill, Frank Thornton, were of his extraordinary energy, when he summoned us all immediately after dinner to join in a country dance with children in the neighbourhood. Nor did the reverend gentleman, though close on 70, fail to take his own part in the revels. And I need hardly say that he threw himself into his many serious labours with still more force and zeal. There is an appropriate memorial to my cousin in South Hill Church.

This far-seeing clergyman owed much to the fact that he was allied to a sympathetic partner, having married Miss Mary Cholmondeley, one of that honoured Shropshire race, who entered ardently into her husband's educational schemes both at Chilton Candover and South Hill.

Their second son, Canon Augustus Vansittart Thornton, is now the Incumbent, correctly styled "Chaplain," of St. Edward's Church, Cambridge.

Two of Canon Francis Vansittart Thornton's daughters married the brothers Henry and Percy Jackson. The former is famous as an O.M., and as Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. His portrait has been admitted into the Hall of Trinity College amongst College worthies during his lifetime; I believe an honour quite unprecedented. The latter is M.A. of my dear Jesus College, Cambridge.

The Rev. William Henry Thornton, at the time I write my only surviving first cousin on the Thornton side, is a typical outcome of the movement favoured by Kingsley, which had been popular in his beloved Devonshire, even before the times in which he wrote. The Parson, as these thinkers believed, should mingle with the people in their amusements, even if these be of a sporting character, and so carry their religion into each and every society into which they may be thrown. As is well known, this tendency developed amongst

younger men, clerical and lay, into what was known as muscular Christianity.

Mr. W. H. Thornton's friend, and in some sort his prototype, the famous Jack Russell, clergyman, orator, and sportsman, stands as a representative of the brotherhood.

As most West-country people appear to believe, this school of thought has powerfully aided in keeping a religious hold on the populations scattered in the hill and moorland districts, reaching even to the feet of the Cornish Tors, and sometimes to the utmost limits of that fascinating county.

I remember Mr. W. H. Thornton used to think nothing of a twenty-mile ride in order to meet some well-known character once connected with his parish, who had strayed elsewhere, in order to discover whether he could help him in his profession either by business counsel or timely warning. A veterinary surgeon who was killing himself by celebrating each transaction by a corresponding drink, was thereby induced to abandon that habit and so recover his health. Indeed the Rector of North Bovey's care for his poorer fellow-creatures did not assign any limit, parochial or otherwise, for his philanthropy, and this I am aware of by personal experience.

Soon after I had left Cambridge late in the sixties, I was asked to stay with my cousin at Dunster, of which parish he was at the time Pastor. It was a six-mile drive from Exeter, which Cathedral city was enveloped in snow. The dogcart came for me, and we reached Dunster in good time for dinner, but to find Mrs. Thornton in some perturbation at the non-arrival of her husband, who had journeyed all the way to Francis Vausittart Thornton's Rectory at South Hill, and after a night spent there, had to cross Dartmoor on his return. Indeed he made no appearance until late at night, when by glimpses through a snow-storm we perceived the waggonette approaching loaded with the tinsel garb and properties of several shivering strolling-players who followed on foot. They had missed the road to Exeter and seemed likely to have to leave their belongings behind them or be

lost in the drifts by the wayside. Glad as was the welcome given to me, little was said until these poor waifs and strays had been fed and warmed, whereupon a groom went with them outside the village and put them on the road to their destination.

Mrs. Thornton herself comes of good Devonian stock, her father, Mr. Furnival, having been a well-known clergyman in the county. They lost their only son, but six married daughters survive to carry forward these unaccustomed traditions to future ages through the means of the rising generation. One unmarried daughter remains at home, without whose kindly presence the Rectory at North Bovey would scarcely be quite the same to the parishioners.

North Bovey is situated in a fair spot by a charming trout stream, and near the mansion of that good and patriotic public man, the Hon. F. W. D. Smith, who is an ideal squire to an old-fashioned but practical country Parson.

I here desire to express the deep regard and respect felt by all those kinsmen bearing the Thornton name for the previously mentioned head of the family, the Rev. John Thornton, sometime Vicar of Ewell, while it was from his retirement at Betchworth, also in Surrey, that he presented us with that inestimable record of my grandfather's life which has enabled me to bring many facts to light and is a precious possession of those who have placed it in their libraries.

Nor can any reader of his work on the English Liturgy fail to be impressed with the clearness of expression which conveys so much knowledge in a short space, emphasising the strong faith animating the writer.

Our chief was a leader in the Volunteer movement at Cambridge, being second to the redoubtable Edward Ross in the Trinity College Shooting Challenge Cup in 1863, and being a representative in the winning Eight against Oxford at Wimbledon in that year. He was also in the victorious Cambridge team in this contest in 1864. Mr. Thornton was like-

wise prominent as a walker in the Athletic Sports and member of the now defunct Second Trinity Boat Club.

Next I should like to name three of this branch, who, belonging to later generations, have died early in life leaving records behind them worthy of mention here. First I would speak in the highest possible veneration and with warm affection of the eldest son of the present head of our race, John Thornton, the fifth of those so named since Cowper's friend died in 1790. The unexpected and to us untoward accident in the hunting field whereby he met his death, brought to its close a most promising career and lost to his devoted friends of all ages the joy brought into their homes by this bright and engaging personality. His seven-year-old son, also John, is destined in the course of nature to become head of the Birkin Thorntons.

The other two to be so commemorated are Arthur Parry Thornton, of the Indian Civil Service, and Charles Conway Thornton, of the Diplomatic Service.

Lieut.-Col. Arthur Parry Thornton, C.S.I., was born 9 February, 1848. He was educated at Rugby, and entered the 36th Foot in 1867. He became Political Agent at Bhopawar in 1886, and Resident in Western Rajputana States in 1900, and officiating Agent to the Governor-General there in 1901. He retired in 1906 after a distinguished career and died in 1908.

This brief summary by no means conveys the remarkable consensus of Indian Official contemporary opinion concerning Arthur Parry Thornton's statesmanlike qualities.

Charles Conway Thornton was born on 8 August, 1852. He was educated at Eton, where he took a Scholarship, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. In his boyhood he is stated to have strikingly resembled in appearance his grandfather, Reginald Heber, the celebrated Bishop of Calcutta. A nomination for a competitive examination for the Foreign Office brought his career at Cambridge to a premature close. He was beaten by a rival from Oxford, but a second attempt resulted in his appointment to a clerkship in the Foreign Office on 23 March, 1874. In the Foreign Office

his work lay in the Western department, which includes the relations with the United States of America, and he was concerned in the payment of the "Alabama" Award. He married in 1878, Mary Diana Thornton-Wodehouse, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Edward Thornton-Wodehouse, and a cousin of the Earl of Kimberley, at one time Secretary-of-State for Foreign Affairs.

In January, 1882, he was appointed acting Third Secretary to the Legation at Berne, his Chief being Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Adams. Ten years later he was appointed acting Second Secretary, remaining at the same post, where he acted as a *Chargé d'affaires* on eight occasions, for several months at a time. During the whole of this period he remained nominally on the establishment of the Foreign Office, but in 1888 he exchanged with a Mr. F. H. Carew and then finally left the Foreign Office for the Diplomatic Service. In this same year he was transferred to the Legation at Copenhagen, with the rank of Second Secretary, where the course of his official duties brought him into contact with the members of the reigning families of Europe who were connected with the Royal House of Denmark. These naturally included His late Majesty King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, as also His Majesty King George V.

At this period he wrote several poems which were printed in a volume for private circulation, dedicated with gracious permission to Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales. Her Majesty's representative at Copenhagen was then the late Sir Hugh McDonell, G.C.M.G., and the First Secretary was Mr. Goschen who, as Sir Edward Goschen, subsequently became Ambassador at Berlin. Mr. C. C. Thornton's health began to give way as the result of the extreme cold of the Hungarian winter following after the warmer climate of Portugal. Weakened by a prolonged period of ill-health, he died suddenly from heart-failure on the night of 16 May, 1902, at Meran in the Tyrol, where he rests.

The Rev. John Thornton our Chief's third son Leslie

Heber, late of the Rifle Brigade, who was invalided after the Terah campaign, has justified his choice as Military Adviser to the Cambridge University Training Corps, which, under his guidance, has been so successful that the degree of M.A. has been conferred on him. Captain Thornton was born 21 December, 1873.

CHAPTER VI.

(1) BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE OF AUTHOR. THE ELTONS.

(2) SCHOOL AT BRIGHTON AND RAMSGATE.

IF I am asked to record the earliest memory I possess, the reply is—being carried across the street from 12 Upper Gloucester Place late at night owing to a sudden outbreak of fire in our home, and stopping for some time with my mother and sister at the house of Captain Becher, R.N., afterwards Admiral Becher. The welcome given us I have never forgotten, nor the kindness of Miss Constantia Becher, afterwards wife of Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who survives him. It is pleasant to record how that my earliest friend outside my own family remains one still. The fire did not prove to be serious, but the incident connected with it is firmly fixed in my mind, despite the fact that sixty-five years have since passed.

I was greatly enchanted when my parents took me for my first railway journey and by coach afterwards. It seemed a very weary finish, however, as the destination by train was Exeter, and we had to get to Exmouth the same night.

My mother was exceedingly anxious to see her two sisters who were there, just before Miss Lucy Rice's marriage to Mr. Edmund Elton. I can see the white houses on the Esplanade now, and can recognise even now the personality of my beautiful and interesting aunt, the vision having thrown a sort of romantic halo over a spot I never revisited until 1911.

As a result of the union of the Elton and Rice families, then to be brought about, we children at 12 Upper Gloucester Place gained a brother, in lieu of one taken early in life to his rest; as my cousins Edmund, now Sir Edmund Elton,

and my mother's surviving sister, Miss Helen Rice, came to look upon my parent's home as their own after my Aunt Lucy's death threw so deep a shadow over our young lives.

I take the opportunity of inserting here the lines written by her father-in-law, Sir Charles A. Elton, Bart., and I shall place next in order my account of our Elton connexions:—

IN MEMORY OF LUCY MARIA, DAUGHTER OF THE
REV. J. M. RICE, AND WIFE OF E. W. ELTON, SON OF
SIR CHARLES ELTON, BART.; BORN, SEPTEMBER 18TH,
1814; DIED, MAY 16TH, 1846.

Does youth, does beauty read the line,
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm,
Speak, lost, loved Lucy; breathe a strain divine,
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee,
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
And if as fair from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship and as fond in love.

Tell them; though 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas e'en to thee, yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portal high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Sir Abraham Elton, the first Baronet, was descended from the family of the Hasles of Herefordshire and Gloucester. He was M.P. for Bristol and Mayor of Bristol in 1710; created a Baronet in October, 1717. The second Baronet who succeeded him was also Sir Abraham. He was M.P. for Bristol and Alderman and Mayor of the same city. He was succeeded by two other Baronets of the name of Abraham, the first being an Alderman and Mayor of the City of Bristol who died in 1762, unmarried, and his brother Sir Abraham Isaac Elton, fourth Baronet, succeeded. He was Town Clerk of Bristol.

The Rev. Sir Abraham Elton, fifth Baronet, died 23 February, 1842, and two of his children survived him, one of whom, Sir Charles Abraham Elton, was sixth Baronet.

A sister of Charles Abraham, the sixth Baronet, married Henry Hallam, the historian, and had issue Henry and Arthur Hallam, Arthur being the great friend who inspired Tennyson's "In Memoriam".

Sir Charles A. Elton's name will ever be identified with the literary associations of Clevedon Court. He was a contributor to the "London Magazine" in conjunction with Charles Lamb, De Quincy, and Barry Cornwall; but his reputation as a writer principally rested on his translations from the Classic Poets, his first work having been a translation of "Hesiod," and is the only version that can be depended upon. Sir Charles also published a volume of original poems, and his elegy on the death of his two sons by drowning, entitled "The Brothers," drew from Charles Lamb, and Southey, letters of congratulation and rare praise. The originals of these letters are in the Library at Clevedon Court.

Sir Charles Abraham Elton was in the Army, and two of his children were the late Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, the seventh Baronet, who died without male issue, and Edmund William, who married June 1, 1845, my aunt Lucy Maria, daughter of the Rev. John Morgan Rice, who died May 16, 1846. He had issue one son, Edmund Harry Elton, the eighth Baronet, known for his success as a potter.

Sir Arthur Hallam Elton inherited from his father many of his literary gifts. He was the author of a well-known novel, "Below the Surface," containing many of his experiences as a County Magistrate and Guardian, in which he showed a keen sense of humour and considerable ability. He was a contributor to the "Saturday Review" when that paper was at the height of its popularity, and wrote many pamphlets on social, political, and religious subjects; those more especially interesting were his "Tracts for the present crisis," dealing with the Crimean War, which he always deprecated. He represented Bath in the Liberal interest but resigned in consequence of conscientious objections to the policy of his own Party on certain questions. Gladstone had a high opinion of his powers, and later on in life urged his returning to Parlia-

mentary work, but this his health did not permit, and his views were also somewhat modified by that time. He died in 1883.

The Baronet and Dame Rhoda, Lady Elton, were accustomed to drive a pair of ponies to which bells were attached through Clevedon and its environs. He will be remembered as a munificent benefactor to the Church of England, and for those who not knowing his personality could not honour him as many relations and friends did so universally, Sir Arthur Elton's memory will be written in consecrated stones.

His daughter, now Lady Elton, inherits his literary perception and is an excellent judge of general literature. Sir Arthur suffered a serious loss before he died in the destruction of a valuable library at Clevedon Court by fire.

Clevedon Court is one of the oldest houses in England and is surrounded with beautiful scenery, the climate being such that even the pomegranate will blossom and bear fruit in the open air, also much interest attaches to this venerable pile and the distinguished men and women who have been associated with it, such as Hallam the historian and his two sons, Arthur and Henry—Tennyson, Coleridge, Thackeray. The Hallams are buried in the chancel of the old church on the brow of the wind-swept down overlooking the Bristol Channel.

While Tennyson immortalized Clevedon in verse, Thackeray has imprinted the stamp of his genius in prose upon Clevedon Court, the "Castlewood" of his greatest romance ("Esmond"). It is, in short, a most interesting old place, standing close to the main road, and is one of the most valuable relics of early domestic architecture in England. One of the few manor-houses that have been used as such without interruption from the time of Edward II, it was restored under the Tudors; and, although it has since received many additions and alterations, so much of the old building remains that the original arrangements can be clearly made out, and many of the ancient rooms and offices are almost perfect. The south front is in a state of fine preservation, and with its traceried

windows, its quaint gables, its variously ornamented chimneys, is an excellent specimen of an old English residence. The entrance-porch retains the original doorways and mouldings, with grooves for the portcullis, which was worked from the room above, and at the other end of the passage is a similar porch; while between these, on the right, are three doorways opening from the screens to the buttery, pantry, and kitchen. The great hall, slightly modernized, is a very striking oak-panelled apartment. It is hung with family portraits—including one by Herkomer of the late baronet, Sir Arthur Elton—and a good picture of Hallam the historian. A minstrel gallery is on the south-east side. A “newel” staircase, of which there were originally four, leads from the south-west angle of the chapel on to the roof, which was discovered after a fire in 1882. It contains very fine specimens of early fourteenth-century tracery in east and south windows, together with the original piscina. There is a small room leading off the hall in which there are many interesting curios, among others an original deed of recovery against Roger Wake, a former owner of the Court, time of Henry VII. Here, too, is a pipe of Sir Walter Scott’s; a carved peg tankard or wassail bowl, similar to one possessed by the last Abbot of Glastonbury, with the principal events of Our Lord’s life carved upon it. In the library are the letters from Thackeray, and the folio of caricatures and sketches which the novelist made whilst staying at the Court. Over the bookshelves hang framed certificates of the many prizes which Sir Edmund Elton has gained for his pottery.

The gardens and the terraces, rising tier over tier, are full of beauty, especially in summer, and in two or three buildings, a short distance from the house, designated by the name of the Sunflower Pottery, the present Baronet has for many years produced the Elton ware.

It was in December, 1879, that the present Sir Edmund Elton—then Mr. Elton—first thought of turning his attention to art-work in baked clay. Watching men making tiles in a brick-field, the notion occurred to him of making clay mosaics

to be coloured and glazed for the decoration of church walls. He took home some unburnt tiles, cut them up, and completed a half-length figure of Sir Philip Sidney taken from some painted glass at Clevedon Court. In the simplicity of his ignorance he thought he had only to colour and glaze his clay mosaics and bake them in an open kiln, like a brick-kiln on a small scale, and the trick would be done. He accordingly built such a kiln, and tried. The result was, in his own words, "a dead failure". He built another kiln, with the same consequences, and it was not until October, 1882, that the Sunflower Pottery was in full working order. His failures and discouragements were many and serious, but considering that three years before he had been absolutely ignorant of his craft and that within that period, without any regular training, except experience, he became master of it, as well as the possessor of secrets of his own, his success both with regard to the measure of it, and the time he took to achieve it, is probably unique in the history of pottery.

Most valuable assistance has been and is afforded by one George Masters by name, who came to the infant pottery straight from school in 1880, going through the difficulties and disappointments of the early days, and is in Sir Edmund's employment still. Mr. Masters was awarded a silver medal at the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908 for his work in connexion with the exhibit of Elton ware at that exhibition. But in spite of repeated failure and disappointment it may truthfully be said, in the words of Professor A. H. Church, that "Elton ware has achieved a decided and original success by virtue of the thorough soundness of its fabric, the freshness and temperance of its forms, the appropriateness of its decoration, and the rich qualities of its colour". This to me is most interesting, because my mother foresaw that Edmund Elton's inquiring mind would lead him to become an inventor.

Sir Edmund was educated at Bradfield College, and at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was in his College First Boat. His two sons, Ambrose and Bernard, were also members of Bishop Alcock's Foundation.

Upper Gloucester Place was not a residence which would reach the ideal of Mr. Ruskin in a due proportion of colour prevailing around, but the brightness of a happy English home nevertheless reigned within those unpretending portals.

My mother, Emily Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Morgan Rice, of Tooting, Surrey, first met my father after his return from India at the close of the first Burmese war, at the house of her uncle, Sir Ralph Rice, 4 Hanover Terrace, and was married to him on 8 September, 1840. Her main object in life was to render my father and her young charges' lives happy; but so intense was her family sympathy that those sentiments extended towards all our connexions as well as to the hosts of friends who congregated around us.

It is remarkable how unchanged in essential particulars is that neighbourhood around Upper Gloucester Place and south of Regent's Park since I first remember it sixty-two years ago. But for the displacement of buildings where the Great Central Railway Station now stands, little fundamental alteration either of streets or tenements can be perceived. True it is that very few of the old names are found on the shops which flourished there in the forties, but even in this particular exceptions are frequent. No. 12 Upper Gloucester Place (now No. 39) was for some years the home of my father and mother after their marriage in 1840, and there both my sister and myself first saw light. A younger brother, as mentioned above, died in infancy.

Amongst the earliest of my childhood's recollections is that of being asked by Admiral Sir George Westphal, outside Clarence Gate, to let him put me upon the back of his skewbald cob, the beauty of whose form used to call forth the youthful admiration. On the occasion in question the good Admiral, who as a Midshipman on the "Victory" was close to Lord Nelson when he received his death-wound, and was when in the cockpit bespattered by his blood, stood at the animal's head while I was lifted on to its back, and the cob remaining quiet while led, I felt a confidence in the saddle which has

never left me. This occurred in the year 1848, when I was 7 years old, and I remember the date because my father and Sir George Westphal conversed concerning the threatened Chartist demonstration, the fear of which almost paralysed the Metropolis, at a time when thrones were tottering, and sometimes falling, under similar popular manifestations.

I shall never forget my father going as a special constable to parade in Pall Mall, and my mother believing the distant reverberations of a thunder-storm meant that Fergus O'Connor and Ernest Jones, father of Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P., the Chartist leaders, had come into conflict with the civil and military forces of the Crown.

I have spoken of 12 Upper Gloucester Place with affectionate remembrance as the place where the family clan for-gathered, and it was not until early in the fifties that we made Thornton House, Blackheath Park, our home, where also lived my mother's surviving sister, Helen Rice, and Edmund Elton their nephew, whose father, having married again into an Italian family, sojourned chiefly abroad. He was an artist of no mean capacity, and I can well remember the skill he evinced in depicting nautical scenes. Mr. Edmund W. Elton's widow and their beautiful daughter Minna, who became the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, were frequent inmates of Clevedon Court, when I have been present, and the surviving daughter Marion spends her life at Eastbourne in the congenial occupation of tending the sick and needy.

We used to go to Brighton a good deal from the year 1850, when my grandmother, Mrs. Rice, lived at 6 Royal Crescent, which if not a very large house was at least an hospitable one. More lively children than my sister Clare and her cousin Edmund Harry Elton could not well have existed, and they both surpassed me in general activity at this period. The former was the swiftest child runner I have ever known and up to Blackheath days was unsurpassed by her youthful contemporaries in this particular, as well as for facility in getting up one of the tall trees which stood on the lawn of what is now called Thornton House.

At the Royal Crescent, Brighton, our next-door neighbour was Bishop Bagot of Bath and Wells, at the time a martyr to gout, and I remember how he would first joyfully welcome the children's presence, and then shrink from the strong grasp of the hand which the future Sir Edmund Elton then insisted on giving to all his special friends and associates without any respect of persons, as the poor afflicted prelate more than once realized.

Brighton was not the only seaside place to which we were taken early in life, and I specially remember a visit to Hastings, because it was the occasion upon which my dear mother first dared to trust to a constantly inculcated sense of reverence sufficiently to take me to church. For, if my years made me more staid than my youthful associates, sister and cousin, the natural man—as the old theologians have it—was strongly enough implanted in my nature to make it a severe penance to sit quiet for at least two hours. This, however, I did accomplish by my mother's side in St. Mary's Chapel, The Crescent, Hastings, which was a place of worship fully approved by the Evangelicals of those days. I can remember now with what manifest dignity the Incumbent—the Rev. Mr. Vaus—the solace and adviser of very many good people, male and female, who rejoiced in being called Low Church—swept from the Communion table to the tall three-decker clothed in a magnificent black glossy silk gown apparently fresh from the then active looms of Spitalfields; and how very quiet and well behaved the clerk appeared to me to be during an impassioned and eloquent address which was certainly not of undue length. I have since learned that my initiation into church-going took place under the ministration of a preacher as celebrated for his piety and self-sacrifice as for the gifts he used so efficiently in his Master's cause.

The assembled congregation certainly could not have desired one of their number to realize the fact that their house of worship was, minus the pews, as like as possible in general appearance to a fair-sized provincial theatre. My mother

was, anyhow, after this experience, sufficiently confident of my quiet behaviour in church to take me to St. John's Wood Chapel and to my uncle Sir Ralph Rice's pew there, when we returned home to London. This ecclesiastical building was a place of worship similar to that at The Crescent, Hastings, and was filled every Sunday by a devoted and serious congregation, and I state this, not remembering the name of the clergyman who kept it together so efficiently, only to show that though at that period a stirring of the waters was being made by the disciples of Dr. Newman and Pusey at Oxford, largely in consequence of the stagnation which did undoubtedly to a considerable degree prevail in the mid-Victorian Church of England, yet the exceptions were numerous. Great and gifted enthusiasts, such as Canon Melville, the most eloquent preacher Mr. Gladstone remembered, and his pupil James Fleming, but lately gone to his rest, clergymen like Mr. Vaus at Hastings, Mr. Joseph Fenn of Blackheath Park, and Dr. Miller of Birmingham and Greenwich, were at this critical period successful in keeping alight amongst thousands of people the lamp of everlasting truth, and I say this conscious of how numbers of others, groping as it were for a like satisfaction, found it in the contemplation of the great and good men who directed the celebrated Oxford movement.

The Englishman's house is proverbially his castle, and so in an Evangelical chapel in the fifties was the family pew regarded with the same domestic sanctity. I can remember my Uncle Ralph's distress on hearing how an old Indian contemporary of his had a sudden and ultimately fatal seizure when, coming in late with a party of friends at St. John's Wood Chapel, he was unable to get a seat at all owing to his pew and all others being very properly filled to the uttermost. Hence out of this not infallible system arose a reaction in the public mind which led to free seats and shifting chairs, to some gain of independence for the individual, may be, and, I must add, to occasional avoidance of the sermon.

From an Evangelical point of view it would have been unthinkable that a clergyman should wear any robe in a

pulpit other than the black gown, and old-fashioned people, such as even my clever and broad-minded uncle, Sir Ralph Rice, had certainly not realized the possibility of a change of raiment such as that to which Churchmen soon became reconciled. His had been a brilliant legal career in India. Born in 1781 he was educated at Cheam School, and afterwards at Oriel College, Oxford, taking his degree in 1802. Then Sir Ralph was called to the Bar and went the Western Circuit, marrying early in life a Miss Bourke who after fifteen years of married life died of the fell disease consumption. But the desolating sorrow which at first threatened to paralyse this able lawyer's rising career was encountered by pressing on closely and persistently with the hard work necessary to success in the law, which he thenceforth pursued in the Straits Settlements, being given the Recordship of Penang and a Knighthood, honours which in due time were followed by a Judgeship at Bombay.

The course of this story has shown how our home life was influenced and indeed determined by the return from India of this uncle and his tenancy of No. 4 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, my father who had been the guest of Sir Ralph at Penang renewing his acquaintance with him in London and meeting my mother at this new home. Sir Ralph had a most remarkable knowledge of Sacred Writ, and rejoiced in the beauties and imagery of the Bible, portions of which, chosen by him, I used to read aloud when quite a child.

Our life at and around Blackheath between 1853 and 1859 was rendered interesting by coming in contact with those naval heroes who had been engaged in the struggles with Republican France and Napoleon. Although most of these honoured seamen had suffered from wounds, it was remarkable how often these had been inflicted after the command of the sea had been won by Nelson at Trafalgar.

The careers of men such as Sir James Gordon, Governor of Greenwich Hospital (1853-69), Sir Watkyn Owen Pell (both Admirals), and Captain Cuppage, a popular tenant of one of the wings of that haven of naval retirement devoted

to Captains of the Hospital, formed no unworthy study for the historian of the period, and although doubtless those one met with around Blackheath in the late fifties had their counterparts in each naval centre, yet I regard the group named as worthy of mention because collectively representative of the scenes they had witnessed and the manner in which they had struggled with adversity.

One of the last conversations I ever had with the late Sir William Harcourt was upon the relative merits of the men of the Napoleonic era and that of the piping times of peace which the reform era of 1830 bequeathed to the Victorian period. Sir William's comments will be found in this book, but I must summarize them here by saying that he ascribed the greater prominence of individual characters during the European agony which closed with 1815, to the enhanced necessity for exertion which came home to mankind while the echoes of the French Revolution were reverberating over Europe and even remoulding distant parts of the world. These men's lives were notable for reasons such as I have just named and as actors on the widest stage of modern times, but it is indicative of the iron courage and resolution of their day that Admirals Sir James Gordon and Sir Watkyn Owen Pell, as well as Captain Cuppage, should each have lost a leg in action and returned to active service within two years after the wound was received.

Sir James, while in command of the "Active," Frigate of 48 guns, captured on 29 November, 1811, the French Frigate "Pomone" of 44 guns, a 36-pounder shot taking his leg off during the action. It is scarcely credible, but vouched for by O'Byrne's Naval Biography, that he became Commander of the "Seahorse" on 13 September, 1812, thenceforth, despite his maimed condition, resuming a career both in Europe and America which formed a precious possession of the British Navy.

Again, that insatiable warrior, Sir Watkyn Owen Pell, lost his left leg when a Midshipman, on 6 February, 1800, but positively rejoined the same ship, the "Loire," in January,

1802, and it is difficult to say whether he or the last-named distinguished Governor of Greenwich Hospital (between 1849 and his death in 1869) achieved the most notable career. I used to wonder as a youth why men and women of rank and fame flocked down to Greenwich to the large parties given by Admiral Sir James and Lady Gordon, and why naval officers especially treated those gatherings as something akin to professional levees, but I now am aware that I was witnessing scenes of historic importance.

Sir Watkyn Owen Pell was a cripple, as, in addition to the loss of his leg, his right arm had been maimed past recovery in Rovigno Harbour, in April, 1809; but he displayed characteristic energy in his retirement, and the Admiral's pony used to carry him on Blackheath to watch golf, when that game was not known as generally in England as it now is. He was the first Naval Knight so dubbed by Queen Victoria, William IV having died before conferring on him that mark of royal appreciation.

Captain William Cuppage, the third pensioned officer named, lost a limb off Toulon in the "San Josef" in November, 1813, and had served in two other men-of-war before the war closed in 1815. Captain Cuppage being intimate with my parents, befriended me on more than one occasion. Seeing me dressed as a sailor boy on the occasion of the launch of the "Hannibal," a two-decker of 91 guns, at Deptford, during the Crimean war time, he lifted me over the barrier which shut off the naval luncheon party given by the Captain Superintendent of Deptford Dockyard from those only possessing tickets to witness the ceremony. Heedless of my mother's deprecatory signals, the old tar placed me by his side, and gave me my first glass of champagne, accompanying the gift with the not-to-be-neglected advice, "Never mix your liquors, boy"; but these were but a few out of many representative old sailors who lived in the neighbourhood of Greenwich in the fifties.

Nor was the idea of a renewal of active service by any means absent from the frequent gatherings of those who had served the State so well in its days of peril. I shall never

forget the sense of sadness which animated the coterie when the Crimean war came suddenly on us and the services of these typical warriors were by reason of age naturally dispensed with. I can remember my own father's distress when his offer to serve the Queen once more, despite his place on the retired list, was officially noted, but practically declined.

I have alluded to the launch of the "Hannibal" at Deptford, but must also mention that of the "Royal Albert" at Woolwich in 1855 as being a more remarkable event. We went from Blackheath, being invited by my mother's cousin Mrs. Shephard, wife of the Commandant of the Dockyard, and we none of us forgot the day. The vessel itself, a fine specimen of the old "three-decker," carrying 121 guns, and having for figure-head a graceful portrait in wood of Prince Albert, was not of course to be compared either in size or power with the modern "Dreadnoughts" or the "Lion". But the Dockyard was that day honoured by the presence of some of the most famous English people alive. The Queen and the Prince mixed familiarly with the Ministers, Courtiers, and high officials present, and we privileged spectators saw them close to us. The surging multitude quivered with excitement when the moment came that the ship ought to have taken the water; but, unfortunately, it tarried on the slip after giving visible signs of movement. In vain was "God save the Queen" followed by "Partant pour le Syrie," then popular owing to the alliance with the Empire of France, played until at last there came a most awkward pause and a silence of some minutes, relieved only to ourselves by poor Mrs. Shephard's constant queries addressed to the Commodore as to what could be the matter. That good lady seemed positively to believe that they would straightway suffer incarceration. The Queen had from the first appeared nervous, and when naming the ship disregarded Sir James Graham's advice to let the bottle of champagne swing against the prow instead of throwing it twice unavailingly. Indeed I can see the grave countenance of the tall and dignified statesman before me now as he surveyed the scene with un-

concealed anxiety. But like other times of crisis which were dissipated about this period of Great Britain's history, so did this red-letter day end with *éclat*, as H.M.S. "Royal Albert" glided into Father Thames.

At the time of this historic launch, rendered more important to my mind in that I had a glimpse of the Royal family, including the future Edward VII, then aged 14, in sailor costume, I had a strong desire to join the Navy. Earlier in my young life, the daily sound of the drum and the sight of some of the Guards marching through Upper Gloucester Place to their barracks at Marylebone, had given me a childish attack of what has been called "Scarlet Fever". But my mother always nourished the hope that I should become a clergyman, while my father, much as he loved the sea, regarded the Royal Navy as being a begging profession, wherein suppliants who continually ascended and descended the steps of the Admiralty had a supreme advantage over those who spent their home life in looking to the immediate happiness and welfare of those around them.

Times, however, are said to be changed. Be that doctrine sound or founded on misconception, my father's fixed belief anent the fate of those who asked not in Whitehall during the days of the last two Georges and William IV, being identical with that in vogue in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, rendered my day-dream of a life on the ocean wave nugatory. But this fact did not prevent my groping my way through Woolwich Dockyard, and questioning those around me as to naval facts, while studying Captain Marryat's novels as a source of general information. On one of these occasions I had wandered from Commandant Shepherd's house when my attention became arrested by a much-absorbed artist who was sketching the river from one of the building slips, then generally occupied with the stately forms of our men-of-war. The artist proved to be as voluble with tongue as agile with the brush, and out of his friendly converse I learnt that he was Lieutenant Montague O'Reilly, R.N., the first and only naval officer of that rank who had

thus early been made prisoner by the Russians. About the time of the battle of Sinope, H.M.S. "Tiger" got ashore under the enemy's batteries and had to surrender. The picture made of the stranded vessel by Lieutenant O'Reilly had promptly made its appearance in the "Illustrated London News," and the lately released officer became in consequence quite a public character.

Up to this period, before the Crimean war, I had received no education worthy of the name, being a martyr to recurrent and exhausting headache which rendered me prostrate from time to time, an ailment which never left me for upwards of fifty years, until I was about to retire from the House of Commons. Under such circumstances the efforts of tutors and tutoresses, masters and teachers, were futile, so that it is useless to analyse or even criticize the results. But I first went to school in 1850 to Mr. Adams at Crescent House, Brighton, where an old-fashioned establishment was carried on by two partners, Messrs. Adams and Langtry. These gentlemen did their best, according to the lights of the day, and were, I believe, fairly successful where the youths committed to their charge were smart and clever. But if bereft of these advantages the "*argumentum ad baculum*" was applied indiscriminately by the head partner, Mr. Adams, and less frequently and with greater consideration by his colleague Mr. Langtry, called affectionately "Lang" by the boys, a most popular person in the school and out of it. Both he and Mr. Adams were useful members of the Sussex County Gentlemen's team as bowlers of fair capacity. I remember that Mr. Adams took a run far away from the right side of the wicket and was a slogger, also that "Lang" bowled round-arm slows. But we had no one to inculcate the elements of batting and fielding within our playground, which is now the garden of the local Convalescent Home. The housekeeper, Miss Starkey, discovering that I was not strong, did everything in her power to help me forward, and I revere her memory.

An event I remember very well occurred at this time, one moreover which impressed indelibly my youthful imagination,

was a visit to the great Exhibition of 1851, which my father arranged I should see in his company. My mother elected to remain at 6 Royal Crescent, Brighton, with her mother, Mrs. Rice, who was in weak health. We came up to rooms situated near the site of the Albert Hall, at that time more or less of a vacant space, whereon a Hippodrome for the display of Roman chariot races and equestrian performances was temporarily erected. Next to this place of popular amusement the famous Soyez had erected his dining saloon, wherein the culinary art was acknowledged to have taken a new departure in providing well-cooked meats for the numberless visitors who crowded into London to behold the glories of the beautiful glass palace placed in Hyde Park for the purpose of showing to the world what was the industrial advance of the competing nations. The novelty of the idea was only overshadowed by the glittering beauty of the scene, when a popular Queen, surrounded by her children, gazed upon the constructive conception of that great and far-seeing man, the Prince Consort, whose comely form became as familiar to those present as that of the Iron Duke of Wellington himself.

Full of energy and enthusiasm, I remember following my father for a day and a half through the machinery exhibits of America, Germany, and France; the result being that it was impossible not to perceive that a competition was arising to wrestle for the commercial supremacy then held by Great Britain, the seeds of which must surely have been planted some years before Free Trade gained its well-merited triumph in 1846.

About this time my father came to the conclusion that my health might possibly be improved, and with this my knowledge extended, if a change of schools could be arranged. So according to the advice of Captain Whish, R.N., whose son had been at Dr. Lenny's, Chatham House, in Chatham Place, Ramsgate, thither I repaired. At this place, where an actual absence from home was first experienced, I met with an instructor, M. Conder, the French master,

who greatly influenced my career in the direction of contemporary politics and history, an accession of educational interest which accelerated that which my father had instilled by stories of his recollections of great events both at home and in his naval experience. Therefore it is that I can date from this period the arousing of an ardent interest in public affairs and being soon led to explore the paths of history.

M. Conder was an Imperialist enthusiast, full of joy at the restoration of the Empire in Paris, and replete with knowledge of the modern French Army, with which he had served in Algeria. He was also a facile artist in water colours and thereby familiarized his scholars with the scenes and personalities with which he had himself become familiar. Thus it came to pass that when my father persuaded Dr. Lenny to allow me to come and see the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie pass through London, I seized on the opportunity with alacrity. Standing with my father inside the portico of the United Service Club and close to the famous Admiral, Sir Charles Napier, I saw the procession pass, and heard Captain Porter, R.N., a member of the Club, call attention to the Emperor pointing out to his consort the beat whereon he was posted in the Colonnade as Special Constable during 1848.

I was also witness of that historic scene which brought such enormous crowds to the Crystal Palace. My father took me and our lame friend Captain Cuppage through the gardens and on to the terrace, whence the Royalties could, after a weary waiting, be seen in a gallery above. The Queen on the French Emperor's arm, and the Empress Eugenie upon that of Prince Albert, formed a quartette both interesting and dignified. The radiant beauty of the French Empress was then such as to be worth undergoing much to behold, and we had indeed a rough experience to record before the day was over. The doors into the Palace were kept closed too long, and those near the building were unable to stir one way or the other, while it was difficult to prevent being crushed against the chairs which were scattered about in

every direction. How the gallant Captain Cuppage got through the vast throng with his wooden leg without being seriously injured seemed almost miraculous. But our party stood stoutly together, so that we gained the great transept safe and sound. The writer has been in more than one pressing crowd where panic seemed possible, but never experienced any anxious shock such as that given to each person who heard the painful ejaculations of those whose limbs were pressed against the stray chairs. "Oh, my legs must be broken," shrieked a short, dumpy and stout "body" as the Scotch say, of such middle-aged members of the female sex. "No, marm, don't worry"—replied a tall farmer-like agriculturalist, bent on sight-seeing at all hazards, "your legs are too short."

Several years afterwards the wife of the person charged with looking after the Harrow School bathing-place, known as "Ducker," told me that she was in this crowd at the Crystal Palace, and when on the point of fainting only saved herself from falling under the feet of the multitude by using a long shawl-pin freely around her!

After these experiences came a return to Dr. Lenny's school at Ramsgate, where I remained till entering Harrow in 1856. Dr. Lenny was a zealous, kindly schoolmaster famed for having edited books well known in the curriculum of those times, and much liked by all who knew him. He was a Norfolk man and revelled in the dumplings which take their name from his county. Moreover he tried to make them popular amongst his young charges. Indeed, faithfully guarding his pupils proved the main object of a long and honoured career. But I owe him most of all a debt for employing so congenial a teacher and adviser as M. Conder, the French master, proved to be.

I can now scarcely realize how self-satisfied a youth I had become at 13, when a modicum of information entered my brain, and I positively presumed to lecture before the Chatham House School boys on the *entente cordiale* with France. The document is before me now with all its imperfections, and the smattering of contemporary events at first hand

which at least proved that an interest had been aroused, opening out a new world of thought and knowledge. So it occurred that when I was entered at Harrow School, neither weak health, which constant headaches induced, nor the rough experiences of my Brighton schooling, had in any degree dimmed ardour for a bright and enterprising boyhood amidst those long-trodden paths of educational tradition associated with the foundation for which the sixteenth century yeoman, John Lyon, stood responsible.

Before I close this chapter I desire to place on record how we at Blackheath received tidings of the battle of the Alma. There had been an anxious and ominous pause between the announcement of the allies landing in the Crimea and learning what was happening to the armies as they marched on Sebastopol. I may describe it as a long-drawn-out anxiety, which had become visible on every countenance as men or women scanned the papers day by day. Information came only through official sources, and then tardily, despite the electric telegraph having been some time invented. We had met in Blackheath Park Church, under the Pastorate of the venerable incumbent, the Rev. Joseph Fenn. We had finished morning prayer and were preparing for our weekly Biblical exposition from our revered clergyman, when with uplifted hand he asked us to kneel down and thank God for a great victory of Her Majesty's arms at the River Alma on the route to Sebastopol. Then giving us the blessing in solemn terms, he descended from the pulpit and walking with stately steps through his congregation into the grass enclosure which surrounded the church, waited to impart to his flock such facts as had reached him. I remember he read from some printed paper, and was but imperfectly heard, owing to the rolling notes of "God save the Queen," which, reverberating through the building we had left, prevented important words reaching the ears of those at a distance from our spiritual guide, whose well-known personal likeness to John Wesley was never more marked than at this moment, when, with tears running down his cheeks, he thanked God that

our forces had so nobly done their duty. Probably few witnesses of this impressive scene survive.

Mr. A. H. Harrison, the official printer of the "London Gazette," and the War Office publications personally confided to the writer his experiences, telling how the news of Alma was made known in the suburbs. They form a curious piece of history. The Duke of Newcastle, Secretary for War, was in the deepest anxiety as to the course of events after the landing of the Allies in the Crimea. Hour after hour passed by without any intelligence arriving as to the advance on Prince Mentchikoff's army entrenched above the Alma River in a position which Russian engineers hoped to prove impregnable. All sorts of rumours were afloat and a mysterious report, emanating from Hull, had left an impression that after a furious combat the Allies had been defeated. Suddenly an electric telegraph message from Buda Pesth changed the whole situation, and the Duke and Mr. Harrison were bounding about the War Office in wild and delirious delight after reading of the glorious day whereon British and French troops, aye, and Russian too, had displayed all the qualities that historians had narrated of them up to 1815. It was late on Saturday evening, and the question arose how best to acquaint the public of the joint victory gained by Lord Raglan and General St. Arnaud. The War Office printers had dispersed, the City offices were closed and the Lord Mayor, after a busy week, had gone to seek early and well-merited repose. But after beating up every available War Office worker and disturbing his Lordship's slumbers, the Duke and Mr. Harrison had slips printed giving the substance of the news which were to be disseminated all over London and its suburbs, and also sent to all places of worship on the following morning.

But the Lord Mayor did more than this; for knowing some of the City Fathers to be at a banquet at the London Tavern, thither he went, after changing his night attire for the mayoral robes; thus announcing to his brethren the glad news. Mr. A. H. Harrison, now in advanced life, has a perfect recollection of these rejoicings.

CHAPTER VII.

HARROW.—PART I. 1856-60.

How the famous school on "the Hill" was selected for me after leaving Dr. Lenny's at Ramsgate I never knew, but the presence of my cousin, Henry Charles, only son of Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton of Battersea Rise, at the Grove, certainly determined the actual House in which I was to live for the, to me, fateful four years, 1856-60.

It is remarkable that this family link was the means within Harrow boys' circles of conferring the there almost universally applied cognomen of "Friday" to the writer of these pages. Young Henry Charles Sykes Thornton, when appealed to by his aunt, Marianne Thornton, to take charge of this younger cousin, replied with that touch of humour which was so natural to him, "Yes, but he must come as my man Friday"; and this was the sole foundation for a *soubriquet* which became so well known that more than one friend and several animals have derived that nickname in consequence of living closely in touch with me.

When I entered Harrow that school was popular with many business men in the industrial centres who believed in the religious and educational prestige of Dr. C. J. Vaughan, the pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, then installed in the seat of Longley and Christopher Wordsworth. Similar confidence in this régime was felt by the Russells, Spencers, Ponsonbys, and Grimstons, whose names are so often to be found cut in the old Fourth Form room, by the side of Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, Spencer Perceval, and, most interesting of all to us boys, old Lord Palmerston, whom we knew well by sight, as he frequently rode down from London as a relaxation from Parliamentary duties.

Lord John Russell, not himself a Public School man, whose son Lord Amberley came to Harrow in my time, was a constant guest at Speech Day, and enjoyed the cheers of the boys given to both these Whig Prime Ministers.

It seems but a comparatively short time since the day when I was entered at Harrow, so distinctly do I remember the interview between my father and the prescient Dr. Vaughan in the headmaster's study. There, I remember, the conversation was solely on Rugby and the career initiated under Dr. Arnold for my first cousin Francis Vansittart Thornton, coupled with a somewhat solemnly expressed wish by Dr. Vaughan that my own contact with Harrow might lead to an intellectual ambition such as had characterized my above-named relative, at the same time with whom he had been a pupil of the great Public School reformer.

But I remember how this, so to speak, too solemn prologue to my school career rendered me both fidgety and nervous, so that on a sudden impulse to plunge into the conversation somehow, I was positively bold enough to ask the stately ruler of Harrow whether his parrot, whose cage stood close to me at the time, ever spoke. To which Dr. Vaughan replied in his most dignified style, "She does".

Although at this time not endowed with strength of body I was not deficient in energy, nor, as I will show, in a certain ill-timed determination. A naval friend of my father's counselled me to let it be known at once when entering a large school that I did not intend to be snubbed or suppressed in what I regarded as an unmannerly fashion without making a fight for it, and this determination led me at the very threshold of Harrow life into personal conflict with youths some of them older and stronger than myself. I remember that but few days passed before I was scuffling in this fashion with one soon to become my chosen companion and devoted friend, Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone. Certainly on this occasion I did not get the best of it, and I am at a loss now to know how I came out so well on the whole through these foolish combats. Fighting in the milling ground was not extinct

at this time, and into the public arena I once unheedingly stepped with a prominent member of the Grove, and so incurred the reprobation which forbade a member of that mystic circle of the Rev. T. H. Steel's house to sully himself by scuffling with inferior mortals not entitled to wear our scarlet colours. Nor can I say truthfully that pleasant experience was afforded by being locked in the hostile arms of one's youthful foe and publicly separated from him by Sam Hoare, the School Custos, who had orders not to let these combats proceed *à outrance*. It has vanished altogether this custom of milling in public, and if Harrow boys, like others, do sometimes come to blows and have done with it, the ceremony must not be a set one, and the conflict is unrecognized by lawful authority.

Placed in the Fourth Form, then under Mr. H. E. Hutton's genial guidance, it was my lot at the very outset of my Harrow life to derive the much-needed stimulus of fresh educational advice, to strengthen the partial invigoration which lessened my general inertia when I met with M. Conder at Dr. Lenny's school. It happened in this way. Mr. Hutton was subject to eye trouble, and at this time, being unable to see at all clearly, deputed me to read aloud Sir Walter Scott's beautiful story, "The Heart of Midlothian". It is not too much to say that the lucid comments of Mr. Hutton upon the historical situation revealed in that touching romance, aroused a taste for the study of higher British literature as well as an appreciation of works of imagination concerned with the records of our national life. Moreover, I had thus early learned at home to honour the name of Scotland's greatest novelist, Sir Walter Scott. I mention this, because in the general curriculum of the school I had much lee-way to make up, a poor grounding—for which I felt myself in some degree to blame—rendering the work in Form more than usually irksome. But the general energy evoked by Harrow life and a revival of interest in scenes around me proved a solace for drawbacks such as liability to disabling headache must engender. And so it came so pass that I

worked my way through the first two terms without misinterpretation by masters or monitors, and surrounded by kindly encouragement instead of hard discipline such as, judging from some past experiences, I had expected to encounter. Moreover, my health greatly improved while I took part joyously in the games and recreations of "The Hill". It was a fortunate circumstance that my mother, with her dread of the "broad" theology of Rugby under Dr. Arnold, had recognized his pupil, Dr. Vaughan, as a leading light in the Evangelical world. This opinion having been endorsed by the famous Rector of Harrow, Mr. Cunningham, the author of "The Velvet Cushion," engendered a family confidence in the Harrow training then so popular amongst parents and on the whole so remarkably successful with boys. To the Harrow community, masters and boys, the Vicar of Harrow appeared to be nothing if not serious. And this was most undoubtedly true although he possessed a natural appreciation of homely social enjoyment. So much was this the case that an elderly lady of advanced Protestant opinions who had made an effort to meet her idol at a Brighton party where young people predominated, said in reply to a question, "Yes, he was charming, but somehow I cannot believe I have seen 'The Velvet Cushion'".

Of one advantage I myself possessed I desire to testify most emphatically now, viz., the opportunity given to hear nearly all the sermons preached by Dr. Vaughan in the School Chapel on Sunday evenings, which are to be found in the volume published by Macmillan under the title of "Memorials of Harrow Sundays". These religious and practical addresses, never long, were delivered so clearly and impressively that few of us, idle, unthinking boys with the rest, could fail to be attracted enough to listen all through to the close. By these earnest and judicious appeals most undoubtedly young hearts were reached and youthful spirits claimed for better things than those the human eye beholds on earth.

Nor did this faculty of Dr. Vaughan's by any means find its limit amidst the young lives it was his duty to watch over

at this time, because I am told by witnesses, whose testimony cannot be gainsaid, that when he was Master of the Temple various of the cleverest legal doubters of the sanctity and efficiency of Bible truth owed timely assistance, which led them to see the necessity for some self-sacrifice in life, to Dr. Vaughan's sermons at the Temple Church. No less an authority than the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, has told the writer how these wonderful addresses by means of the reasoning and learning displayed especially appealed to the legal mind and intelligence, which craved for some such aid to faith, and often clung thereto for ever. But of the influence which the Headmaster's sermons exercised for good there can be no doubt at all. He had, moreover, surrounded himself with a remarkably able staff containing men of singularly brilliant ability. The names of Westcott, now famous as University Professor, Bishop of Durham, and one of the first British divines of his times, and Farrar, the cultured Dean of Canterbury, have, of course, become household words in English-speaking homes all over the world, but Harrow men of their time can never forget the Rev. W. Oxenham (Billy), the Rev. John Smith, the Rev. T. H. Steel, or the Rev. E. H. Bradby, as individuals who in various ways exercised influence over numbers of the boys who came under their care, while the high tone given to Harrow society generally at this period by Mr. G. F. Harris's residence at the Park in the joint capacity of a House master and a local Justice of the Peace, gained respect for the school amongst the influential body of home boarders.

Nor can the names of Edwin Vaughan, Arthur Watson, happily still surviving as a popular and useful magistrate in Kent, or the Rev. F. Rendell (irreverently termed "Monkey") be named without gratitude by the lovers of Harrow School; and then there was Mr. Marillier, occupying the historic position of writing-master and rejoicing in the name of "Teak," as well as Mr. Masson and Mr. Ruault, the teachers of modern languages; all these names being associated in our memories with honour and respect.

Although the school machine on the whole ran its course smoothly, there was occasional friction between some of the boys and the masters when the latter endeavoured to keep up a necessary discipline. One perpetual source of trouble arose from a habit of stone-throwing which once had been a perfect nuisance, and which still obtained in certain houses, though an infringement of one of the Headmaster's most determined interdicts. That it was not always easy for boys at the Grove to avoid using stones in self-defence the following story will prove. At the time of which I write there was a foolish but bitter feud between the so-called "Chaws," who represented the youth of poorer and working-class Harrow, and the younger members of Mr. Steel's House. Several of these boys were such adepts that no object which they assailed in the forbidden fashion was safe from being struck, no matter what its nature or size. Birds, for instance, fared much as lamp-posts, cricket wickets, or mankind when the brothers Acheson or Bob Elphinstone were the executants. Whoever may have been the originators of the dispute, the "Chaws" one afternoon attacked the Grove in full force. Passing from the base of the hill and secreting themselves in the fastnesses of the wood they came up to Mr. Steel's premises and began to throw stones which rattled against the barred windows of the boys' rooms, while uttering challenges to the occupants to come and fight it out. These the Grovites soon accepted, and having collected as many stones as were within reach swooped down upon their opponents ensconced in the Grove Wood. Here, however, the young Steelites found that they were outnumbered, and after a strong tussle, hand-to-hand fights, and considerable buffeting were forced back to the verge of Mr. Steel's private lawn, while the Master, himself surveying the scene, noted the names of such members of his House as were concerned in the fray. Mr. Steel chose this moment to intervene and call upon his pupils to go into the House, at the same time threatening to bring an action against a well-

known inhabitant whose son had been forward in this by no means bloodless mêlée.

The time chosen for this *dénouement* was unfortunate, for the Grovites were on the point of being reinforced by those absent in Harrow, who had been apprised of what was going on. The writer and his cousin, Mr. H. C. S. Thornton, were among these late arrivals.

In the evening Mr. Steel heard the side of his own pupils put forward as I have described it here, and seemed quite uncertain whether he should treat the matter as a school offence of an important character, by sending those who admitted they had both thrown stones and used their fists up to the Headmaster, or deal with the matter himself, and it was the general belief that "Tommy's" sympathies were with his House rather than with the "Chaws," who had been both trespassers on his property, and had attacked the boys under his charge. Nor can anyone familiar with the personnel of the aggressors on this occasion believe that they were quite so harmless and ignorant of any desire to become assailants as was represented the following day to Dr. Vaughan in his own home by a deputation of angered parents whose sons and friends had been wounded in the conflict. Stone-throwing at any rate was shown to have been indulged in freely by both sides, and the iron rule of the school had therefore been infringed by its members. Nevertheless it is a fact, of which many old Harrovians will see the importance, that amongst other well-known Harrow inhabitants present in the Grove on that day was Billie Warner, son of the famous Lord Warner, while it is my belief that this was the occasion upon which "Bottles," the "man Ambridge" of Dr. Butler's times, made one of his earliest appearances in the fighting line at Harrow. Others bearing the names of well-known Harrow residents were also to the fore. As a matter of fact, however collected, they represented an organized aggressive host, the attack on the Grove being by no means unpremeditated; nevertheless the bruises and other injuries displayed to Dr. Vaughan were obviously genuine, and the Master

of the Grove could not, as he evidently desired, shield his pupils.

As the result of an interview between Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Steel, the names of the more active Steelites who led the charge and discharged some of the forbidden stones were placed upon small pieces of paper with a summons to Dr. Vaughan's room in the old school next morning. And this was an occasion when that good and great man gave rein to unusual indignation at his rule being so ruthlessly transgressed. Sam Hoare, the School Custos, was put to some anxiety as to providing sufficient birches for the ceremonial which straightway took place in the Fourth Form room, where a considerable number of youths between the ages of 14 and 16 who were proved guilty all suffered the same penalty; the scenes enacted forming something of a counterpart to an even larger and more famous punitive effort of Dr. Keats at Eton.

Steelite culprits chiefly remembered these punishments, undergone with Spartan resolution, as marking a day from the date of which they resolved to be, at some convenient time, level with the "Chaws" who had sneaked to the Doctor.

I state these facts to demonstrate how altered is the Harrow of to-day from that of my own time, when the present pleasant relations between the School and Town did not generally exist. I may also mention that the Steelites had peculiar traditions of their own. According to these, it was allowable and necessary to prevent members of other Houses coming up the Foss between Grove Hill and the Churchyard. But it must not be imagined that those grave and reverend seigniors, the Monitors of Mr. Steel's house, were either privy to these proceedings or not elevated above them by the cast of their minds and the nature of their occupations.

Around Mr. George Trevelyan, the future statesman and historian, nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay, clustered in the Sixth Form room of the Grove many congenial spirits from all parts of Harrow School; while the names of Car-

penter Garnier, Richard Bagwell, the historian of the Tudor times in Ireland, Sir John Kennaway, lately retired from a long legislative career, H. M. Rogers, a successful Indian Administrator, and R. Mallock, M.P. for Torquay, reveal the existence of a coterie whose aims and ambitions stretched farther than the cricket and football fields. More than once have I seen that experienced educationist, Sir Charles Trelvelyan, who had exercised his craft to good purpose in Hindustan, in close and friendly converse with these friends of his own distinguished son who thus early seemed to have high prospects before them.

Outside of the Grove there were, for instance, at this period those at Harrow in the sixties who, if not destined to guide the State from the Treasury Bench, yet rendered valuable service to the nation. Amongst such as these will be recognized Sir Charles Dalrymple, a sage legislator when M.P. for Ipswich, and Sir Herbert Mackworth Praed, the Banker, whose faculty for organization has served the Conservatives so well.

But as I have allowed there was an educational rift even at my beloved Harrow, I must now state that the absence of what is now called the Modern side and all that it betokens seems almost inexplicable when far-seeing advisers, such as E. E. Bowen, were at hand to warn the elder generation of an omission which betokened failure to read the signs of the times. These the sage Prince Consort managed to interpret, as is shown by his projects of scientific preparation for the advent of that more populous Great Britain whose fortunes are now in the balance.

The reader who glances over these pages and wonders what knowledge inside the curriculum was, under ordinary circumstances, acquired about the years 1856-60 at a great Public School by one who was destined to spend no mean portion of a long life as a public man, and yet had next to no grounding in the educational routine, will gather that such culture as could by the nature of the case be acquired came through contact with individuals whose talents and personality

interested the boy both in and out of school. This was certainly my own case when fortunate enough to get into Mr. Farrar's Form, where the idlest and least thoughtful were necessarily attracted by the wide information given in a shape which rendered instruction interesting. Perhaps we might have been a little slack during these lessons, when most of us felt sure that the worst consequences for the idler would be that of being stigmatized as "grass on the house-tops". Once he applied this epithet to me at the time when his book "Eric, or Little by Little," had just appeared, so that my companions, who marked Mr. Farrar's almost scornful sorrow at my ignorance, called out, "Please, Sir, is not Friday Thornton 'Ball'?"—the youthful villain of this romance. Nevertheless I did learn in Farrar's Form to apply my mind to other and higher matters than running, football, and cricket, with which I still felt most concerned when I left at the end of 1859.

Add to the advantages of personal contact with men of brilliant classical minds and deep scholarship such as Farrar and Steel that of being fag to the genial and gifted Sir George Trevelyan, and the writer can scarcely plead that after all he did not gain opportunities for a good set-off at the well-loved school of John Lyon.

The life at Harrow was varied by a pleasant holiday interlude when the trip to Cherbourg took place to which I alluded in a former chapter. I crossed the Channel in a swift P. & O. boat from Southampton while a half-gale blew. There met the eye of each reviving victim of *mal de mer* on nearing the French coast a most beautiful and memorable scene. The harbourage around the fortress surrounded with richly timbered hills was crowded with all sorts of sailing craft and the Fleets of Great Britain and France were mingled together in all the glory of the old liners. Of course auxiliary steam was then more or less in vogue, but the reign of sails and masts still held sway and gave a dignity to the scene which not even the fine lines of the new "Dreadnoughts" can replace.

The arrival of the Queen and Prince Albert in the Royal Yacht and their reception by the French Emperor took place under the eyes of those on board the vessel which conveyed the Directors of the P. & O. Company and their friends to these naval fêtes. In the evening there were illuminations galore, and I remember how under the stern of the Imperial launch glimmered the first electric light I ever beheld. Sounds of mirth and jollity were heard by us upon the "Pera," which P. & O. vessel had been chartered to carry the Members of both Houses of Parliament to this celebration of the *entente cordiale* which Louis Napoleon, I believe, despite political occurrences pointing afterwards to different conclusions, honestly wished should remain permanent. This opinion rests on the personal authority of the late Lord Malmesbury, who was intimate with the Emperor in exile and attended his Court as a British Minister when the Imperial Eagles were once more emblazoned on the Tuileries. It has also been strengthened by information derived from a British diplomatist of high repute. Anyhow, the international goodwill then existing was reflected by the Members of the British and French Parliaments on the good ship "Pera," where, after dinner, a ball had been spontaneously started, on which occasion Admiral Sir Charles Napier's performance of a hornpipe was not to be allowed to hold the quarter deck exclusively, but had to give place to the Member for Portsmouth, Sir James Elphinstone, who soulfully negotiated a Scotch reel. Such at least was the explanation given to my shipmates when the echoed and re-echoed shouts of the excited revellers reached a climax and aroused general curiosity. With us on that occasion as my father's guests were H. M. Rogers and H. C. S. Thornton, while much to the fore in promoting mirth amongst us all was the genial young Harrovian, the late Charles Weguelin, son of the Member for Southampton, subsequently a popular actor at the Cambridge A.D.C., and the coadjutor of Sir F. Burnand and the present Lord Carrington in those clever theatrical performances of the early sixties which certainly enhanced the fame of that celebrated club.

My father had been deeply interested in Lord Balgonie's military career, and much rejoiced at the well-merited honour which he gained in carrying the colours of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, through the scenes of danger and death which were enacted after crossing the little River Alma to ascend the heights covered with the grey-coated Russian battalions, which Prince Mentschikoff had massed together on those historic hills. Being a Director of the P. & O. Steamship Company, the Admiral was enabled to overlook the passages of some of his friends on their way to the East; and, although the gallant heir to the Leven and Melville title went out with his regiment, circumstances arose which enabled the Admiral to be of use to those cousins in Fifeshire who had been so long his close friends.

After the war was over and Lord Balgonie was on the point of starting from Melville House to receive the festal greetings of his neighbours in Ladybank, he was stricken with an hæmorrhage of the lungs, and was quite unable to appear. Nor did the complaint show signs of abating its force; so that a sojourn on a Nile boat, being declared necessary for the invalid, all arrangements for his comfort on the voyage were entrusted to Admiral Thornton. Well do I remember a visit to the lawn at Roehampton in the summer, before this gallant soldier left to endeavour to restore the health lost during the rigours of that terrible Crimean winter, and this although he had escaped the bullets and bayonets of a brave enemy encountered hand to hand in stern combat.

By the death of this noble scion of his race, and that of a surviving brother, John Melville, our uncle by marriage became heir to the title of Leven and Melville and eventually inherited as ninth Earl.

But during this period of war's alarms we had a happy home life at Blackheath to enjoy and remember.

Amongst my father's friends it was our delight to welcome to Blackheath Park the celebrated Cambridge Mathematician Arthur Caley of Trinity, whose strikingly faithful portrait in the Hall of that College attracts those who knew and cared

for this great man. The simplest of natures, it was not always that he shone in general Society, but I have the most grateful remembrance of his kindnesses to a wild, unthinking athlete from Jesus College, Cambridge, in the sixties of last century.

His father had been in business relations with my grandfather in the Russian trade. Those curious enough to behold a living presentment of this remarkable personage should ask to see Professor Caley's portrait in the Hall of Trinity College, Cambridge.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST VOYAGE OF ADMIRAL THORNTON.

MY father was about this time frequently engaging himself in helping on some young person who wished to seek occupation in India by making the voyage just as easy as a P. & O Director could enjoin. But, alas, the time came when a similar sympathetic assistance was needed for our well-beloved parent himself. I was not a careful observer of health in those days; but during the Christmas holidays of 1858 it dawned on me when at home at Blackheath Park that his cheerfulness, which had hitherto brightened up every company into which he entered, was not nearly so apparent and only came fitfully amongst us. A few months later and I was summoned from Harrow and straightway permitted to undertake with my father a trip to the Mediterranean. Suppressed gout was alleged to be the cause of illness, accompanied by difficulty in walking owing to pain in the feet. The Admiral had certainly derived considerable good from the change, and on the return voyage became the life of the assembled party on board the paddle-ship "Ripon," but walking had become even more difficult for him. On our return through the Bay of Biscay in fair weather the accident occurred whereby he lost his life by drowning. He must have made a false step near the paddle and have fallen straight into the sea. The ship was travelling its fullest pace and the alarm given too late for any chance of saving his life or recovering the body. Never during the whole of the trip had I seen the Admiral so well or in such excellent spirits as during the twelve hours before this occurred. He told sea stories at dinner and appeared to be thoroughly set up in every way;

so that I felt free to occupy my time on that fatal day by reading Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," from the perusal of which I was aroused by the alarm which soon betokened that I had lost the best of all friends and the kindest as well as the most interesting of fathers.

Out of the long anxiety felt for my mother and sister in this sad hour there is one thought still green in my memory which prompts everlasting gratitude to my Uncle John Thornton and his daughter, Miss Clementina Thornton, who met me on arrival in England and took me to Clapham.

Although my uncle went with me to Blackheath, there was no necessity to tell my mother what had occurred; as she asked her brother-in-law at once whether I was alive. She seemed to know the truth as it were by intuition.

I will close this short, sad chapter by some further reflections on the life of the beloved and honoured parent whose loss has interrupted my Harrow recollections.

His son, when venturing half a century later to leave some record of that parent's services to his country, must find abundant incentives to serious reflection. Indeed I am proceeding on my task when labouring under a sense of regret that circumstances have prevented any member of the family, or, even better, some former shipmate, from imparting more exhaustive knowledge of Admiral Samuel Thornton's professional abilities than it has been possible for me to ascertain so long after his death.

As for his position as an officer in the Royal Navy under three Sovereigns, the imperfect account which appears in this book must stand as a result of the writer's arrangement of existing materials. My own belief is that like other naval men who survived the last American and Napoleonic wars his career closed in times of special transition.

It must be remembered that Admiral Thornton's life in the latter years was spent at a time when wooden ships were gradually coming under the guidance of auxiliary steam, and when the war vessel of the future remained an undetermined quantity.

That he gave much thought to these problems nobody who dwelt in his household could fail to know, and the fact that he was chosen as one of the earliest Naval Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company gives weight to my testimony. Occupying this position not as the result of influence, for that practically may be said to have been non-existent, he must have been chosen for the advice his experience rendered him capable of giving.

Moreover colleagues who helped to select him as coadjutor were far-seeing business men of the type of Captain Mangles, Mr. Allen, Mr. Patrick Hadow, and Mr. Anderson, names to conjure with in the shipping world.

In the fifties of the last century the P. & O. vessels *en route* for the East used to pass nearer to Brighton than the larger craft of the present day venture to approach the queen of watering-places, but I can remember Admiral Thornton's long watches on the parade, telescope in hand, to discover the earliest signs of one of his stately charges in the road to our Indian Empire.

It was a great delight to friends who knew him best to get the opportunity of visiting either of the Dockyards with Admiral Thornton, and, if chance afforded it, to stand on one of those quarter decks of the ships of war which he loved so well. A good memory replete with stories of past naval experiences would then be utilised in bright humorous narrative for the benefit of the hearers.

It was just the same on shore, because, in any trip into the country, especially in Surrey or Yorkshire, my father was acquainted with the owners of property around, and had good stories to tell about them. In Ireland, likewise, it was the same, as the late Canon Greene assured me, where he was so fully appreciative of that spirit of humorous contentment, which, despite political distractions, is really natural to the sons and daughters of Erin.

At home if he ever took us out for a holiday we were, for similar reasons, sure of a good time.

There existed the closest sympathy between this typical

sailor and children, a beneficial element which may be said to have been exercised preferentially for the home life. This was specially evidenced in the mutual pleasure which my father and my sister took in one another's society, the child feeling how thoroughly her hopes and youthful aspirations were understood by the person best able to give them play.

These purely personal memories should include a thankful utterance of mine acknowledging what a comfort it was to my mother at this time to have her sister (Mrs. Dorset Fellowes) with her, as well as the faithful housekeeper at Blackheath Park, Miss Butler, who merits the name of friend. And who could merit that sacred name more deservedly than those whose lives are spent in consoling childish sorrows and indulging nursery hopes and dreams?

The forms of two other devoted domestic friends, such as these, rise up before me when I think of Maria Clarke, Sir E. Elton's old nurse; and our own factotum of Upper Gloucester Place days, Mrs. Arculus. The former came to the family from that of Justice Grove our neighbour and remained the attached defender of all our interests to the close of her life. Mrs. Arculus was a Spartan guide for youth, believing in cold water in all seasons and plenty of yellow soap. I can see her tall, bony form now, while threading her cotton by the light of the then prevalent tallow dip which needed constant snuffing.

Dearly did my father love the British sailor. Once we had been spending some time at Shoreham, watching rowing contests of men belonging to the ships in that harbour. When waiting on the station platform for a return train to Brighton a drunken Jack Tar, who had somehow strayed from Portsmouth, was pushed about and insulted by some people in the station, while some of the porters looked silently on. The Admiral rose up in all his professional indignation, appealing to those present, and to the station-master in particular, to put an end to this treatment of one of Her Majesty's seamen. Not receiving an immediate response I remember an old-fashioned naval aside to the effect that the official car

deserved "to be picked by a marling spike," the resolution with which this was uttered securing such prompt attention that the erring son of Neptune was placed in care of a guard and sent back to Portsmouth. Yes, he sought to the end of his life the society of those who went down to the sea in ships, watching constantly over their interests as I have discovered through former records of the Marine Society, while ever attracted towards that surging ocean destined to become his grave.

CHAPTER IX.

HARROW.—PART II.

AMONGST the most precious possessions acquired at this time of my life I place the letters from young friends at Harrow, some of whose names have already found mention in this volume, others coming from quarters least expected but still fully appreciated by the writer.

For some time the shrinking from mingling again in the bright life on the Hill was so strong that it was only owing to the advice of those such as my future father-in-law, Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton, and Dr. Vaughan the prescient Head Master, that I yielded to the desire of my mother and sister to see me again engaged in the school life which was soon in the natural course of events to close.

I cannot undertake to write a history of the four years 1856 to 1860, which I spent as a Harrow boy; so content myself by saying that the period remains fixed in my memory as one of progressing and hopeful enjoyment. The bracing air of the Hill seemed to encourage the free play of athletic energy never before suspected, and to my own surprise I found myself contending in the arena of school sports on equal terms with older contemporaries. Indeed my friend Bob Elphinstone, by reason of his excellent work at cricket, had at this time to seek other worlds of conquest than those afforded by House and School races. Gradually the prospect held out of possibly winning the Champion Hurdle Race and Lord Ebrington's Challenge Cup for 200 yards, seemed to be capable of attainment, and although while J. D. Burnett remained in the school, he literally swept the board of running prizes, it looked as if a chance would arrive for more youthful

performers whenever he went to Oxford. That Burnett was by far the fleetest boy at Harrow in 1858 was brought home to his youthful competitors in a striking fashion, those who succeeded in some degree to his pride of place being never near him in the "Ebrington". Nevertheless, when Sir John Astley, a redoubtable soldier and legislator, was playing cricket against the School during that year, he calmly took off his coat and defeated our champion in a hundred yards sprint by several yards, a result demonstrating the supremacy of a tried amateur unbeaten at that particular distance.

The chapter in this work devoted to athletic sports shows that the in and out performances of crack runners, whether amateur or professional, during this particular period have been remarkably confusing, making it difficult to place any one of these champions on a pedestal such as has been generally claimed for W. G. Grace at cricket, and at different times for Roberts, W. Cook and Stevenson at billiards. I shall always regret that my victory in the champion hurdle race at Harrow was accomplished in a race wherein young Upcher (known as "the General" by the boys) broke his leg, when we were struggling inch by inch for the lead. His was a most deservedly popular personality, and great was the gloom amongst numerous friends when an early death removed Upcher from among us.

In the Ebrington I had a strong tussle with the Hon. H. Strutt, now Lord Belper, whose prowess was even better known on the cricket field. Looking back on those times I am still dubious whether the defeat of our acknowledged Harrow champion, J. D. Burnett, by Sir John Astley, was not achieved at a distance too short for the former's prowess to be fairly asserted, and this opinion has been strengthened by a knowledge of his after career at Oxford, where, like the late Sir Robert Collins in long distance running, he met no equal in the sprint races, but at a time when the 'Varsity Sports were not fully organized.

The absence of any matches either with Eton or Winchester precluded our Harrow merits being acknowledged at

cricket during 1856. Had not the greatest of amateur slow round-arm bowlers of the fifties, H. H. Arkwright, tarried near the scene of triumphs which had included a notable capture of six Etonian wickets in 1855, and had not a valuable recruit appeared in F. Y. M. Humphrey, yclept "the fine young man," to struggle for supremacy with the foremost batsmen of his day during a too brief existence, the Harrow reputation for producing candidates worthy to take places in "Gentlemen v. Players" would have scarcely been sustained.

And yet the contests at Harrow were keenly fought out, the names of Sir W. S. Church, Northey, Hodgkinson, Waller, Haig, C. Barclay, W. C. Clayton, and, latterly, T. Carpenter Garnier, being prominent and famous for successes gained in the battle of life. Certainly enthusiasm has never been higher than that then rife amongst the boys themselves for their chosen champions. Moreover, I remember we had some lovely long summer days. I am writing of a period when for several years no Public School contest took place at Lord's, and before the names of Daniel and I. D. Walker had become household words. Nevertheless the traditional achievements of Vernon, Broughton, F. D. Long, Digby, Nicholson, Reginald Hankey, and, last but more potent than all, V. E. Walker were not forgotten.

There were very few level spaces available whereon to learn the rudiments of batting, and most boys had the sole advantage of learning fielding as compulsory fags on the School practice ground. Consequently what ideas one possessed of wielding the willow were imitative and gained by the light of nature. In my judgment we did not possess in those days the means to make the most of our cricket talent at Harrow. Who, for instance, if he ever saw the late Sir Fleetwood Edwards play for the Engineers at Chatham, can think he ought not to have been in the Harrow Eleven? I take this opportunity of attesting how the same noble private character combined with statesmanlike tact which placed him high in the councils of two Sovereigns, and made him the

trusted adviser of Queen Victoria, were dimly but surely recognized by warm personal friends at Harrow.

But it was my good fortune to be animated by contact with that gifted young enthusiast, E. T. Booth, the renowned ornithologist, who likewise could claim to be omniscient as to the merits of such living cricketers as gained entrance into Mr. H. Haygarth's famous "Scores and Biographies". Of these worthies, "Hopper Booth" was a veritable encyclopædia, and, becoming as keenly enthused as my friend, I was henceforth to assume the rôle of spectator. Indeed since those early Harrow days I have perpetually haunted the Harrow ground, and those at Lord's and the Oval, while I own to feeling equally at home on Fenner's, Cambridge, or at Kennington Oval.

At Harrow I soon learned to know those patriotic instructors, Ponsonby and Grimston, including also thereby amongst cherished friendships one with the late Lord Charles Russell, which was afterwards extended by his most engaging and gifted family. How this happy state of things was brought about for one not dreaming of the higher honours of the Harrow cricket world I am unable to explain, but out of the imperfect school life came many opportunities to multiply personal associations which, stretched over several generations of Harrovian existence, cannot be named within the limits which I have decided to set to my recorded reminiscences.

Solid as the interest of any constant spectator of these cricket contests might have been, he was not required to refrain from participating freely in other out-of-door pastimes on the Hill. I accordingly revelled in the delights of cross-country running in the form of paper chases, as well as in the luxury of bathing in Duck Puddle, while in the winter I took a share in House and School football. In 1859 the country between Harrow and Windsor was an almost unbroken grass stretch, and rural life was within reach of young pedestrians such as might have been found in distant parts of provincial England. The path to Pinner over the fields on a spring morning was, for instance, a charming one to traverse, and

some of us never forgot the time spent with the Rev. John Smith on the way to his good mother's country home where an ample breakfast awaited us. The kindly advice and the friendly relations thus abidingly established between Master and pupil stand as indelible and precious memories.

The reputation of this remarkable Christian philanthropist, so notorious to all who were educated at Harrow in the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century, remains green in the memories of those fortunate enough to have come within his influence. The man seemed to walk through life bearing the burdens of others and perhaps more particularly those of the young charges committed to his care. What wonder then that he was regarded by Masters and boys alike with a genuine veneration, and that when smitten with passing attacks of mental aberration, necessitating professional attendance by mental experts, a cloud seemed to hover over Harrow. It was under these depressing circumstances that he wrote the following letter when I had ventured to send him a copy of "Harrow School and its Surroundings":—

"ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL,

"OLD STREET, E.C.,

"April 13, 1885.

"(MONDAY)

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Your book on Harrow has been an inmate of our ward for the last month; before it leaves us, I feel *in private duty* to tell you how much pleasure and interest I have found in it. I have read most of it three times over; and am very glad that you have done Dr. Wordsworth the justice due to him long since; and made the public understand how much Harrow School really owes to him.

"I was greatly moved by the most kind and unexpected reference to the dear Mother; the Pinner breakfasts; and myself. Certainly you described me as what I wished to be; but I always thought my terrific out-

bursts of temper would leave none but unpleasant memories with my Form.

“Your mention of me has made me very happy ; and I thank you most heartily.

“I consider it a great honour, to be noticed in this way by an old pupil, in the records of a great School like Harrow, which is so dear to me ; and to whose healthy discipline in the formation of my own character, I owe a debt never to be repaid. God bless you ; and yours always.

“Ever your grateful and affectionate

“JOHN SMITH.

“P. M. THORNTON, Esq.,

“Battersea Rise.”

The dire approach of London has been fortunately checked of late, and the glories of the Grove and of the spire-capped eminence it partially clothes with foliage are scarcely dimmed. But it will require both vigilance and liberality to retain in perpetuity those wide-spreading green spaces which have been preserved up to the present by the forethought and patriotism of Dr. Joseph Wood, ex-Head Master.

The apex of my youthful ambition was attained when in the winter of 1859 I most unexpectedly got into the School Football Eleven for gaining five bases against a Cambridge team. This success, not unattended with some good fortune, was attained by reason of possessing a turn of speed which the heavy clay ground and the cumbrous football then in vogue did not suppress.

Of the men endowed with some original touch of genius who then ruled at Harrow, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Farrar, John Smith, and Edward Bowen all honoured the writer with a confidence which led to friendship, and the same may be said of a remarkable personality and a great scholar in Mr. Steel. I have often thought I could produce an interesting dissertation upon the athletic efforts of great theologians and thinkers, and at the moment I write am one of a fast diminishing number

who remember Dr. Westcott's¹ charges at "footer," which on more than one occasion were made straight at his friend Dr. Farrar when the latter's pertinacity in following up had placed the ball too near the hostile goal to be pleasant.

Edward Bowen's football record was amazing, inasmuch as his vigorous pursuit of the sport stretched over forty years. As to cricket, I wonder whether Dr. Butler recollects making a very smart catch on the Harrow ground when he caught our stone-wall defensive player, Waller, just off his bat at point.

In my own case leaving the school did not mean any abiding separation from the joys and associations of the place, but rather a quickening of interest in the honour and progress of the well-beloved Hill. Thanks to my good friends Ponsonby and Grimston, zeal was permitted to stand in lieu of cricket or coaching capacity, and with all my imperfections on my head I became a welcome onlooker at Harrow and by degrees as years passed by was much amongst my school friends both at Cambridge and London.

Although I never formed one of the august conclave which controlled Harrow cricket fortunes, the lives of Fred Ponsonby and Bob Grimston, Donny Walker, and latterly A. J. Webbe, became much intertwined with mine.

It is indeed an undying interest, that eager watchfulness over the fortunes of one's school, so that the hopes and fears surrounding coming contests with Eton at Lord's provided an annual problem for an attempted solution. This is written when many hundreds of old Harrovians remember Fred Ponsonby and Bob Grimston and are also familiar with their idiosyncrasies, and the latter's privileged way of evincing his predilections for the Hill and all connected with it are, so to speak, precious possessions up there. But for the former (Fred Ponsonby, Lord Bessborough), his common sense prevailed just so clearly as his love and devotion for Harrow proved to be the guiding star of life. That these aspirations of his dealt with deeper questions than could be decided on the cricket arena every one who knew him well, admitted.

¹ Bishop of Durham.

I remember once being rash enough to divulge to an acquaintance in the pavilion at Lord's how Jack Hughes of Hertford—the celebrated slow round-arm bowler with his sharp break back—had been engaged to go to Harrow, when to my astonishment some one from behind literally shook me by the shoulders, while the well-known nasal voice of Robert Grimston thundered out the words, “Why, you idiot, it's a dead secret!” I was too dumfounded to reply, and gladly allowed the indignant old Harrovian coach to pass into the innermost recesses of one of the dressing-rooms, where I afterwards heard that I. D. Walker found him sitting with his broad-brimmed hat on his head and gazing sorrowfully downwards with his hands on his lower limbs in a well-known attitude. To the question, “Why, what is the matter, Bob?” Donny received the swift reply, “I am thinking what an awful fool that Friday Thornton is”. I am not so sure a prefix to the unflattering designation was not reported to me, which I gladly forgot, together with the incident, as the dear friend kindly put me at my ease when next I saw him “tending his realm of grass” on the Harrow Philathletic ground. But he was henceforward rather shy of my well-meant interventions before Lord's in bringing cricketers to play against the boys.

Once my cousin Charlie Thornton, champion smiter of all times, and ex-Eton captain, appeared one afternoon to join the Sixth Form game, so doing at the urgent request of the boys. Unfortunately he knocked off the bowling of a favourite colt of Bob's; landing his deliveries more than once into a celebrated pond at the corner of the Philathletic ground which has now been filled in.

Mr. C. I. Thornton's hardest recorded hit was one which the late Rev. J. Pycroft measured, and found to be 168 yards. It was made in front of the Pavilion of the present Brighton Cricket Club at Hove. The ball went over the large Stand and rolled towards the Western Road. I have searched all records but can find no parallel to this performance.

Another time playing against the Australians on the once

famous Orleans Cricket ground at Twickenham, the giant striker hit a ball 152 yards, which the writer saw measured.

"Old Ebor," a celebrated Yorkshire recorder of Cricket facts, mentioned both these feats in the "Yorkshire Evening Post" of 28 January, 1899, but erroneously wrote that on the former occasion the ball was hit into the Western Road. This I find to have been impossible, as the distance is over 300 yards.

Mr. Charles Inglis Thornton, better known as "Buns" or "Charlie," was justly called "the hitter of the Century".

Lord Bessborough (Fred Ponsonby) had some difficulty in satisfying his trusted companion that one Friday Thornton was not privy on this occasion to another misdemeanour, and still more that the action itself was not to be lamented after all. The former of these critics had himself been a strong hitter in the Harrow and Cambridge teams; while Robert Grimston once got into "Gentlemen and Players" on the strength of his sturdy defence, which, strange to say, had not gained him a place in the Harrow Eleven. I never beheld one of Bob's famous defensive innings, but am old enough to have seen Arthur Haygarth and Lord Charles Russell in together against the best professionals of the day, who were powerless to penetrate those stonewall defences which had tired out so many assailants, these batsmen being proficient in a style much discouraged now that grounds are like billiard tables in the matter of smoothness.

The "Harrow Wanderers," a team of old Harrovians—first got together by Messrs. St. Leger and C. J. Smith—were the means of not only keeping the School cricketers together a great deal, but also of bringing a good style of play into various parts of England, especially into Yorkshire, where they were welcomed annually by the late Lord Londesborough at Grimston Park and at Scarborough. Jack Dale, Charlie Thornton, the Rev. E. S. Carter, the late H. M. Sims, Roger Iddison, and last but not least the late redoubtable George Freeman, were often found on the ground among our opponents. We owed this excellent cricket as time passed on in a great degree to I. D. Walker and A. J. Webbe, but A. N.

Hornby ("Monkey") was one of our stalwart "Harrow Wanderers".

To go in against George Freeman was certainly a remarkable experience, for the ball, powerfully propelled and animated by a turn of the wrist to rise like a shot from a gun, required accurate timing and a straight bat if you were to stay in.

The most hopeless cricket outlook I ever experienced was when, a small Harrow boy, I had to face Bob Lang on the fiery wickets then in vogue on the School ground—one delivery bounding up high, the next hitting one's legs, and another shooting like greased lightning. But for Sam Hoare (Sir S. Hoare, Bart., ex-M.P. for Norwich) as backstopper, there would have been many fourer byes then.

I take this opportunity of giving an opinion that the science of comparing one generation of cricket experts with those who come on in later years must always involve some fallible conclusions. The belittling by certain critics of the last three balls of F. C. Cobden's Over, which won the 'Varsity match of 1870 for Cambridge, is a case in point. Remember that Frank Cobden previously in 1868 had a veritable triumph on both the Harrow ground and at Lord's against Eton. He may not have been the terror which Bob Lang had proved to be in the rough times prevalent in the late fifties; but the triumph of Cobden, like William of Deloraine, "good at need," can never be disparaged if previous performances be fairly estimated. It must not be forgotten that (according to "Punch") the father of the young Harrovian who asked what relation Cobden was to the great Cobden, received forthwith the indignant retort, "He is the great Cobden".

But I must revert to earlier times. Henry Yates Thompson, the munificent friend of learning at Harrow and Cambridge, was also a strong player at football when a Monitor, while George Otto Trevelyan pursued the game with conscientious persistency. Richard (yclept "Paddy") Bagwell, the expert on Irish affairs past and present, was a regular player.

Dear Sir John Kennaway broke his leg in 1856 playing upon the steep slope between the Grove and the late Mrs. Roch's estate, and I was one of those who carried him home on a hurdle, so doing as tenderly as we could in our earnest desire to alleviate the suffering of one we liked and honoured so much. I never expected to become his colleague in the House of Commons, or that we should take leave together of that historic assemblage with which he had identified himself so long.

Amongst Harrow contemporaries and associates of this time I was thrown much with H. J. Medlycott, now the Rev. Sir Hubert Medlycott, Baronet, a successful water-colour painter and my close friend to this day. The Elphinstones, Robert and Graham, Cecil Reid, Walter Cowan, and W. Hunter, also all gone from us, and members of the Grove. G. R. Davies (still living), E. T. Booth ("Hopper"), and H. Jeffery Amherst, both gone, Roger Kerrison, H. M. Lindsell, now high in the Education Department, Lord Claud and Lord George Hamilton, W. F. Maitland, ex-M.P. for Brecon, the Marquis of Ormonde, W. D. Mackenzie and his brother Philip surviving, Gilbert Sterling Chalmers, and the Hon. Elliot Yorke, of whom I would say in affectionate remembrance "those whom the Gods love die young". These were amongst my familiar associates in the School. The Walkers, R. D. and I. D., I did not know so well as in after years. This is of course even more true of the well-beloved V. E. Walker, with whom I worked in closest agreement when succeeding him as Honorary Secretary to the Middlesex County Cricket Club in 1871. This position I held until 1899, seven years after I had become M.P. for Clapham, when the increasing volume of political engagements made the performance of the dual duties almost impossible.

In 1871 the Middlesex County Cricket Club would have ceased to exist but for the writer's acceptance of the Secretaryship. Its continuance was then only carried by one vote.

In 1876 I hesitated to remain Secretary unless the proposal of the M.C.C. was accepted which offered Lord's as the

County ground in lieu of Princes, saying "It is yet to be proved that genuine County Cricket will not attract at Lord's".

In 1877 Middlesex migrated to Lord's, where it has since remained.

Sir Victor Brooke was one of the most famous Harrow athletes in my time, although he was beaten at Harrow in the high jump by R. H. L. Burton, known in the School as "Saul". The latter redoubtable and popular Harrovian stood 6 ft. 3½ in., while Burton's height was only 5 ft. 7 in. at the time. This competition attracted crack athletes such as G. H. Fillingham, the brothers A. and F. Henry, George R. Davies, and E. P. Mackenzie. The writer who also competed was not in the first eight on this occasion; but at Cambridge in 1861, he was second in the high jump to the late Hon. Henry Bourke; and in 1862 won the trophy with 5 ft. 2 in., when the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) was present.

Of Sir Victor Brooke, those who knew him in after life, speak of the Irish Baronet as a remarkable Scientist, and grand sportsman, while he retained the notable popularity of his school days.

That it is not possible to tell in any detail of these Harrow times or mention some who ought to be remembered, is a regrettable disability for any narrator who had so many young friends at this period.

Our athletic sports were not so well ordered in the time I speak of as our cricket. Afterwards, doubtless, great athletes appeared from the Hill in the services as well as in the Inter-University Sports, but the need of an Athletic Centre at Harrow has been felt generally. There has been in late years a great and notable change for the better, some of the performances on the recreation ground redounding to Harrow credit. Their highest modern authority, A. R. Churchill, joins me in rejoicing that at last there is a running track being made worthy of Harrow School on the Football field.

Placing cricket memories so prominently forward in a work dealing largely with historical recollections may be held

to involve a disproportional treatment of certain subjects not connected with the more serious matters of life. But that is certainly not true as regards Harrow School, because without the athletic enthusiasm so certain to animate the vast majority of boys, popular guidance such as that of the late Rev. W. Law over the Harrow Mission, which he practically established, never would have been sustained by School subscriptions.

Mr. Law gained this influence over the Harrovians of his day jointly through his feats in the cricket fields of Harrow and Oxford, and then by placing these considerations in proper subordination to the Christian ideal he professed, thus scoring one of the greatest successes for the School Mission system in the crowded purlieus of Notting Hill. Nor could Edward E. Bowen, E. W. Howson, the Rev. J. Robertson, and the gifted John Farmer have been inspired to accomplish their great task of giving to Harrow its School songs but for the popularity of the cricket and football which they dealt with so strikingly both in melody and verse.

It has certainly been a good thing for generations of Etonians and Harrovians, young and old, that the cricket match between Eton and Harrow was revived and not left permanently in abeyance. Indeed the renewal of the contests in 1857 bore swift results. In my day at Cambridge the names of Lyttleton and Daniel were synonyms for friendly converse between old cricket rivals, and the tradition lived on through Walkers and Lubbocks and Austin Leighs until Buns Thornton brought our name into that friendly competition, which making much good will, has never left a trace of ill-feeling behind it.

Oxford Etonians and Harrovians tell of similar experiences, and the boys of the Hill learnt to honour and respect R. A. H. Mitchell, their successful opponent at Lord's.

Why the Winchester and Harrow match has not also been revived I have never understood.

Amongst our most prominent Harrow cricketers before I left the School early in 1860 were H. M. Plowden, R. D. Walker, and I. D. Walker, as well as W. F. Maitland. With

Bob Lang's fast bowling and Daniel's genius for the game we made a powerful combination.

Sir Samuel Hoare (Mr. Hoare before he received a Baron-etcy) was invaluable as a long stop on the then uneven Harrow ground.

I desire here to dwell for a moment upon the great moral force which I. D. Walker wielded at Harrow long after he left in the capacity of a disinterested well-wisher to his old School. Fortunately he succeeded in enthusing living agents like M. C. (Bishop) Kemp and A. J. Webbe, who still hover around the Roxeth ground whenever a word of practical cricket advice can be given to young players.

One of a family of philanthropists, Mr. Webbe's mission, like that of his former friend and coadjutor, has been twofold.

Lord Bessborough was a great believer in early practice at the nets and fielding, so that he encouraged the idea of promising colts amongst the young Harrovians, coming down to Clapham when the writer lived there and making use of the old lawn of Battersea Rise House. There it was possible in early spring time to play when other grounds were sodden and useless; while in Philip Luff, one of the gardeners, a bowler of singular utility was discovered. Indeed his fame reached Harrow Hill itself where as an occasional visitor he gave members of the Eleven excellent practice.

When I became a Member of Parliament, Lord Bessborough, lamenting my absence from his favourite Clapham cricket symposiums, used to gaze downwards from the Peers' Gallery during the afternoon, hoping to discover whether I would relent and run down for a few hours. But during the Home Rule contest of 1893 it was not possible to serve country and School simultaneously; so the dear old friend had to go down with a few young batsmen, and on these occasions would tell Mrs. H. S. Thornton "Percy might just as well have come home as they were not on important business to-day". Indeed on more than one occasion, smitten with a lapse of memory, the Earl declared he had searched the green benches in vain, and that I was not at the House of Commons at all.

As I have been persuaded to anticipate a little as regards Harrow times, I will conclude my recollections of these by reminding the reader that Harrovians were not only prominent in Church and State in the period I have dwelt most upon, but that some retain their hold on high office to the present day, serving George V as their predecessors were enabled to strengthen the councils of former Sovereigns during the nineteenth century. Eton is sustaining general prestige as well as numerical superiority over other Public Schools, and shines so brightly in the public eye that without attempting to detract from the intellectual and other glories of Henry VI's Foundation or denying that other rivals are holding their own, Harrovians should be encouraged to remember how the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson), the Governor-General of India (Lord Hardinge), and two Ministers, Mr. Winston Churchill, and the Marquis of Crewe, all hail from the Hill.

We contemporaries, who remember with pride the youthful intellectual attainments of the late Sir Matthew White Ridley, first Lord Ridley, the steady development of the early talents of that charming personality Sir Francis Jeune, the late Lord St. Helier, as well as the striking career of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, are glad to know that such successes should have been since attained by our juniors, also that amongst men of letters writers like the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell and W. J. Courthope (the poet, and the biographer of Pope), trusted political leaders like the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, Lord George, and Lord Claud Hamilton, are re-establishing the belief that "*Stet Fortuna Domus*" is not an unfit motto for John Lyon's Foundation. A conclusion to be verified by contemplating the venerable Dr. H. M. Butler, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, now one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to H.M. George V, surrounded by his five brilliant sons, every one educated at Harrow, and credited with the belief that in Mr. Lionel Ford the best possible Head Master has been secured as a successor to the high-minded and popular Canon Joseph Wood.

CHAPTER X.

- (1) TROTTESLIFFE AND JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
- (2) PERSONAL MEMORIES OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE SIXTIES.

As it was decided that I must either go to some tutor who was in touch with the curriculum in vogue at Cambridge, or cease to aspire to membership of that University, Harrow life became suddenly a thing of the past. After four brief years of happiness and friendship my life at Harrow had come to its close in 1860, and a fresh start had to be made forthwith upon the stage of life.

Mr. Farrar most kindly interested himself in my future, believing—as he told me subsequently—that there was something in me beyond athletic energy and love for my school life. But how to draw this indefinite asset out was the question exercising his kindly mind, and he decided I should go to his friend the Rev. Isaac Taylor, then Curate of Trottescliffe, a village under the Pilgrim's Path, which traverses the ridge of chalk hills passing on towards Canterbury, above Addington and Town Malling. It was a fair country spot, and Mr. Taylor's cottage was actually on the hill-side.

Brooke, a home boarder, a bright lively Irish boy, needing like myself concentration of thought, came there with me from Harrow, and we were most kindly welcomed by the curate and his daughters, being also introduced to the Rector of Trottescliffe (pronounced "Trosley"), Mr. Shephard, and his wife and family.

Our tutor was a son of the well-known artist, author, and inventor, Isaac Taylor of Stamford Rivers (1787-1865), and had himself produced a successful book, "Words and Places," one of many well-known works by this distinguished

philologist and antiquarian, when selected by Dr. Farrar as just the man to impart some exact knowledge into our wandering minds. He was great at telling the reason why most ordinary things in life occurred, and when, soon, Brooke and myself got out of our depths while endeavouring to follow his learned conclusions, he managed to attract our attention by explaining why a cricket ball broke back or came in from leg. I cannot say I understood this properly, and certainly failed to put the lesson into practice; but I did become so far a believer in his doctrines as to be interested in the manner he taught us to treat the necessary subjects for entrance to any Cambridge College, and to this I attribute being able to satisfy the Examiners at Jesus College later in the year.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor became a prolific author, Rector of Settrington, and Canon of York.

It was worth while to have thus sojourned at "Trosley" in order to have known the subsequently famous Curate and his Rector and Mrs. Shephard. Theirs was a typical clergyman's household, and he a father amongst his people, a man of wide experience and of breadth of view in Church matters.

The pastor was a J.P.; and owing to this function I got sight of a village ghost, said to have made night hideous, and to have caused terror and confusion by haunting the churchyard and the neighbouring woodlands. We were dining one evening at the Rectory and were about to return before nightfall, when the buzz of a crowd in conversation was heard outside, where the local policeman, standing in the midst, triumphantly held a tall, frightened youth round whom the people shouted on seeing us, "They've caught the ghost". Yes, there he was, white sheet and all. I don't remember that anything very dreadful happened to the offender, except that we heard no more of him after the Rector's stately rebuke.

There was often trouble with the hoppers as they passed to their homes on the hill-side after leaving the gardens where

they worked. On one occasion Mr. Taylor's windows were broken, and the assault only ended by Brooke firing a blank cartridge out of the window and so scaring the intruders off.

The cricket matches on Mr. Wingfield Stratford's ground at Addington, and also those at Town Malling, afforded charming gatherings for the youth of the neighbourhood, and I got to know those staunch supporters of the game, South (W. S.) and "Brad" Norton, who helped to keep the spark alight in this part of Kent during a time of considerable cricket depression. That spark burst into flame in later years and ushered in the well-earned triumph when the championship of past years associated with Pilch and Hillyer was reasserted so successfully.

I was sorry to leave "Trosley" and its people, not least my friends at the Rectory, Mr. and Mrs. Shephard, whom I never saw again. She was a lady of an original mind, remarkable ability and great breadth of sympathy. She excelled as a musician. Their eldest son, the Rev. Charles Shephard, is the present incumbent. Captain Cecil Shephard of the Rifle Brigade, and Matthew Shephard of Trinity, my contemporary at Cambridge, were the other members of the family.

CAMBRIDGE.

At last the dream of youth connected with responsible independence and choice of future work in life was in October, 1860, about to be realized. I visited Jesus College under the care of my cousin Frederick de Chair, now Canon of Norwich, who being a well-known member of Bishop Alcock's Foundation, introduced me to the Tutor, the Rev. W. O. Cleave, and to the present Master, the Rev. Henry Arthur Morgan, then an influential Fellow, whose remarkable popularity had even at that time been acknowledged in the University. He supervised the Jesus College boating interests on the Cam, which were then suffering from depression. It seemed strange that a wiry and not over-strong athlete, who had never handled an oar, should be straightway taken from the Exam-

ination room to the river-side in total disregard of predilections formed at Harrow both for cricket and athletics, which for the moment had to take a back seat. Nevertheless it is a fact that my somewhat trivial experience of rowing in the Jesus second boat gave me such zest for a sport at which any efficiency was never within grasp, that I have more or less haunted the banks ever since. Indeed now, as I sum up my much-valued list of Cantab acquaintances and friends, past and present, I find many of those nearest in sympathy and dearest in memory coming from the aquatic side; these associations range over the years 1860 to 1911.

It is certainly interesting to have known Stanley, the victorious stroke of 1839, who revisited Cambridge and Jesus College about this time; to have almost worshipped Jack Hall, the solitary victorious " 'Varsity " stroke up in my times. I cheered on the gallant G. H. Richards, both at Henley and Putney. I lived in warm brotherhood with John Chambers, Russell Griffiths, Billy Selwyn (Bishop of Melanesia and Master of Selwyn College); and with the late C. B. Lawes (afterwards Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge, Bart.) I was always allied in friendship. I have known also other later 'Varsity strokes in H. E. Rhodes, the Jesus champion, Captain Gibbon, R.A., who led his conquering Eight to victory in 1900, in time then unsurpassed by any crew. It is also interesting to record how the writer is in warm sympathy with that gallant young oarsman, D. C. R. Stuart. Neither can I forget that Willoughby Shields of Jesus and R. W. Arbuthnot, son of a Cambridge contemporary, and friend and President of the C.U.B.C., stroked the 'Varsity in 1910-11 successively.

How the Jesus College picked crew won at Terdonck against the Belgians in 1911 is narrated later by myself as Chairman of their Committee.

How many friendships amongst small College men resulted from personal contact during the time of our reverses, which commenced the year after I matriculated, 1860, seems quite remarkable. A feeling of allegiance to one's University

led to more attention being paid to the river during the period of Cambridge depression, dating from 1861 and closing in 1870. How it came to pass that those holding great Etonian reputations like R. A. Kinglake, J. G. Chambers, and C. B. Lawes never scored a win at this time, I have never understood, and this is the more wonderful when we reflect on Mr. W. B. Woodgate's dictum that "sufficient Etonian assistance means success" ("Field," 26 Nov., 1910).

To have been without personal knowledge of the celebrated J. H. D. Goldie does seem anomalous after recounting these experiences, but his supremacy occurred just when a devotion to the chase, which culminated in the possession of a hunting box in the Cottesmore country, absorbed my energies. But I heard so much of Goldie from J. W. Dale (Jack Dale), who was his devoted adherent in and out of the Cambridge boat, that I knew the President to be a notable leader of men, which could scarcely have been learnt by running after the boat at Putney, a practice which I have seldom omitted. When Jack Dale died, Mr. Goldie sent me a beautiful letter regarding our mutual friend, whose memory is still alive on the Cambridge riverside, and indeed on Fenner's, where even in those days a double Blue seldom appeared.

But I have been anticipating far too much, and will only now say that I dread the comments of such of those expert friends as survive when they read the account of how the Jesus Second boat took the water on the Cam, and, after a futile effort in 1861, achieved a rise of two places in May, 1862.

On the latter occasion the Jesus Second boat made three bumps, but lost one of the places by Emmanuel reversing the success gained on the second day of the races. According to Mr. Armytage's "Jesus Boat Club Records," Vol. II. p. 15, "the crew fell into confusion owing to some attraction on the bank". I was, however, far too pumped to care what happened on the shore.

The most noteworthy feature of the first of these crews was number 5, William Panckridge, probably the biggest and

heaviest man who ever rowed in races. The most severe and conscientious training failed to reduce his normal tonnage of over 18 stone to less than 17 stone. On one occasion when Seven broke his oar, this mighty Five by extra efforts almost made up for the loss of power caused by the accident. His chubby face and general plumpness made him well known in the University as the "Jesus Baby". His good sense and sunny disposition established him as a general favourite, and in his leisure hours his countenance habitually wore an expression of genial cheerfulness, which even a severe facer in boxing or a Town and Gown fight could only distort for a second. He became a hard-working London Vicar and died from the after-effects of typhoid fever in the prime of life.

The Jesus Second boat of May, 1862, was, Mr. Armytage records, thus manned :—

G. Potter, F. S. Fisher, C. C. M. Dale, P. M. Thornton, J. Orr, T. King, A. J. Swainson, O. Cookson (stroke), J. Sanderson (coxswain).

It will be seen that the aforementioned Jesus Infant, W. Panckridge, was not in the Second crew this year.

But if the joint influence of the "Black" (H. A.) and the "Red" (M. H.) Morgans took tyros to the river, it was not possible for one who had hankered after participating in cricket of an average merit and gained nothing beyond renewed enthusiasm for the game, not to revert to Jesus Piece and try to get into his College Eleven. Nor was it in human nature for the winner of the Ebrington Cup at Harrow to refrain from entering for some of the events at the University Sports, which then took place on Fenner's ground during the summer term.

Jesus College was ruled over officially at this time by dear old Dr. George Elwes Corrie, who held the Mastership to advanced age and died in 1885. He was a divine faithful to what he held to be the tenor of the English Prayer-book, taking his theological standpoint from the Thirty-nine Articles. A most kindly man, Dr. Corrie was also a rigid Tory, and resented gravely outside interference by Parliament

in the affairs of the Cambridge University, and of Jesus College in particular. Moreover, as these pages will show, he never forsook any one of his pupils who needed advice and assistance. The Doctor was never married, and lived at the Lodge with the two Misses Holroyd.

The writer was present in Jesus College Chapel when the Bishop of Ely, Dr. Turton, held a Confirmation, apparelled in an old-fashioned Episcopal wig, such as one must now go to the ecclesiastical portraiture of the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries to behold. Dr. Corrie acted as his chaplain, and although these two aged Churchmen conducted the solemn service with a reverence I well remember, yet their voices scarcely filled the ancient but circumscribed fane of which our members are so justly proud.

The Tutor, the Rev. W. H. O. Cleave, was an easy-going man, but told us all we must work to pass the Little-go or run the risk of a check in our College careers. He was exceedingly kind to me.

Henry Arthur Morgan, the future Tutor, and from 1885 Master of the College, took a broad view of the duties involved in his position as Fellow, although he never failed to use his great personal influence to induce students to take instant advantage of the opportunities for making preparation for life which Cambridge placed before them. But he was always the enthusiastic supporter of healthy recreations, so long as a disproportionate value was not attributed thereto. I have said that he inculcated a good style of rowing at Jesus, and I believe was an excellent coach, because in later years, when men such as J. T. Ridley, C. Gurdon, and S. Fairbairn were at the seat of aquatic affairs and severally members of the 'Varsity crew, they constantly consulted H. A. Morgan.

Dr. Morgan was, and is indeed, an inimitable mimic, and could sing a good song in his native Welsh, as well as relate many first-class stories which never lost the point in telling.

Amongst the Jesus undergraduates, at the very threshold of official position as Fellow, was E. H. Morgan, styled irre-

verently "Red" in contrast to "Black" Morgan, and by his intimates known as "Ned". He was tall, with a commanding manner and a resonant voice—inspiring the belief held very considerably by contemporaries that he was a first-class man of business—a useful heavy-weight in a boat, a lively hitter at cricket, with a general knowledge of the game, and knowing well how to manage the arrangements connected therewith both on the University ground at Fenner's and on the Jesus Piece.

When the athletic sports became popular, in 1863, Ned stepped instinctively into that arena also, and took his place by the side of tried experts such as Leslie Stephen and John Chambers. At Jesus he mapped out the course and arranged the programme, taking the lead effectively by reason of energetic sympathy for the sport. One thing is certain, that the rather decided manners of one apparently somewhat autocratically inclined really concealed a very kind heart. In later years, when Ned Morgan became Dean he occupied himself in looking after the new building operations which were timed to finish within a reasonable period. This, as often may be the case, led to some temporary confusion, and on one occasion a plank on the scaffolding was found to be unsafe just before the Dean set foot on it. He gave the workmen within his ken a severe reprimand. When he had got down safely, a bricklayer expressed his opinion of the Dean's temperament and vituperatory powers by the caustic advice: "If you want to give Mr. Morgan a spill, kill him; don't 'urt him".

There is a well-authenticated story of how the Dean had to complain of a freshman absenting himself from chapel, and received the reply that he could not conscientiously attend, not having made up his mind either what religion he professed or what God he worshipped. Then emphatically was the youth assured: "You must find a God in time for Chapel at six o'clock to-night, or find another College".

Being addicted myself to athletics I soon became a member of the College Club and was told off in the capacity of

treasurer to approach the Master and solicit his support, moral and financial. Well do I remember the kindly reception I received at the Lodge. But Dr. Corrie qualified his acquiescence by remarking gratuitously: "My young friend, I will gladly assist you in athletics, as I have done with cricket; but you must not ask me for support to rowing, an occupation to which I can give no countenance owing to the bedizened women on the bank". I retired, rather taken aback and somewhat startled; albeit I could not find words to defend the fresh sport which I had embraced so ardently by avowing my ignorance of any such aquatic distraction. But on this point the old gentleman remained unshakeable to the end of his career, so that it was left to Dr. Henry Morgan to lead the Boat Club to its more modern high position as head of the river or well up with all rivals, while we in the sixties hovered about the top of the second division.

Two well-known figures at Jesus were those of Dr. Arthur Westmoreland, Bursar and Steward, and the Rev. J. Robertson, Dean in the early sixties, who before he went to Rugby as a Master occupied the high position in the College which his cultured abilities as a classical scholar merited. Unfortunately he got into a controversy at Rugby when Dr. Hayman was there and consequently left, and, after a short spell as Head Master at Haileybury, he took a country living. At Harrow he had been much beloved as an Assistant Master, and left behind him a legacy of several fine school songs which fully hold their own by the side of those written by Edward Bowen and E. W. Howson. The Dean was fond of boxing, and once or twice hardly looked the official character in Chapel, when adorned with a black eye after a friendly bout with our College "Baby" before mentioned.

At our College the most kindly relations existed between Mr. Robertson and the humble personage penning these lines. In those days, however, dogs were permitted to live in Jesus College rooms, and unfortunately two bull-dogs, the property of the Dean and myself, respectively styled "Dick" and "Bob," conceived an hostility one for the other quite out of

unison with the owners' mutual friendliness. Poor "Bob" was a good deal mauled once or twice by his bigger and stronger neighbour "Dick," and I certainly felt rather the aggrieved party in consequence. But when one of these hostile encounters took place just before Hall, and the animals had to be separated, I was requested almost immediately to send my two specimens of the canine race, "Bob" and "Chloe," a white poodle, out of College. In vain did I appeal against this sudden ukase; and, as separation from my loved companions seemed impossible, I elected to go myself into lodgings; so that a somewhat sorrowful procession down the chimney was seen, when, accompanied by these affectionate creatures and a truck containing pictures and small articles of furniture, I took up my abode nearly opposite, in Malcolm Street, in a house where I found the present Lord Chief Justice, then Richard Webster of Trinity, and so opened up an acquaintance which ripened into brotherhood such as nothing has disturbed for half a century.

Richard Webster enjoyed great popularity up at Cambridge. Many old Charterhouse contemporaries had long descried the extraordinary genius for work combined with tireless energy which soon placed his name high amongst promising members of Trinity College. But he had a peculiar faculty of attaching the College servants and those associated in daily College work to himself. It was but a year or two ago that one of the old servants who, as a boy employed on odd jobs in the Close, had known the future Lord Chief Justice, remarked to me, "How you used to like to be with Mr. Webster! I often wonder what has become of that gentleman." This when the lost friend had for some years been Lord Chief Justice of England! What indeed even is the best-deserved and highest success in the minds of many homely people, compared with the memory of those only known as having befriended them early in life and cheered their daily round by an unfailing spirit of hopefulness and sympathy.

I have here noted the determination which has been a

leading feature in the Lord Chief Justice's career. This was exemplified in 1865, when he fell down a hundred yards from the post in the long-distance race at Fenner's, and yet, picking himself up, came in with what was known as the "Webster rush" and won. Colonel Malleeson, the Indian historian, who was present, remarked to me as he left the ground: "That man is bound to succeed in life".

It is not known even at Kennington Oval, where Lord Alverstone presides over the Surrey Committee, how hard a hitter Dick Webster was at Cambridge, and how large a scorer he became in Trinity College matches.

I once witnessed one of these on Parker's Piece and remember seeing several long "slogs," for so I fear I must term them, being run out by a striker whose name I elicited there and then. It proved to be the long-distance runner who never to my knowledge practised cricket on that sward at Fenner's, around which he achieved such notable athletic successes.

Practising with him on the athletic path might often be seen Viscount Melgund, who as Lord Minto governed both Canada and India so wisely and well.

I am certainly not going to write again the story of the foundation of the Inter-University Sports, which it is well known was brought about by conferences between the Dons at several Colleges, Leslie Stephen being one, with Chambers, Lawes, Webster, and myself. As Secretary of the C.U.A.C. of that period I had to communicate with our Oxonian friends. I had achieved an all-round reputation for athletics at the time; but when I first came to Cambridge I had to yield pride of place in distances up to a quarter of a mile to Mason of St. Catherine's who went by the name of "Solomon". Like Burnett, his contemporary, who had similar success at Oxford, his pace was not measured against that of the best amateurs from all parts of England. But I believe he was really a remarkable pedestrian.

When Cambridge met Oxford, however, on the Christ Church ground in 1864 Mason had gone down some time, and I was representative in the Quarter, getting beaten by

B. Darbyshire of Christ Church, and by the Cambridge second string, A. H. Harrison, called "Long," from his height and stride.

But having helped to establish the Inter-University Sports has nevertheless been an abiding satisfaction. As an athlete I tried to excel in many all-round competitions, winning various races, but never approximating to real good form as measured by modern experience except when beating the two minutes for half a mile on the old West London Cricket ground, near where Roland Gardens now stand.

The time of one minute fifty-nine seconds has since been much improved on, but this time was made on a small circular course three times round to the half mile. Not possessing the style of either Pym, Ridley, Colbeck, or Lawes, a capacity for getting over the ground fast was certainly mine at this period. When the professional running men first saw me practising at the West London Cricket ground with Westhall and Topley (the champion walker) as Mentors, the verdict was "a fine 'un but a bit rabbit backed".

I had previously been chosen by the Cambridge athletes to try conclusions in a quarter of a mile match for a gold cup with Mr. Guy Pym, champion runner in the Civil Service, who had conquered all competitors brought against him either at a quarter or half mile. The contest took place at Beaufort House, between North Kensington and Fulham, and attracted considerable attention at the time. The running path was heavy and not comparable to those at the Universities; but Mr. Pym was more than equal to the occasion, for he ran the distance in the remarkable time of fifty seconds, winning easily after a good race by several yards. The time was clocked under the fifty seconds by a competent bystander.

This was the time when Captain Machell and Captain Patten Saunders were freely challenging the world; but neither of these amateurs ventured to break a lance at a quarter of a mile with Mr. Pym, who in style and pace was adjudged by Charles Westhall, his famous trainer, to be *facile princeps* at that distance amongst amateurs.

Just before the Amateur Athletic Championships were instituted in 1866, Mr. Pym had a temporary indisposition which prevented him from competing, and the same may be said of the Hon. F. G. Pelham (the late fifth Earl of Chichester) who for the years 1865-6 won the quarter against Oxford.

Having named more than one Cantab as helping to bring about the athletic revival both at the Universities and in London, I must own how potently Lord Jersey, after representing Oxford in the mile in 1865, and beating all competitors but Richard Webster, has since been the constant and practical sympathiser with every development of the movement, whether in Great Britain, her Colonies, Europe, or America.

I fear my record at this period reads rather like that of a "pot-hunter," but I competed as a matter of sport pure and simple. Deeply do I prize the oval Silver Cup given me by Jesus College, and chosen by my friend Walter Langton, whose artistic taste was recognised by us all; and the Claret Cup presented by the Cambridge University Athletic Club, as well as my two "Victor Ludorum" medals.

A great deal has been made of the race at Fenner's with Sir Leslie Stephen when he walked two miles while I ran three; and the account of his successive denudations in the late Professor Maitland's Biography has rendered the occasion notable. But the time was not remarkable, and I never claimed to be near the front amongst amateurs at such a distance.

My friend "Shaky" Arbuthnot of Trinity, father of the President of the C.U.B.C. in 1911, used to call me the "Fisherman of the Running Path". Let it be remembered that "Fisherman" was a persistent and on the whole successful Plater.

But when the Championship Sports were first established in 1866 I had the honour of winning the half-mile at Beaufort House against a redoubtable opponent, W. C. Gibbs of my own College, now Canon Gibbs. There was a tempest of wind blowing straight against us most of the distance, and I got home by five yards in two minutes five seconds.

C. B. Lawes (Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge) carried

off the mile, and J. T. Ridley the quarter on this occasion. The latter was best at Eton at this distance, and unbeaten at the University. When he won the Championship in 1866 he was still a school-boy. One fortunate experience has been that of getting to know his son Arthur at Jesus College, and his widow and family. He was in the Cambridge boat with Goldie and Dale. My private athletic mentor was at this time Dr. C. A. M. Fennell, the well-known philologist, who in consequence was styled at Jesus the "bottle holder".

But it became absolutely necessary to get through the Little-go; so I must narrate my experiences in endeavouring to compass this end.

Acting on College advice, I placed myself under the care of the Rev. W. H. Girdlestone, one of the most popular Poll Coaches who shared pre-eminence in that respect with "Big Smith". But just as I had learned to attack the Little-go subjects in a methodical fashion, such as "Girdy" so ably designed for us, he accepted a living at Ryde, the consequence being that some of his pupils elected to spend part of the long vacation at that attractive yachting centre.

Amongst these in the summer of 1862, were Lord Carrington, two Fitzwilliams, the Hon. Henry and Tom, and Mr. Jeffrey Edwards, the athletic organizer at Cambridge. Several of us inhabited together a house near the rectory, where it was easy to go to Mr. Girdlestone's lectures in all weathers.

I was induced to become an inmate of this subordinate establishment, and thereby enjoyed numerous opportunities of seeing the neighbourhood both by land and sea.

Lord Carrington possessed a yacht, and was most kind in giving us those short changes which were such invaluable aids to tackling work on our return.

I was very much with Tom Fitzwilliam, who, alas! did not long survive. I shall never forget an expedition to Cowes and back in a small rowing boat, and the difficulty we had to make Ryde Pier when returning in a head wind and depending solely on our oars.



MR. PERCY MELVILLE THORNTON, JESUS COLLEGE, HON. SEC.
C.U.A.C, 1863, AND "VICTOR LUDORUM," 1862-63

The Solent is not so easily conquered under such circumstances, and it was beyond sunset in August that we two so gladly rested our weary bodies before attending Girdy's evening class.

One day a spirit of capricious enterprise prompted two of us to simulate the character of organ-grinders, and so to discover what sort of a living was obtainable at this choice season of the year. Hiring an organ for the purpose we arrayed ourselves in corduroys and Italian felt hats, spending several hours of a lovely summer's night in discovering the attitude of better-class inhabitants towards this class of music. We were several times paid a trifle to go away, but at the Pier Hotel, where the eccentric Mr. Windham of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, was staying with his wife, we were greatly encouraged and well paid. Mrs. Windham in particular applauded our efforts in an enthusiastic fashion. Strange to say it was in the neighbourhood of our own resort that we were least appreciated, Mr. Girdlestone calling to us almost despairingly from his bedroom to depart from the cover of the bushes, whence he heard the offending melodies ascending. The good man never suspected that the minstrels were, so to speak, members of his own household.

Had I continued to carry out consistently Mr. Girdlestone's well-considered methods of study I should have spared myself much perturbation, akin to despair, which assailed me from time to time at Cambridge during most of my career there, when reflecting that beyond the frequent attempts to reach the winning post at Fenner's stood an alternative of facing more than one ordeal in the Senate House, or of failing to carry out the purpose for which I had come up to the University.

When leaving Ryde for the last time Tom Fitzwilliam persuaded me to go up North with him to Doncaster and see the St. Leger run, when the famous "Lord Clifden" was about to recover the prestige he had lost in the Derby by passing the post a short head behind Mr. R. C. Naylor's "Maccaroni".

There was a grand mare, "Queen Bertha," winner of the Oaks, and unbeaten, coming to dispute the honours with the colt whose defeat at Epsom never could be either realized or forgiven by his impulsive owner Lord St. Vincent, who went to his grave believing he had really won the great event, and telling people so to the very last.

So fervid was the excitement in the North that not a bed could be procured either at York or Doncaster, while poor Tom Fitzwilliam's too ardent belief that I could be put up at Wentworth under Lord Fitzwilliam's roof was also dashed to the ground; for never was that palatial home so crowded up by long-expected guests. Under these depressing circumstances I was returning homewards when on York platform I chanced to meet a Jesus College friend, Armstrong, resident in Doncaster, who had come up in the same term as I did. "My father," he said, "will give you the heartiest welcome if you come home with me." This I gladly did, and spent one of the most jovial and interesting evenings of my life in the bosom of a typical Yorkshire household. I remember that the old gentleman's sporting experiences stretched over a long period, and that he had seen the match between "Voltigeur" and the "Flying Dutchman". On this occasion he deliberately rejected the claims of the formidable mare against those of the popular favourite, "Lord Clifden," whose victory was acclaimed by many thousands of enthusiasts. It is a remarkable fact that I only once saw the Leger run again, and then it was won by "Lord Clifden's" son "Hawthornden".

My College friend who had acted so kindly, during a lamentably brief career, rose to considerable importance as a scientific professor, and now, alas! is enshrined amongst the deceased worthies of Jesus College, Cambridge.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE SIXTIES.

It must not be supposed that the life of varied athletic and other distractions which I have described could be pursued up at Jesus College, Cambridge, in my time, unless an

advance was being made towards passing such examinations as were demanded by the curriculum. It was at Jesus a *sine qua non* that lectures were attended regularly in College, and also, if prescribed, work done with a coach for the Little-go, the first fence a so-called Pollman had to surmount. An undergraduate was soon told that he must have some intention of taking a degree or else embrace a profession where a Cambridge career was not a requisite,—this being equivalent to a brief stay in the University. In addition to the College lectures supervised by the Tutors, I had to attend those on Political Economy by the able and popular Professor Fawcett. I own that, although I attended to the College rules and the lectures there, those on Political Economy got sadly behind when I was engaged in the preparations for the Inter-Varsity Sports. So much was this the case that, in order to be examined in the elementary portions of the science, I had to see Professor Fawcett personally, and ask that I might be excused for the past if I became a regular attendant until the course closed. The result was that, being most kindly and sympathetically met by the Professor, I was attracted closely to the great subject which he elucidated so clearly.

Professor Fawcett was much interested in the athletic movement, and told me I had not been “idle” when helping to organize the Inter-University Sports. But I had become aware that if lost time was to be made up, holidays at home must be abbreviated, and coaching done elsewhere than at Cambridge. So following our Jesus College Tutor, Mr. Cleave’s advice, I placed myself under Mr. Northcote, an Army coach at Charlton near our Blackheath home, and to this gentleman I owe a good deal. I therefore used to go over twice a day to Charlton, staying late during the winter afternoons and returning home to dinner. This on winter evenings at the time when garrotters were abroad in the suburbs, Blackheath being a favourite hunting-ground of theirs, had its drawbacks. However, I was always accompanied by my bull-dog “Bob”. To say that I was saved by him from an attack from these gentlemen of the pavement,

would be to aver what I cannot prove; but to get home it was necessary to pass down Charlton Lane, then a solitary piece of road a mile long. One evening, out of the darkness which prevailed, the forms of two men suddenly appeared advancing out of a hedge-row in a rush towards the place where I was walking. But "Bob" swiftly detected their presence, and barking loudly made them pause and gave me the necessary warning. Calling the dog and setting off at full speed for Blackheath, I never stopped until in the midst of a line of houses where other pedestrians were passing. The two mystery-men gave chase for a few yards, but to catch us would have had to go quite a quarter of a mile. On this occasion a turn of speed came in uncommonly useful; but the reverse was the case when soon after I was persuaded to play in a scratch team at football against the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich. The game was "Rugby," of which I knew nothing; so that fleetness of foot did not save me from getting down in one of the squashes and hurting my back so badly that I could not walk for some time.

The Little-go at last negotiated, the attractions of that lovely summer season which welcomed the Prince and Princess of Wales to Cambridge became paramount. Those up at the University at this end will never forget the magnificent character of the festivities. My mother and sister came to stay in Jesus Lane, and had tickets given to them by a relation at the College for the far-famed Trinity ball. Neville's Court covered in and every adjunct which taste and experience could devise led to a success which placed this noble revel on a par with the Guards' ball in London. That at least was the opinion of the head police official whose duties took him from centre to centre. Nor should the scene in the Fitzwilliam Museum at the ball given by the University go unrecorded.

Fortunately I had kind friends to entertain the ladies at the various Colleges, and the procession of boats off King's College lawn was included in the programme. My mother being an invalid saw but little of these joyous proceedings,

and dolefully remarked that I had placed her in Jesus Lane where looking out of window she only saw the words "Death and Dyso(o)n" and "Quinsy and Attack," the first pair on a livery stable and the second on a furniture shop. But my sister, under the kindly care of Mrs. Bumpsted, the late wife of my dear old friend T. B. Bumpsted of "Leighton," Trumpington, fully entered into the universal enjoyment.

And what glorious weather for the cricket generally prevailed about this time! We had an enthusiastic band of young sportsmen at Jesus who devoted themselves to the College Eleven. Baxter, Trower, Lawrie, Pym Williamson, Charles Blomfield, H. M. Luckock (afterwards Dean of Litchfield), the two brothers Raven, cricketers by instinct (one only a Jesus man, the other a medical student), Tom Beard and E. H. Morgan, the future Tutor, formed some of those who supported me during the time when I had the honour of being Captain. I had developed the art of bowling a ball just on the leg stump which kept low and came slightly in with the arm. In those days there was such a thing as a shooter on the Jesus ground and this sometimes got a wicket. But on Fenner's nothing of the kind occurred, and although I played at Lord's in the M.C.C. match in the place of the Hon. C. G. Lyttleton, who was absent on business, I was not at the time a serious competitor for the 'Varsity team. However, my friend and contemporary, R. D. Balfour, who played for Cambridge, says that at one time in the term I had a chance, and was indeed twelfth man. It was certainly a pleasant distraction to get up to Fenner's and meet one's old Harrow friends there.

Once when going up to practice an untoward event occurred. To reach the University ground it was necessary to pass across part of Parker's Piece, and there I and a friend, Pym Williamson, were assailed by some youths near who were playing across the common path which left the Station Road near the "University Arms". Two of these commenced tossing a ball up and hitting it at us. At first we took no notice, but on the assault becoming faster and

more furious, I caught one of the balls and threw it away ; upon which we were soon surrounded by our assailants, who repeated their tactics. Neither of us took hostile action, until one young fellow stole up and hit me on the back of the head with his bat, and another came sparring up and placing his fists in my face, until to stop him I landed my left on his nose. Then some one went for Pym Williamson, who was a practised boxer, and we cleared our way through to Fenner's.

But the young man whose insulting conduct had forced me to drive him away was the son of the inspector of the town police, whose office was near the scene of the affray ; so he came there with several policemen and proceeded to take us into custody. Such was the injustice of the proceeding that I did refuse to go without protest with the inspector, and although neither of us used any violence I was charged with assaulting the police in the execution of their duty. Fortunately Robert Carpenter, the Cambridge professional cricketer, was witness of all that happened and gave evidence, bearing out the facts as I have here described them. Next morning, notwithstanding that Robert Carpenter swore that we were never aggressors, the magistrate, who shall be nameless, moved, I suppose, by the sight of my foe with a swollen nose, fined me £10, and made some remarks about undergraduates and the town which tempted the Cambridge "Independent Press" to speak of me as "one ruffian more bloody-minded than the rest".

In the afternoon, being requested to go and see Dr. Corrie at Jesus Lodge, I naturally thought that the College viewed my participation in a street scuffle with academic severity. But to my amazement the Master, having heard what happened from several bystanders who corroborated Robert Carpenter's statement, shook me warmly by the hand and said : " My young friend, I hear you have been shamefully treated, and I cannot allow you to remain under the stigma of being fined, unjustly. I trust you will at once communicate with your home and tell your mother (he said 'parents'

until I corrected him) that if an appeal be made at law I will be responsible for the expenses."

It can be imagined what a weight was thus taken off my mind. However, after talking matters over as requested, my relations did not wish me to appear further in the matter.

It is just to the Bench to say that my witness, Mr. Pym Williamson, not only had proved himself a master of the art of self-defence, but possessed a ready wit which displayed in the box at the expense of my assailant brought much levity into the crowded court.

Strange to say, some time afterwards it fell to my lot to do something to deter the Watch Committee at Cambridge from getting rid of their inspector for listening to the *ipse dixit* of his son, and not making inquiries as to what really occurred. For this resolution of the Watch Committee, declining to take action injurious to their servant and his family, I have always felt thankful; because Cambridge townspeople well qualified to speak said, despite what had occurred, the inspector of police was a conscientious man, if too quick tempered.

But this incident occurred when endeavouring to gain the promised land of Fenner's on a summer's day.

And what a pleasant place the University Cricket Ground was and indeed is! For there are no better opportunities of seeing the game played well than the public are there given; while the lucky members who belong to the pavilion have the advantage of meeting 'Varsity friends, past and present.

In my own time the champions were the Hon. C. G. Lyttleton (Lord Cobham), a most beautiful bat to watch, a bowler above medium pace with a high delivery, and a first-class judge of the game, and A. W. T. Daniel, the Harrow champion, a *big little man*, beautifully made and as keen of eye as he was swift of foot. He possessed the special gift of timing the ball in driving to the off, while he was an all-round hitter. To leg he was a veritable George Parr. M. T. Martin was even a larger scorer than either of these upon Fenner's, and improved much upon his excellent Rugby form

when at Cambridge. I scarcely think that expert opinion placed him on a parity with Lyttleton and Daniel, those remarkable natural cricketers. The latter would forsake the greensward for weeks together, in pursuit of the legal studies he had made his main object, and then when persuaded to come up to Fenner's astonished the beholders by playing some striking innings against professional bowling. Indeed he needed very little practice.

We were very short of effective attacking power in 1864, because Bob Lang, Salter, Helm, and—last but not least—H. M. Plowden had gone down.

But in 1862 the Light Blues had a splendid bowling side. Salter of Clare was always on the spot, an excellent length and just enough pace to make it dangerous to take liberties.

I will not say more about Lang and Plowden, the fast and slow premier amateurs, but will record what ardent hopes were excited by those who saw Helm bowling in practice. His pace was above medium, but as a left-hander with a peculiar twist and an occasional dash of pace, he was a most effective change.

Daniel, who observed these peculiarities with an anxious hope that his colt might baffle the Oxonians with something original, observed to me that Helm's ball often seemed to take an erratic course after passing the wicket-keeper which had not prevailed before the batsman decided how best to deal with it. In those days back stops were necessary when Lang was bowling, and experience led to their being utilized to stop Helm's corkscrew deliveries.

I am conscious that the popularity of the associations of these ancient memories might seem to elevate disproportionately talents of an ordinary character. And in some cases this may, of course, have been the effect, although amongst serious men at Cambridge the examination spectre was never long absent from our homes, and turned the undergraduate mind toward dealing with matters of greater importance in providing careers for men than cricket, rowing, football, or athletic sports.

In my own case, reading for the chosen law examination had become so neglected that I was on the verge of giving up all hope of taking a degree, not caring to face my old friend Girdlestone's reproachful but ever kindly inquiries. But a letter I received from my relation Lady Leven from Roehampton House, begging me to give up everything but the law subjects, made me halt in my course of sport and amusement. This request, coming as it did from an honoured and beloved relative, added zest to my mother's own urgent petitions that, having used my legs first, I should make the best use I could of my head, and get an LL.B. placed to my name. I could not at the time see the use of this, but have lived long enough to see how wrong I was. Membership of the University has proved to be a tie to Cambridge, and a means of meeting many friends old and young during the autumn of life.

By the joint help of the late Dr. Waraker of Scroope Terrace, and the kindly assistance of Richard Webster (now Lord Chief Justice) who sat up with me far into one early morning in Malcolm Street just before the examination, I surmounted that prize stumbling-block, "Ulpian's Fragments," dealing with Roman Riparian law, and so attained my object.

CHAPTER XI.

HUNTING AROUND CAMBRIDGE.

WHATEVER induced me while yet an undergraduate to hire a hunter at Death's in Jesus Lane, consulting the famous Tom Hills, the ostler, as to a suitable mount, I have never understood. I remember that I had listened to one of Jim Lowther's (Rt. Hon. James Lowther, M.P.) humorous descriptions of the various animals in a travelling menagerie on Midsummer Common as I returned with that amusing and well-beloved old Westminster towards Cambridge. He spoke of the delights of the chase up at the 'Varsity, and he averred that if I eschewed riding after the Drag, the very best holiday for any lover of horses was to go out with either of the two packs which met within reach, viz., in Cambridgeshire or Suffolk. In "Jim's" eyes you had thus more for your money than in any other form of local amusement.

I could ill afford the unavoidable two guineas for a hunter, plus ten shillings for a hack, and certainly not with the addition of the accessories which accompanied my first venture. Why I selected the heavy Suffolk ploughs for my debut at the distance of fifteen miles off I have never been able to explain, as the Cambridgeshire meets were nearer and the country less heavy.

But my first experiences were certainly of a most discouraging character. It was a fine exhilarating morning, and greatly did I enjoy the solitary jog on to covert along the Newmarket road, until it became necessary to turn towards the aforementioned low-lying country where the meet took place. A fox was found immediately in the first wood we drew, and away the field went over two enormous

stretches of clay soil at the end of which were fair-sized plain hedges with moderately wide ditches on the other side, cut deep into the ground for draining the soil.

So far it was all plain sailing, the two fences being gaily surmounted, but on entering a third and smaller field, my mount, lathering all over, showed signs that he could canter no more, and dropping into a trot evinced a disinclination to negotiate the next hedge, into which he finally fell and rolled over into a small but rather deep ditch on the other side. I struggled clear and getting on my feet came to his assistance, but was not able to prevent the horse sinking lower into the drain, for such it really was, and remaining helplessly on his back amidst mud and dirty water. He snorted fearfully and I thought he would be drowned. I looked around and at first not a living soul was near, although in the distance I could hear the huntsman's horn. In my perplexity I yelled out lustily for assistance, and held on to the bridle to keep my poor brown horse's head above water. It seemed an age before any response to my appeals was forthcoming, and then a solemn, well-to-do-looking man in dark clothes appeared through a neighbouring gate, and proceeded to upbraid me for breaking down fences and riding over a lordship where hunting was deprecated by the owner. He moreover commented upon the unrighteous character of this sport.

At last, when I persuaded him that the horse would be drowned unless he brought assistance and helped to dig the animal out, he proceeded to make a rather hard bargain before whistling to two labourers working under him at some distance to come and help. I felt it an occasion not to exercise any undue parsimony, having the fear of Tom Hills before my eye should the horse be injured. Altogether, including hire, the change out of a five pound note was not large, when all was considered, and after a substantial meal at the nearest inn I crawled back towards home, reaching Cambridge at dusk. I certainly thought Tom Hills's after comment, when I had related these circumstances to him,

singularly unjust, as he informed Mr. Lowther that "the gent had taken too much out of the 'oss".

When I placed my view before Tom, which was to the effect that an animal out of condition had been galloped about until tired by undergraduates before I got on to its back, all he replied in his well-known rollicking nasal tones was, "The 'oss's 'eart is good," an assertion I did not seek to deny, while doubting the physical strength of the animal. Strange to say, this incident by no means discouraged me from fostering a secret but ardent desire for the chase, which I was unable to satisfy during my undergraduate days.

I had another opportunity of attending a meet, and did so on a horse of Mr. Death's, strongly recommended by the faculty. Tom Hills said, "This nag would make a rider of any man," and although this was saying much, I did derive some confidence from being carried safely over one or two small Cambridgeshire hedge and ditch obstacles on what might be termed a pottering sort of day when hounds never ran far. On this occasion H.R.H. the Prince of Wales rode his famous grey over a stiff bit of closely-fenced pasture to the discomfort of his suite, as, one of their mounts refusing to negotiate a tricky fence with a blind sort of ditch in front, the rider had to take him round some other way.

The incident impressed me with the belief that the future Edward VII was a bold rider to hounds, just as it is common knowledge that he possessed a dignified seat in the saddle when reviewing troops or bestriding his charger on state occasions.

This experience with Mr. Barnett's hounds near Wimpole is linked with my first recollection of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who came to the meet on a nice-looking bay horse, and entered heartily into the sport. At that time Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, he was well known to many members of the University, and enjoyed great personal popularity.

Once I had an experience of Mr. Kingsley's kindly manners and agreeable conversation, inasmuch as a Great Eastern

train between Cambridge and Shoreditch broke down near Bishop's Stortford, and I soon found my only companion in a first-class compartment suddenly awaking from his reading to lament an inability to fulfil an engagement which he had made at the Enfield Arms manufactory. Thenceforth Professor Kingsley very kindly adapted his conversation to matters of lighter and athletic interest, such as I was able to follow with ease. I never had the pleasure of meeting this honoured celebrity again.

But the reader must think the picture here of a young man just of age, not born to inherit broad acres, yearning for the riding avocations of those so blessed, to be not an improving one. On the other hand, I contend that a lesson is to be derived from these experiences, viz., the undesirability of those with sufficient to live on and to go to College so doing without a profession being decided on and worked for continually during a probationary period.

Indeed, in reply to the not infrequent inquiry of my relatives and my parents' friends, "What are you going to do?" I was in the habit of saying that I was now too old to become either soldier or sailor, as I wished consecutively to do, and that I did not yet feel suited to fulfil my mother's prayerful wishes that I might become a clergyman. The result was that, except some work at the desk in the P. & O. office at 122 Leadenhall Street, combined with indefinite hankerings after a short cut to fortune via the City of London, I never had any regular occupation until seated by a strange freak of fortune upon the green benches of the House of Commons, where for upwards of seventeen years I endeavoured by faithful attention to duty there to make up for lost time.

But the intervening period upon which I am about to dwell was one of a peculiar character, because without ever going into any extravagant courses a great deal of sport was enjoyed by several of us associated together.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGING CIRCUMSTANCES.

TOWARDS the end of the sixties of the nineteenth century I spent a great deal of time with my College friend, Tom Beard (the Rev. T. Beard), at his Suffolk living, and it was from this almost second home that I was suddenly recalled to London in 1867 when my mother had been attacked by an extreme phase of the asthmatic complaint which so often distressed her. Coming in time to be with this cherished parent at the close of her, to all near and dear, priceless existence, neither my sister nor myself could for a long time really settle down to anything.

It has not been possible to render justice to my mother's abilities within these pages, crowded with so many personalities.

Of her never-ceasing devotion to her relations and friends the reader has learnt a little during the unfolding of my life-story. Mrs. S. Thornton's letters and diaries show that she possessed considerable knowledge of modern literature, and was able to form well-reasoned opinions on the public questions which came to the fore.

When travelling on the Continent with her uncle, Sir Ralph Rice, she kept a note-book containing pertinent comments on the manners and customs of the different nations they visited, while the descriptions of scenery are attractively written. She possessed considerable proficiency in water-colour painting, and some of the most famous parts of Switzerland were strikingly depicted in sketches much valued by her children.

In politics my mother's high estimate of Lord John

Russell may be said to have brought her into touch with moderate Whig opinions. She had always believed the Reform Bill of 1832 necessary for the country's social advance, and often said so to me. My father, on the other hand, having been brought up under the banners of Pitt and Castle-reagh, remained attached to the Tory school of thought, although in Canning and Peel he recognized two statesmen gifted with knowledge of the nation's needs, and likely to initiate a new era of thought, but one of measured liberty rather than radical change.

If my mother must, as I think, be considered to have been a Whig, in religious matters she remained strongly Evangelical, sharing the views of the Rev. Joseph Fenn, clergyman of Blackheath Park Church, and also those of his charming wife and self-sacrificing children, the much-honoured family friends of our own.

I can write no more regarding this particular epoch so indelibly fixed in any record of "what I have remembered". Our mother's grave is close to that of the Ven. Joseph Fenn and Mrs. Fenn, her much-loved advisers, in the still solitary Charlton Churchyard.

I shall say no more of this solemn moment in life when those in youth are separated from that never-to-be-forgotten friend, a good mother; and there are some surviving even now who are cognisant of what temporarily passed from the ken of my sister and myself in 1867. But for the former, I have ever seen that her whole career having been centred around a surviving parent, she had not been able to employ to the full a natural talent for singing combined with dramatic instinct. The home life in an old-fashioned family in the sixties was not sympathetic to any amusements outside the Concert room or to any amateur approximation towards artistic merit.

M. Marras, the celebrated teacher of vocalization, said that Miss Clare Thornton's voice was exactly of the same timbre as another of his pupils, the celebrated Madame Trebelli-Bettini. My uncle the Rev. H. M. Rice and his son Morgan

both remembered with pleasure how the people of Callington had appreciated to the full Miss Thornton's efforts on the occasion of a Concert held there for charitable purposes. The latter described to me the satisfaction felt by the Cornish folk on this occasion.

Madame Sainton Dolby, another musical mentor admiring my sister's fine contralto voice, enjoined perpetual practice, which under the circumstances was almost impossible to carry out amidst our home surroundings at Blackheath Park.

1867-1873.

About this time a trip with my sister and cousin, Miss Georgiana Raikes, to Holland and Belgium came as a welcome change of scene and thought. Sojourn at the Hague and the Bible Hotel, Amsterdam, gave opportunities for realizing how in the Low Countries occurred many events which potently influenced England and induced her to propagate a policy of religious toleration. Sentiments such as these alternated with others of a far more solemn character when gazing on the magnificent pictures by Reubens in the Cathedral at Antwerp, where the "raising of" and "descent from" the Cross so movingly commemorate the Crucifixion.

This brief tour was also that on which in returning we first cast our eyes upon beautiful Paris just at the social zenith of the Third Empire, when the Emperor and Empress were still popular and proud of successive endorsements of their rule by the means of a Referendum—"Yes" or "No," the former largely preponderating on four occasions.

Politically speaking, there were doubtless clouds in the sky ever since the withdrawal from Mexico and the death of the Emperor Maximilian, events followed by the War of 1866, wherein Austria was driven out of Germany by the Prussians.

But in Paris itself nothing seemed to presage how at Sedan there should be soon enacted a second Waterloo, Prussia being the conqueror enabled to directly avenge Jena in the very heart of France; hostile legions actually occupying part

of Paris, that great and beautiful city, while the German Empire was proclaimed at Versailles.

A return home was signalized by a revived curiosity in the working of our own ancient Constitution, which had been under the Reform blade and seemed likely to yield still further to the blows of the great feller of trees, Mr. Gladstone.

I was in the House of Lords' gallery when the fourteenth Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of Debate," made one of his last important speeches upon the Suspensory Act of the Irish Church previous to its disestablishment. I can well remember the dignity of manner, the good looks, and the eloquent tone of the brilliant periods which came slowly but surely from his tongue. The orator, while not pessimistic as regards the future, provided his country was under wise guidance, proceeded to explain that he could not feel this hope was nearly sure so long as the Ministry of the day were assailing institutions in Church and State. He spoke of the project to suspend presentations to livings and offices in the Irish Establishment as gravely unconstitutional.

I own I was surprised at the open but general statement of distrust of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman which was interpolated into this moving address, but allowing for a certain shade thrown over his otherwise perfectly balanced phrasing by indulging in this personality, I own to have never listened but once to any oratory at all comparable. The exception was also that of a speech delivered in the House of Lords, namely, Lord Rosebery's touching eulogy upon his dead leader, Mr. Gladstone.

But I can remember a typical scene in the Lower Chamber witnessed a year sooner than the above. An Australian friend went with me to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons just before the election, and heard Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Robert Low, Lord Robert Cecil (the late Lord Salisbury) and Mr. Disraeli on the occasion when the latter Minister proposed that election petitions should be decided by the Judges instead of by Committee of the House of Commons itself. The speeches were all

hostile, and on the line of alleging unconstitutional action by Mr. Disraeli and the Tory Government. The sphinx-like leader on the Treasury bench remained perfectly silent and unmoved even by the brilliant and sarcastic sallies of his late colleague, Lord Robert Cecil, who spoke from a seat below the gangway. It was not until an aged back-bench follower of Mr. Disraeli's appealed anxiously concerning lack of Ministerial arguments in defence of their measure, that the sorely belaboured leader vouchsafed to reply.

In slowly delivered, almost hesitating sentences Mr. Disraeli replied that he had lately returned from a country house where his host insisting on showing the hunters in their boxes, it became necessary to cross a yard where dogs flew out barking from several kennels successively. Unused to the place the statesman owned to feeling a little nervous until reassured by the owner saying that all the animals were chained. Comparing the hostile speeches of the House of Commons' critics with the uninviting demonstration of the dogs in question, Dizzy assured his supporters that these brilliant speakers were likewise all chained, inasmuch as no intention existed to cast responsible Opposition votes against the principle of the measure.

By contemplation of scenes such as the above and a constant study of the politics of the day one was well posted in the trend of public affairs when the astonishing events connected with the war of 1870 between Prussia and France burst upon the world. Nor was this deepening interest relaxed after a visit to the battlefields of Gravelotte and Sedan, where traces of the terrible character of the conflict were still in evidence. A day spent around Wörth, which ended at Niederbronn, at the entrance to the Vosges, must not go without mention. I became so enthused with the valour of the French cavalry, as communicated to me by a guide who had participated in the charge, that I ventured to put my thoughts into verse.

I was told how, during the battle of Wörth, Marshal MacMahon's Army was driven from Elsasshausen and Frö-

schweiler, positions which commanded a direct retreat to the village of Reichshofen, and hence to the Vosges Mountains. At this crisis the French leader hurled his cavalry on the enemy's front. The charge answered its purpose, the Army escaping into the Vosges, but scarcely any of these brave Cuirassiers survived.

A FRENCH BALACLAVA.

Clangs the steel and glints the sunshine from each charger's glowing side,

When waiting close to Eberbach with those who longed to ride
Full speed across yon valley whose grass spreads 'neath the hill.

Oh this weary wait near Morsbrunn! Strike for France we must and will.

For down through Görsdorf's woodland streams a long dull line to Wörth,

Where the Teuton stands in triumph and the Gaul has sunk to earth.

See now on high Fröschweiler's crest the deadly rifle blaze,

While Elsasshausen's battle smoke obscures the troopers' gaze,

And from all heights surrounding booms the cannons' startling roar,

Whilst each German host advancing speeds yet faster than before.

Then sadly spake MacMahon: "Now Reichshofen's road stands clear,

The last of all the outlets to those hills which loom so near;

Go, horsemen, plead for precious time in battle's burning breath,

Speed onward, bold three thousand, to a sure but noble death!"

Clangs the steel and glints the sunshine from each charger's glowing side;

We are spurring on past Morsbrunn, and it seems a goodly ride,

Over turf which yields to pressure, yet elastic speeds us on

To the eternal field of glory where, with death, our cause is won!

Dead and dying choke the roadway, scattered horses scour the plain,

But the wild rush up from Eberbach has not been made in vain,

For into fair Reichshofen came MacMahon's men that day—

And France will ever bless the names of those who cleared the way.

But the event which turned my mind more particularly to the necessity for some wise and strong assertion of national determination on the part of a British Minister, such as Mr. Disraeli seemed likely to become, in the conduct of Foreign Affairs, was the surrender of the Government of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville of the Black Sea clauses in the

Treaty of 1856, after an apparently firm protest of the Powers concerned. It was not so much even the gravity of the question involved which sowed apprehension in the minds of men, as the daily increasing belief of the world that Great Britain would no longer undergo sacrifice on behalf of the Treaties solemnly signed by her representatives. From that time forward the writer was but one of many who saw in the future Lord Beaconsfield the champion of patriotic resolution to keep the name of England great.

Looking back on the period when I was 30 years of age, I feel thankful that owing to these influences a deep zest for athletics, cricket, and riding did not lead to complete forgetfulness of the major duties of citizenship.

My first vote given for any election was that for West Kent in November, 1868, for Mills and Talbot, the latter the late veteran M.P. for Oxford University, so universally esteemed by all parties. Our opponent as a Liberal was another distinguished Unionist, Sir John Lubbock, now known by a world-wide celebrity gained in science, letters, and politics as Lord Avebury. I was on a canvass Committee at this election, presided over by Dr. Carr, a Blackheath resident of high standing and a zealous Tory. He chose me to accompany him to an obdurate greengrocer at Lee, who would give no sign of any political preference. When we were about to leave, his wife suddenly called out from behind the counter: "You ain't agoing to 'ave my 'usband's vote unless you pay for it". This story used rather to shock the late Mr. Talbot, but the traditions of pre-reform days lingered even then in that part of West Kent. The numbers were posted up from time to time in those days, and a most exciting contest was only won in the later hours of the day.

My sister and myself had left our old home in Blackheath Park at this time, and sojourned at Granville Park on the brow of Lewisham Hill, just below Blackheath. Here I remember an exciting incident connected with the sole occasion I have ever been in a house and believed it was being entered by thieves.

Our guest was no less a person than Mr. Richard Webster, now Lord Alverstone. When I awoke late at night there certainly were sounds proceeding from the lower part of the house, and some grounds for my sister's belief that a burglarious attack was in progress. Arming myself with a poker I marched downstairs, only to discover that, through a habit of locking all doors before retiring to rest, I had imprisoned the future Lord Chief Justice in my study, where he had been very deeply engaged on legal work before attempting to open the door.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE IN THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY, 1873-6.

AFTER some time the spirit of sporting unrest was upon me again, and I was soon calculating how many days a week I could contrive to have with the Cambridgeshire or Oakley hounds in company with my cousin Charles Inglis Thornton, the celebrated mammoth hitter, then at Trinity, and our mutual friend and fellow-sportsman Freddie Warburton.

At first I paid occasional visits to the 'Varsity, bought a bay mare called "Mendip" from a gentleman farmer in the Fens, which I must describe as an animal capable of surmounting any jumpable obstacle to be found in the country, provided she was not sent fast through heavy plough land as a preface. Indeed she was as veritable a slug as she proved to be a notable leaper. Major Shuttleworth of Old Warden, Beds., has not even now forgotten our duel over the Lincoln stone walls near Blankney, when he was mounted on his famous grey which never was beaten in cold blood. On this occasion the result was a tie, as at the last moment, old Mendip gathered her legs under her and landed me safely over all the rugged and solid obstacles.

Having elsewhere spoken of the Cottesmore country as the centre of hunting I knew and appreciated best, I should here like to acknowledge the debt which every sportsman visiting Lincolnshire in the seventies must have felt he owed to the late Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Henry Chaplin when those paramount sportsmen were joint Masters of the Blankney hounds. These and kindred experiences I owe to my dear old friend Jack Dale.

Moreover, it was indeed a sight worth beholding when

those weight-carrying thoroughbred animals of Mr. Chaplin's were out exercising around the Cathedral City. Cattle such as these are said to be few and far between nowadays, but nothing less powerful could carry the Squire of Blankney over the wild and stiffly-fenced pasture lands of Welling Gore.

The hunting around Cambridge was sometimes abandoned, so as to get a day either with the Fitzwilliam near Huntingdon, or the Oakley near Bedford. All this time both these packs were famous, the former for its sporting master, Mr. George Fitzwilliam, and his welter-weight huntsman George Carter, than whom a better sportsman never blew the horn or spoke in clearer or more encouraging tones than those he addressed so powerfully to his beauties.

The Oakley country on the other hand was hunted by its Master, Mr. Arkwright, adjudged by expert opinion to be a veritable genius at the sport, being unsurpassed in a woodland run.

These expeditions were rendered the pleasanter when my excellent relation, Mr. Harry Thornton, of Kempston Grange, used to join us at Bedford and accompany us to the meet. He and his two sons were excellent company and familiar with the intricacies of the country in which they had hunted so long. It is pleasant to be now on warm terms of friendship with a grandson of this kind relative, the Hon. Charles St. John. Mr. Harry Thornton always appeared in brown hunting gear and a knap hat. He was full of stories and the life of every company into which he entered.

It used to be a hard day's work to leave our lodgings at Mrs. Martin's, the Tobacconist, in Market Passage about 6.30 a.m., to catch a train to Huntingdon, and then, after a breakfast at the "George," trot off to Abbots Ripton or Stilton Gorse in the pleasant society of other sportsmen bent on the same errand. Then after trotting and galloping until dusk, return to the station, get changed, and take soiled hunting things back to Cambridge in order to get them cleaned.

Truly to ourselves, the gloom of November or even its fogs as they swept fitfully over the flats around the River Nene

seemed quite as joyous as brilliant sunshine appears to an ailing invalid who hies to the Riviera at that time of year or takes a pleasant refuge on the Nile in ancient Egypt's modern hotel resorts.

Once in the hurry of departure I got into an apparently awkward imbroglio. The boots at the "George," Huntingdon, had failed to distinguish between two portmanteaux of the same size and shape, leaving mine, full of muddy hunting clothes, in the hotel, and sending another to the station, filled with the dress clothes and jewelled ornaments of a legal luminary, who had come from town to attend a solicitors' banquet at Huntingdon. I knew nothing of this until the morning, when awaking late I found two tall policemen taking an inventory of all the contents of what I believed to be my own portmanteau. Judge of my horror and confusion when the first thing which caught my eye was a shirt prepared for evening by a skilled valet, literally sparkling with the large diamond studs which adorned the button holes. It appeared that the unfortunate guest, when about to put on his apparel, found my portmanteau full of the soiled hunting paraphernalia instead of his own belongings. In his despair he appealed to the police, who, finding my Cambridge address in the discarded garments, started off to Market Passage first thing in the morning. There were no motors in those days, or I should have been asked to explain in time for the dress clothes, jewels and all, again reaching Huntingdon for the Mayoral festivities.

On one occasion I went with Charlie Thornton and the late C. A. Pidcock to hunt at Abbots Ripton, near Huntingdon, with the Fitzwilliam, and we determined to make a day of it on the road by driving tandem to the meet. To do this it was necessary to send on one nag for a mile out of Cambridge for fear of being Proctorized. We were in the long ulster coats then in fashion and quite warm in consequence; but, as the leader was being attached, a horse drawing a light and fortunately empty dust-cart belonging to the town of Cambridge, took fright, and came galloping towards us, so

that our animals backing, I was thrown out on the road. It may not be credited, but it is nevertheless true, that the wheel of the dust-cart passed over my tall hat and scraped my ear. The wheel mark remained on the brim of my hat, showing how my life was saved. Mr. Strutt, the Blackheath hatter, used to say I should have allowed him to display the covering which protected my head in his window as an apt advertisement. After expressing satisfaction that I was all right and my brain uninjured, Charlie Thornton called out, "Come on, Friday, or we shall be late for the meet". In the sequel I got off that day with nothing worse than a headache caused by my chestnut mount hired at Cambridge rearing and falling back on to the road with me.

Nothing do I remember about this time more fixedly than my magnetic attraction towards Cambridge, felt while my cousin Charlie Thornton was Captain of the Cricket Eleven, and I pursued fox-hunting with him. Our constant companion throughout was T. Fred Warburton, of Crocker Hill, near Chichester, who loved all games, except rowing, and indeed I never saw him by the riverside, although he had been a popular person at Eton, and one of the best sprint runners there. But the main delight of his life doubtless consisted in hunting, a sport he most enthusiastically, not to say scientifically, pursued.

Such a Freemasonry did we three strike up that an opportunity to set up a joint bachelor household at South Luffenham, near Stamford, and in Rutland, was soon embraced. We went there in 1874. Jack Dale procured me a remarkably fast hunter, a child of the famous Lambton. His knees had been badly broken, so that weight carrying could no longer be his forte. But "the broken-kneed one," so called in our stable, proved to be a clinker across country with my weight of close on eleven stone on his back, albeit he had a temper, and never was certain to lark over the stiff post and rails in our Luffenham paddocks, over which every nag in the allied stable had to leap or depart. "Aut disce, Aut discede" was, therefore, used in a different sense to that in vogue at the ancient Wykamist Foundation.

Freddie Warburton possessed two splendid light-weight hunters, "The King" pony, a black cob with a white blaze, being, so to speak, pick of the stud. But my friend also owned a remarkable mount in "Too Fast," by "Little Hastings" out of "Be Quick," who had shown pace for a short time in the Derby, but was troubled by an awfully uncertain, not to say treacherous, temper. Of this creature more anon. My cousin Charlie Thornton used to ride two fast weight-carriers, and he aspired to keep in the front on their backs, and succeeded wonderfully well. His favourite animal, "Harrogate," was very prominent in the Cottesmore Hunt, having unusual pace for his size; while a one-eyed nag of equal jumping capacity soon became noted as a wonder in the field. It was no mean performance to carry a man so heavy across country at the cracking pace "Buns" Thornton wished to go.

Personally I was contented to see the amount of sport which my three slow animals could provide, but, like my two swifter companions, made a rule to ride as straight as possible. When short of horseflesh we were in the habit of hiring from Percival, of Wansford, the famous old dealer there being always anxious to do justice to his customers. It was a great advantage to be able to ride the nags on trial over fair hunting fences such as the Wansford pastures afforded.

My long-cherished wish was to ride across the Whissendine brook, the obstacle most dreaded by the redoubtable "Doctor," as well as by other nags celebrated in the Shires. Once immersed in the shining, if slow-running, stream, the most valuable hunters were discouraged for such work, and their owners generally galloped to the nearest ford, very often under Custance's guidance.

Crossing this brook in orthodox style was forbidden to sticky old-fashioned leapers such as mine, although I have got the old mare safe from bank to bank on more than one occasion, which must be set against an untoward immersion, when a considerable time elapsed before I could get her to shore. Hence it came to pass that I purchased of Mr.

Tailby's head whip a notorious water-jumper, ylept "The Saddler," who could clear any breadth at all negotiable, but had a bad habit of brushing ordinary fences, and also of not rising quite properly at timber. Taking this animal into High Leicestershire I had the following experience. At a meet near Thrussington Gorse, a fox was found in the cream of the Quorn country, and hounds ran along gaily over the magnificent level pastures. There no brook was amongst the obstacles which are encountered, but we found ourselves face to face with high thorn fences surrounded by the familiar oxer. Into one of these "The Saddler" fell and turning over left me amongst the bushes, while he dropped into the next field with his wind knocked out of him. My right thumb was apparently out of joint, and never completely recovered from what was in reality a fracture of the muscles. Finding "The Saddler" in a dejected state, and feeling pain from the hand, I soon retraced my steps towards Oakham, when I was unfortunate, and indeed unwise enough, to try a new way over the hills by a line of gates which local opinion alleged to be shorter. The consequence was that being enveloped in a white frosty sort of fog the way became obscured so that we got off it, and were pursuing a rough cart track in a wood where the increasing darkness rendered progress almost impossible. Finally perceiving a distant light gleaming through the trees I tied the dejected "Saddler" to a tree and made for the welcome signal. Fortunately I was soon in the late Mr. Dawson's hospitable portals at Launde Abbey, but when the kind owner and his groom went out with me into the wood to find "The Saddler," a long time elapsed before a sign of the poor animal could be discovered, shivering and looking disconsolate in the gloom. I did not get back to South Luffenham Hall until late at night, coming to the conclusion that somehow "The Saddler" was not the kind of animal for me. Perhaps he may have inwardly held a similar opinion, and thought me but an indifferent master. On my way home I met the famous Sam Hunt near Oakham, and he, seeing our weary condition, reminded me of the well-

known adage, "When returning from 'unting stick to the 'ard 'igh road".

Besides the friendly companionship of the covert side which left pleasant memories to all privileged to hunt in the Cottesmore country, those moderately mounted had the opportunity of seeing some of the giants of the chase performing in their chosen home for sport. Of these I must place Custance, the famous jockey, as on the whole the foremost; although, if Frank Gordon from near Wansford did cross the Welland, the winner of four Derbies had a formidable competitor.

It was not difficult to perceive the genius for crossing a country which each of these remarkable sportsmen possessed. But in High Leicestershire Captain Smith ("Doggie," so called) proved a worthy antagonist to any man living, and could cross even the Slauston pastures, fenced as they were by enormous oxers, when mounted on some young inexperienced horse. Never was a man less careful of his own neck, and yet no one ever had a smaller average of falls while doing so well as this gallant soldier.

I could record the bold horsemanship of many well known to fame in the Shires who came into the Cottesmore from time to time, but even the brilliancy of Captain Elmherst, and the dash and courage of my dear old friend, Mr. Tailby, never led them to such undoubted prestige in the hunting-field as that won by the all-round experience of Custance, Frank Gordon, and Doggie Smith. The quintette, however, in any possible circumstances, was bound to come more or less to the front.

Custance had received from the Duke of Hamilton the inestimable gift of "The Doctor," the steeple-chaser, to be used as a hunter, while "Marigold," his little timber-jumping mare, became scarcely less famous around Oakham and Market Harborough.

The Cottesmore Hounds in the seventies were owned by Henry Earl of Lonsdale, who, to use Custance's descriptive language, "placed his purse on a gate for sportsmen to dip

into," meaning, of course, that we had all sport provided for us for nothing. Indeed such munificence merits far more than this belated acknowledgment from a grateful recipient. The Earl himself was the keenest of sportsmen, and despite his great weight found cattle strong enough to be generally within measurable distance of the hounds.

Two of his sons, Hugh, now Lord Lonsdale, and Charles, who died young, were fine horsemen with a good eye for crossing a country, and a steady determination to be in at the death. I may add that the Earl, our Master of the hounds, was good enough to interest himself in my future, and more than one conversation held with Lord Lonsdale returning from the chase, led me to remember that there are spheres of life not to be long neglected even for the glorious sport of hunting. It has been my privilege since to acknowledge another Lowther as chief in command; I allude to the present Speaker of the House of Commons, also honoured and respected by his contemporaries, who is a nephew of the Henry Lonsdale, master of the Cottesmore in the seventies.

The Master mounted his huntsmen well, and although Jack West, the dapper professional horseman, and in such capacity unsurpassed, filled that post with credit, he was not such a thruster as Tom Firr of the Quorn. But Bill Nield, the first Cottesmore Whip, made up for any caution his professional superior indulged in by making the horses of Lord Lonsdale's hunt which he bestrode show the way straight across the varied but ever-sporting country which surrounds Oakham. To name those who might be seen at a popular meet, such as Manton Gorse, is to recite the list of numerous followers of Nimrod most prominent in their time. But we were rich in local celebrities, such as the late Hon. Gerard Noel, a junior colleague and friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and the afore-named Mr. Sam Hunt from Ketton, a notable personality and a real good sportsman of the old school, whom to know was to appreciate, so varied was his information and humorous the manner he had of telling a good tale. The list includes his two nephews, Henry and George Hunt of Stam-

ford, Mr. Orme of Oakham, old Squire Fludyer, the owner of the famous Wardley Wood, with his two sons, now Sir A. Fludyer and Colonel Fludyer, the Hon. Norman Leslie Melville, Mr. Blackwood, Captain Tryon, Lord Aveland (afterwards Earl of Ancaster), whose death in January, 1911, has been a grief to all his friends, his son, the present Earl, and Lord Burghley, afterwards Marquis of Exeter, alas! with us no more. As he had been one of my closest friends in the House of Commons, I claim to have been one of the deepest losers when his bright personality was withdrawn from our sight.

Jack Trollope (Lord Kesteven), and his late brother, Cranmer Trollope, were also constantly seen in the field.

Perhaps the best-known and most readily welcomed residents in the Cottesmore country were the two brothers Finch, George, the popular M.P. for Rutland, and Henry, his energetic, hard-riding brother. I had known the latter well at Harrow, and learned to appreciate the genial owner of Burley-on-the-Hill, when I was his colleague in the House of Commons, and he Father of that assemblage, where he lost his life from undue fatigue in the pursuit of duty, sitting up all one night and well into the next day, and even then fulfilling a dinner engagement, when the room named after his old political opponent but personal friend, Sir William Harcourt, was inaugurated. So lowered was Mr. Finch's system by the overwork, that he succumbed to a cold caught on returning to Rutland.

Last, but not least, I must name Dr. E. Snell of Barrowden, one of the hard-riding fraternity, and an excellent, good fellow.

I have often thought how a meet at Burley-on-the-Hill in the ancient courtyard of the house, afforded a fine subject for the sporting artist; the robust Earl and Jack West among their hounds, flanked by a few of the above-named, would have formed a fitting memorial of times which are those of history.

Our lives in the smallest of British counties never flagged for lack of interest. To begin with, the neighbours were

most hospitable, and had we chosen to add the attraction of the dance to that of the chase, ample opportunity was afforded. But the long distances to covert and the time spent in the saddle rendered long nocturnal expeditions a claim on strength and purse which as a rule were prohibitive.

Becoming closely acquainted with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. James Lonsdale at South Luffenham Rectory, and also with Dr. Thring, the great Master of Uppingham, were bright and helpful experiences. As a clergyman Mr. Lonsdale was as successful as in the region of scholarship and letters, although the homely advice given to the village congregations savoured more of a modern George Herbert than that of a Balliol scholar steeped in the culture of Eton and Oxford.

We remembered Dr. Thring best by the sympathetic hospitality so generously given when we came to play cricket against the School, but he freely entered into conversation with me about the examination system up at the Universities, which he evidently regarded with a reforming eye.

On one occasion my cousin C. I. Thornton took me to play for M.C.C. at Uppingham on a steaming hot day. Our professional bowling did not come off, and A. P. Lucas and his twin school champion, Fleming, put on over 200 before a wicket fell. I remember the delight of H. H. Stephenson, the boys' coach, and also Dr. Thring's kindly anxiety on my behalf when, wearied out and inningless, a start was made for home. On the whole this was the hottest day on which I ever played cricket.

During the three years we were at Luffenham (1875-6-7) it is a remarkable fact that no serious accidents occurred, either with the Cottessmore, Mr. Tailby's, or the Quorn, although across the Welland, with the Fitzwilliam, a blow on the forehead received from a simple fall indirectly brought about the demise of the popular Master, Mr. George Fitzwilliam. But the fatal result came about because the Master could not refrain from visiting his beloved pack during frosty weather, and catching cold in the injured part, he succumbed to erysipelas.

Freddie Warburton had a nasty fall when larking "Too Fast" over our posts and rails at Luffenham. The creature was obdurate in refusing, and after an ugly rear went straight at the obstacle, not rising an inch, and fell over the other side with Warburton beneath him. Yet the upset did not deter this determined sportsman from giving his Sussex thoroughbred another day with hounds, but not one satisfactory to so keen an observer of the hunting, because time was lost that day in getting away from Wardley Wood owing to "Too Fast's" tantrums leading him to refuse.

Dr. Snell kept a watchful eye on that horse, and wished for a chance of putting him into his own trap at Barrowden and driving him comfortably on his professional rounds. Mr. Warburton, hearing of this and wishing to make a present to the Doctor, in return for much more than ordinary care, when Mr. C. I. Thornton had been ill, gave Mr. Snell the animal, which straightway had to enter the shafts, and learn the roads of Rutland before commencing lesson number two and negotiating its fenced obstacles, after galloping across the far-famed pastures and crossing the ploughs, when need arose.

All these things "Too Fast" accomplished within a few weeks, so that the spectacle of Dr. Snell in front with Custance and amongst the Melton contingent became the talk of the hunt.

It happened that Lord Dupplin, whose stud was the envy even of the Quornites, had sent his groom to look out for fresh blood to reinforce his master's stable. After a burst in which "Too Fast" had carried the Doctor in the van and surmounted several stubborn obstacles, a suggestion was made that Lord Dupplin would like to possess such an animal; his representative named a high price. "The horse would not do for you," argued Dr. Snell, "he needs driving about for hours before you ride him or he will neither gallop nor jump." Later on, however, with Warburton's leave and the solatium of a handsome cheque, the erring but brilliant quadruped passed into the noble Lord's Melton stable, so that in due course his turn to carry Lord Dupplin arrived.

Of course there were other horses out belonging to Lord Dupplin, and it was fortunate that this was the case, because "Too Fast" belied his name shamefully by refusing at the first fence, and after rearing most alarmingly, fell over on his shoulder, the rider fortunately getting clear. But the nag arose hopelessly lame, and the verdict of a vet, called upon to prescribe in due course, was to the effect that an injury to the shoulder had occurred which precluded hunting for a long time.

Lord Dupplin's groom after a few days' rest, took this horse to Leicester for the next sale by auction. Dr. Snell, being apprised, was there also, and buying "Too Fast" back for a few sovereigns soon restored him not only to soundness but to the foremost flight of the Cottesmore.

It must not be supposed that the above happy hunting experiences were undergone without coming in contact with those sympathetic in the views fast forming at that time within one's mind which were destined to bear fruit. First, that the duty of every responsible person is to take an intelligent interest in public matters, and, secondly, when opinions become more definite do all that constitutionally can be attempted to make them prevail. Contact with men like the Noels, Willoughbys, Lowthers and Cecils, all of them unselfishly considering how best to work the great machine of State, formed a school of thought whereof I became so far a disciple as to approve their means towards an end. As I have said, that goal in my own case came to be a belief in Lord Beaconsfield's Foreign and Domestic policy.

It would be an injustice to one of the greatest horsemen of his day, if in this mention of my hunting experiences the name of the second Earl of Wilton was omitted. When seventy-six this remarkable man became the admiration of younger experts. Custance used to appreciate his skill and courage to the full.

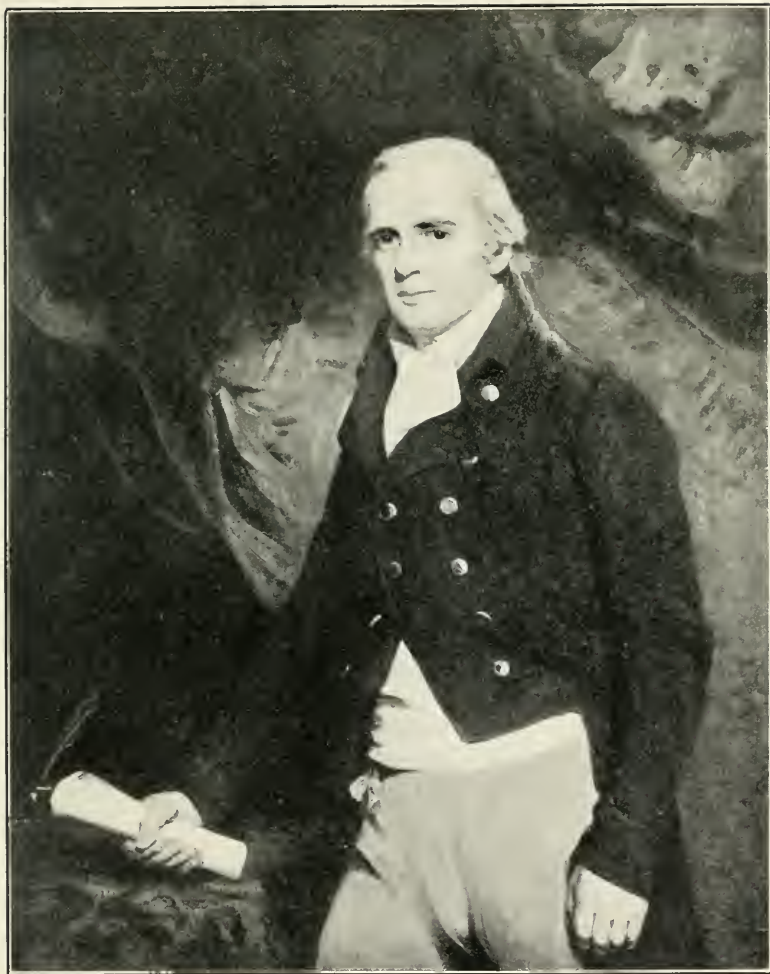
CHAPTER XIV.

BATTERSEA RISE HOUSE AND ITS LATER MEMORIES.

I HAVE ventured in a former chapter of this work to mention the beneficent influence of that family record which enabled my father's kinsmen of each sex to stand by one another through the proverbially "changing scenes of life". Both at Albury until 1812, when, constrained by Fortune's fickle will to leave that beauteous home, and at Chobham until 1832, when after more than one deep affliction this resting-place was also abandoned, the happy influence of a religious and affectionate home circle was ever apparent.

It will now be my privilege in the capacity of one closely connected with the Battersea Rise branch of the family, and on terms of the warmest regard with several of the sons and daughters of Henry Thornton, M.P., to bear testimony, how, in like manner, these gentle fruits of sacred culture were the precious possessions of those kinsmen and women made so celebrated by the Essays of Sir James Stephen, and the letters of those who lived near and acted with William Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay.

Although I only knew Sir Robert Inglis by name as the guardian of the Battersea Rise children after 1815, and as the choice of Tory Oxford when that University, in revolt against Sir Robert Peel for his part in promoting Catholic emancipation, rejected him as their representative in the House of Commons, it was my good fortune to meet Lady Inglis, although only towards the close of her life, and to learn from her conversation how the mystic lamp of unselfish devotion to those around them had been handed down



Hoppner, pinx.

HENRY THORNTON, M.P. FOR SOUTHWARK, A.D. 1782-1815

The Gift of his Constituents



to the keeping of a new generation by the representatives of those high ideals which took origin from Bible teaching.

It has been my happy privilege to have known five children of Henry Thornton, M.P.—Henry Sykes Thornton, my father-in-law; Miss Marianne Thornton, the friend of Bishop Wilberforce and of others distinguished in literature and politics; Isabella, wife of the Venerable Archdeacon Harrison; Sophia, Lady Leven, *second* wife of her cousin, John Earl of Leven and Melville, who had previously married my father's sister Harriett, his first cousin; and Laura, wife of the eminent theologian, friend and chaplain to Bishop Jebb, the Rev. Charles Forster.

Watson Joseph Thornton, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, father of Henry Sykes Thornton, junior, and of the celebrated cricketer, C. I. Thornton; Charles Thornton, Harrow and Christchurch scholar, beloved of his generation; Miss Lucy Thornton, the lady scholar of Battersea Rise House, who revelled in the study of difficult books; Mrs. Synnot, mother of two clever and interesting children, Inglis and Henrietta—these children of Henry Thornton, M.P., I never knew. The Venerable Lord Sidmouth, son of the Prime Minister who, as Mr. Addington, followed Mr. Pitt as Prime Minister in 1801, assures me that he had a personal acquaintance, the memory of which he warmly cherishes, with each of them and also with some of those who belonged to the next generation.

It is remarkable that, despite the Evangelical prejudice against public schools, Charles Thornton (subsequently incumbent of Bloomsbury Chapel) was sent to Harrow under Dr. George Butler, and pursued a brief but brilliant career at that school, and at the University of Oxford. Charles Thornton's name is inscribed in a conspicuous part of the old speech room under date 1826, as a scholar and head of the school. At Oxford he enjoyed the friendship of distinguished men like Dr. Newman and Sidney Herbert. Dying early in life he left behind him a bright tradition of kindness to all who came in contact with him, and, in spite of his

attraction towards the Oxford movement, his own Low Church relations simply revered his memory. We have a curious record of Newman's affection for him. I came across a letter of Dr. Newman's to the late Archdeacon Harrison, who granted me leave to copy it. The Archdeacon, who had borrowed some manuscript books at Oxford thirty years before, found them amongst the débris of an extensive library in the Precincts at Canterbury. He sent them to the Cardinal at the Oratory, Birmingham, accompanying the parcel with an apology for the long delay, whereupon he received the following reply :—

“ MY DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON,

“ Many thanks for the books and papers which I have received safely. I often wondered when I should see them again. I constantly think of you and of the old Battersea Rise entourage. Charles I never forget at Mass.

“ Yours,

“ J. H. NEWMAN.”

The Rev. Charles Thornton died the year after his marriage to Frances Mary, daughter of Benjamin Harrison, Esq., of Clapham Common. He was known in his family as a poet of no mean capacity.

Those who are beginning to perceive the commercial value of the Houssa country, and the great future for the territory around the sources of the Niger, should never forget the career of Hugh Clapperton, the sailor explorer of these then forbidden haunts, denied that is to those who were not fearless of disease and death. Hugh Clapperton twice attempted to discover the Niger's source, but on the second occasion succumbed to fatigue and disease. He was a magnificent specimen of our British race, and the forerunner of the school which produced David Livingstone, Verney Lovett Cameron, and Sir Samuel Baker.

It is said that when Clapperton was dying, on 13 April,

1827, he heard in imagination the village bells of his beloved Scots home in Annan.

The Rev. Charles Thornton wrote the following verses descriptive of the explorer's end :—

The wanderer, the desert guest,
Has laid him down in lowly rest,
His arm is folded o'er his breast
And his eye is closing.

The dews his throbbing temples steep,
And calm and holy is his sleep,
For Angels oft their vigils keep
On good men reposing.

No dream of hideous wing is there,
The childlike slumbering to scare,
But awful sounds are in the air,
And round him flow.

The tolling of the village bell,
By day and night remembered well,
Is breathing round its ancient knell,
Deep, sweet and low.

In youth those sounds had often borne
Glad tidings of the Sabbath morn,
A holy day, a glorious dawn,
A day of joy and rest.

And now they come his bed to cheer,
To tell the end of pain and fear,
A home secure, a Sabbath near,
And years for ever blest.

As meekly sinks his fading eye,
And bursts its way the struggling sigh,
Still swells the well-known melody,
Soft on his ear.

Then as he calmly dies away,
The notes more sweet in their decay,
Rise with him on his heavenly way,
And leave him there.

I venture to print these lines of the much-appreciated Harrow and Christchurch scholar, Charles Thornton.

Mr. Charles Inglis Thornton, the songster's nephew, who derived his first name from this honoured relative, has become celebrated as the Captain both of the Eton and Cambridge Cricket Eleven, as well as for having hit a cricket ball harder and for hitting more consistently than anyone else past or present.

Concerning Charles Thornton's sister, Mrs. Synnot, and her two children, never having seen the former, nevertheless I may say that the person best able, by talent and information combined, to act as coadjutor with Miss Laura Forster in sketching the career of their grandfather, Henry Thornton, M.P., would be Miss Henrietta Synnot of Milton Bryant in Bedfordshire. I hold this opinion because, in addition to a memory stored with knowledge of the times, a number of important family letters are in the possession of both my cousins which deal with Battersea Rise House and its former inmates.

To have known the late Inglis Synnot is indeed a pleasant recollection. A First Class at Oxford and one whose scientific capacity reached practical effect as an expert in telescopic knowledge, he is tenderly remembered by those now living who were at Christchurch with him as by his own relations who survive.

Approached by Mr. Gathorne Hardy's canvassers at Oxford in 1865, with a view to gaining his vote against Mr. Gladstone for Oxford University, he promptly replied in the negative, because being a man of unsettled opinions he had found a suitable representative in the brilliant but erratic statesman who was destined to lose the seat. I was one of many who deeply lamented the early death of Inglis Synnot.

My own experience does not go nearly so far back as the career of the above-mentioned Rev. Charles Thornton, but I can speak with some authority regarding his brother Henry Sykes Thornton, as well as of the generally acknowledged intellectual powers of his sister Marianne, long the guardian (in what was once termed the Clapham village) of local traditions which can never die. I was also a constant guest at the Precincts, Canterbury, during the later years of Arch-

deacon and Mrs. Harrison. There the practical efforts to find a working future for young girls in Industrial Homes, was accompanied by an old-world courtesy towards all who approached the home.

But the Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison having undertaken the responsibility of two young men, namely Mrs. Harrison's orphan nephews, Henry Sykes Thornton, junr., and Charles Inglis Thornton, of cricket fame, entered warmly into their occupations, such as those connected with the annual Canterbury week, and the cultivation of Eton, Harrow, Cambridge, and other friendships. Indeed more than one house in the Precincts used to be tenanted during the cricket week by celebrities such as W. G. Grace, I. D. Walker, Lord Harris, and R. A. H. Mitchell, who were the Archdeacon's guests.

No more popular or well-remembered figures in those days crossed the St. Lawrence Ground during this annual festival than those of the genial Archdeacon of Maidstone and his well-beloved partner in life. Chaplain to Archbishop Howley, this learned cleric had been known as "little Benjamin, our Ruler," because although he was strong in brain power and had garnered in stores of ecclesiastical and other learning, he was not tall of stature. A Christ Church man during the progress of the Oxford movement, his inclinations always tended towards moderation. His earliest College experience, several times repeated in my hearing, was to this effect. Shortly after entering upon his first term, but after he had made the acquaintance of some congenial friends, the future Archdeacon awoke from sleep after hearing loud knockings at his door, and when scarcely awake beheld the form of his fellow collegian at Christchurch, W. E. Gladstone, who metaphorically swore "by the nine gods" that he would not leave that room until he (Benjamin Harrison) had signed a Circular against granting Catholic emancipation. Hesitating at first, this proverbially strong man had to give way before the tempest of denunciatory verbiage directed by Mr. Gladstone against any refusal. It is a fact that this

historic personage, "with a wild wilful will," departed having secured the coveted signature to a document which that wise theologian and Canon of Canterbury's riper experience must have led him to look upon somewhat doubtfully.

I was fortunate enough to become familiar with that part of the Precincts which the Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison inhabited so early as 1855, when at Dr. Lenny's school at Ramsgate. Thenceforth and for many years this secluded home under the shadows of the noble Cathedral was to be a resting place which I dearly loved to visit. The Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison used to come up for Convocation to the late Sir Robert Inglis's London house, 7 Bedford Square, which had been bequeathed to them, there gathering around them, besides contemporary relations and friends, many of the younger generation.

I was frequently included in these happy gatherings, while circumstances likewise took me also to the very centre of the Clapham Mecca at Battersea Rise. Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton, the banker, son of Henry Thornton, M.P., had established and constantly preserved the warmest regard for his uncle, Samuel Thornton, Governor of the Bank of England, and successively M.P. for Hull and Surrey, evincing similar sentiments generally towards this side of the clan, and by no means least to my father the Admiral as well as to myself. Indeed from earliest youth I had known Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton as one of my best friends, whose kindness of heart ever shone forth even in the ordinary transactions of business life. Thus it came to pass that amid the happy home circle of Battersea Rise I met and won my wife, the fourth daughter of the house, to whom these pages are dedicated. Her mother was a daughter of the famous Rector of Clapham, Archdeacon Dealtry, whose great abilities both at Cambridge and as Canon of Winchester raised his name high among the Churchmen of the time.

In Battersea Rise House at this time all the old family traditions strongly prevailed, and with them the hearty hospitality towards all who came into contact with the kind

owners that people conversant with the literature of Clapham attribute to their predecessors.

Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton had been at Trinity College, Cambridge, occupying rooms in unison with Thomas Babington Macaulay. Moreover, the future banker was Fourth Wrangler.¹ From earliest youth, as was shown in the letter from the Rev. Mr. Jerram's school at Chobham in 1810, he had been thoughtful and had imbibed the principles of his father. But it was not until after 1815, when the burden of business responsibility was thrown upon him, that gaining the confidence of his uncle, Mr. Daniel Sykes, of Hull, he established his reputation for sound knowledge of banking. The banking house of Pole, Thornton & Free had suffered in the panic of 1825, and a reconstitution under the title of Williams, Deacon & Thornton, led to the establishment of a new concern under prosperous auspices. This satisfactory result was attributed by City men to the character, decision, and financial skill of Mr. H. S. Thornton. He used to drive up from Clapham daily in his gig, having money ready to pay the turnpike at Kennington. On one occasion, previous to the disastrous crisis of 1825, the head clerk of the bank met him on London Bridge and announced that Mr. — had abstracted a large sum of money, and had gone away to destroy himself. "If," said Mr. Thornton promptly, "you say Mr. — has taken the money, I believe it, but he will not destroy himself."

When success came, the younger partner was ready to fulfil the rôle of philanthropist, which authentic records ascribe to his forebears. I have myself been privy to striking cases of personal liberality towards those in trouble, when Mr. H. S. Thornton believed there was reason to think good could be

¹ By some error for which the present Editor is not responsible the last edition of the Harrow School Register gives Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton as having been at Harrow in 1814-18. There is abundant evidence that his education was a home one under Tutors at Clapham, the last of these being a Mr. Brazier. The writer has often heard this from Mr. Thornton himself.

done. Nor did he fail to spare some of his leisure evenings to the Chairmanship of the Battersea Vestry, out of which the present Borough Council sprang. On one occasion the late Mr. Lathey, the builder in Nine Elms, narrated to me how during an ebullition of obstructive tactics by the extremists, the meeting was adjourned by the Chairman, remarking they had wasted time which should be valuable to all of them as it certainly was to himself.

Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton's long connexion with the Goldsmiths' Company is the best-remembered circumstance in the City of London regarding this remarkable personality, next to his almost unique position in the banking world. He was known for a decision of mind, which, generally reaching a wise conclusion, left him averse to further change. Another trait in his character was that he remained always extremely scrupulous in using influence at the Goldsmiths' Company, where members listened approvingly to such advice as he gave. Having been the means of placing one son-in-law, the late Mr. R. Ruthven Pym, on the Livery of the Company, he declined to introduce another to the Company itself. Always thinking how justly and rightly he could benefit those around him, and at that moment myself in particular, he told a friend of mine who thought I might fairly aspire to membership, that this could not occur through his intervention, when he had already taken advantage of his position in the manner indicated. He held, he told me, that it was not desirable that the distribution of large subsidies to public institutions, or gifts granted on behalf of educational needs, such as those made from Goldsmiths' Hall, should be made disproportionately by several persons connected with any particular influential family, but he thought they should be spread widely amongst the members of the Corporation. In consequence of his desire to avoid what he thought an evil, none of us since Mr. R. Ruthven Pym's death can claim membership of the great institution he loved so well.

Another son-in-law of Mr. H. Sykes Thornton was Major Cam Sykes, who, when the Crimean War was brought to a

close, and his marriage with Mr. Thornton's second daughter had taken place, fixed his permanent home at Weymouth, so as to be near the banking house at Dorchester, seldom visiting London.

When Mr. Guy Pym became allied to the youngest daughter of the family, Mr. H. S. Thornton had himself passed away.

Mr. H. S. Thornton had been one of the founders of the Athenæum Club, and I am indebted to Sir Samuel Hoare, Baronet, for interesting recollections connected with this fact, one being that he was himself elected to the club with my father-in-law as his proposer.

It is remarkable how averse the master of Battersea Rise House was to having his portrait painted. He used to say that in the City long observation had led to the belief that sitting for a picture was very often a preface to entering the Bankruptcy Court. He had a good memory for the events of his childhood; one at being surprised at the gusto with which his father's half-famished guests from the House of Commons attacked such viands as Mrs. Henry Thornton was able to give them in a comparatively small space. The then M.P. for Southwark passed part of the session in a house close to Westminster Abbey, and within easy reach of the Legislature, where beyond Bellamy's historic pork pies little refreshment could then be obtained. Mr. H. S. Thornton was, as a very small boy, especially impressed, as he told me, by hearing Mr. Canning and Mr. Wilberforce gravely deprecate the danger of imminent national defeat while they enjoyed their coffee quite contentedly. To the end of his life this eminent banker was more or less of an optimist as regards external dangers from foreign Powers. He had seen the nation emerge safely from perils loudly proclaimed by public men of authority to be insurmountable, and the strength of Great Britain remain immune. Avoiding active politics, Mr. H. S. Thornton was a Whig, and preferred Palmerston's and Gladstone's rule to that of Derby or Disraeli, although as regards the Rupert of Debate, none amongst the guests at

Goldsmiths' Hall had been, in Mr. Thornton's view, comparable to the Lord of Knowsley in wit, taste, and the purest form of eloquence.

The friendship with my grandfather and father led Mr. H. S. Thornton to befriend me from boyhood. Like my Uncle John of The Terrace, Clapham, he was often mistaken for the great Duke of Wellington, both these relations having a profile somewhat similar to that world-renowned warrior. 'Well, I'm blowed, I thought the old Duke was dead,' was once remarked by a City bystander as Mr. H. S. Thornton passed by. He was the last City man to adhere to the blue coat and brass buttons of the eighteenth century, being so attired I recollect when coming down to Harrow in his son's time in 1857. The dress was very like that in Hoppner's famous picture of Henry Thornton, M.P. for Southwark.

It was the habit of the owner of Battersea Rise House annually to travel abroad with the ladies of his household as well as certain relations and friends, Mr. Tayloe, the medical man at Clapham, being one of these. But amongst the visitors two remarkable clergymen were frequently found, one the Rev. Richard Burgess, of Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, and the other the Rev. T. G. Griffith, of St. Matthew's Vicarage, Surbiton. The former was a cleric who had lived much on the Continent and gathered Protestant congregations together under the very shadow of St. Peter's at Rome.

Miss Helen Rossetti Angeli's lately published work on Shelley ("Shelley and His Friends in Italy," p. 317) tells how, when the ashes of the poet were refused Christian burial in the Eternal City, Mr. Burgess, the British Chaplain, alone of all ministers of religion approached was prepared to cominit them to the grave.

Both Mr. Burgess and Mr. Griffith were old-fashioned Article Churchmen, the former basing his opposition to the Roman theology on his interpretation of Bible and Reformation history; while Mr. Griffith was a religious philosopher of great originality. To the writer, who knew and appreci-

ated his steadfastness in the views he held so tenaciously, this interesting personage appeared to be a sort of Ecclesiastical Carlyle.

Mr. Burgess's sermons are published and very instructive they remain ; but unfortunately the pulpit utterances of Mr. Griffith, fraught with their native originality, have never seen light. Though remembered by thinking members of his congregation, they are not available for reference.

How men like these added to the success of Mr. H. S. Thornton's parties abroad by diffusing knowledge in a manner rendered palatable by an ever-ready wit can be well imagined.

A fervent Churchman, preserving these evangelical and hospitable traditions, Mr. H. S. Thornton had a remarkable memory for repeating the Psalms, and a reverence for the Book of Common Prayer only surpassed by that for the Bible itself. His friendship with Robert Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon, was that of two kindred souls seeing eye to eye in the religious questions of the day, but preserving a Christian toleration prompted by love for humanity towards those differing from them. Mr. Thornton's cousins, Lord and Lady Houghton, with their family were frequent visitors at Battersea Rise House, and I can recollect parties where a political flavour was perceptible when Sir E. Beckett Denison, afterwards Lord Grimthorpe, was amongst the guests. The old Whigs were extremely anxious about this time to see the Liberals restored to power, distrusting as they did the foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Tom Taylor, a neighbour and friend, held such views emphatically, and I sometimes found myself in a minority. Indeed, when in 1880, the fruits of the Midlothian campaign appeared in the overthrow of the Tory Government, what seemed to me a disaster of the first magnitude was, I found, regarded in a different light by my host and father-in-law, until the obstruction in the House of Commons by the Parnellites, and an anti-British utterance of the Irish leader's, opened his eyes to dangers, his clear perception of which justifies my belief that he never would have

supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals. But when Mr. Gladstone previously came fresh from the triumphs of the 1880 election, the pæans of victory from the Liberals all over England found responsive echoes in old-fashioned Liberal homes, the owners of which were oblivious of the coming changes in Church and State which have since metamorphosed the whole face of politics.

I claim to have personally striven to live up to this Beaconsfield conviction, when staying with my friend and relation Mr. Daniel Sykes at Almondsbury, near Bristol, before the election of 1880. A three-cornered contest was there in progress between the two Liberals, Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. Lewis Fry, representatives of a well-organized party caucus, and Sir Ivor Guest (now Lord Wimborne), a Conservative. But a third local candidate appeared in the field in the shape of Mr. Elisha Robinson, a Liberal of long standing, who, as the result of travelling in the East, had been converted to the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, as evidenced in the events connected with the Treaty of Berlin.

This contest at one time looked like making a serious split in the Liberal ranks, even when Sam Morley was so locally potent and his colleague Mr. Lewis Fry strong in party and personal popularity. To support Mr. Elisha Robinson I brought the Patriotic party into the borough, formed for the purpose of supporting patriotic candidates irrespective of party. Colonel G. B. Malleeson, the Indian historian, and a remarkable public speaker, was supported on various platforms by my friend Mr. H. M. Hyndman, then the hope of a certain section of the Tories, but since celebrated within the ranks of the Socialism he afterwards adopted.

At a great meeting in the old Colston Hall, subsequently destroyed by fire, the vast majority of the audience refused to give us a hearing and promptly rushed the platform, chasing us out of the hall and into a passage which ran parallel to the vast area in which the gathering had collected. It was a terrible scene and remains fresh in my memory. We were

indeed fortunate that a friendly hand thrust open the door of the passage, when shut against us, leading out into the street, and let the harried followers of Lord Beaconsfield take refuge in a house close by. Glad beyond measure were we when Mr. Sykes's skilful coachman, George Bye, picked us up near the rear of the hall and drove us up to beautiful Almondsbury and to Mr. and Mrs. Sykes's hospitable home.

Had our host really devoted his time and attention to politics, it is certain that, owing to abnormal popularity, he must have had considerable effect upon the elections as they arose. But this joyous philanthropist was so much occupied with relieving the needs of others that he found no time for organizing against Imperial dangers which appeared on the horizon even at this time, and which he fully recognized, while business duties which required all his great energetic power awaited fulfilment.

Mr. Daniel Sykes was a great admirer of Miss Carpenter's work amongst the Bristolian children, and a coadjutor of hers in the Christlike work she had undertaken. Although Mr. Daniel Sykes was resident at Almondsbury in Gloucestershire he belonged to the well-known Yorkshire family of that name, his father having been the owner of Raywell near West Ella. Any reference to this branch of the Sykes family must lead to a contingent notice of a first cousin of Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton on his mother's side, the late Mr. Joseph Sykes, who, when a resident at Preston near Brighton, helped, in association with the late Mr. J. G. Bishop, then Editor of the "Brighton Herald," to endow that paper with literary distinction.

An Oxonian of that period in the last century during which the intellectual activities of great Churchmen, such as Newman and Pusey, attracted universal attention to the Isis, Mr. Joseph Sykes was induced to cultivate an innate historical faculty, such as enabled him to utilize a remarkable knowledge of France and its people by publishing studies of her Statesmen in the Restoration period, which although to be found

in the "Brighton Herald" were only collected for the benefit of private friends.

But the succinct Biographies of Chateaubriand, the Duc de Richelieu and M. Decazes attracted the attention of numerous intelligent students of modern French history.

Mr. Joseph Sykes retained his clear and attractive style of writing to the close of a long life. A large circle of friends were constantly cheered by presents of books containing both verse and prose. He died in September, 1905.

We used just about this time to hear a good deal of social life from Lord Houghton and comparatively little politics, but despite this he did take his part in Yorkshire in the campaign which restored Mr. Gladstone to power in 1880, and so ranged himself on the side of the new Government. But nevertheless towards the close of his varied and interesting career a philosophical desire to see the British Constitution work with a more even balance between the two great parties came over him. I could not at this time discern what seemed to me adequate appreciation of Mr. Disraeli's statesmanship amongst my own relatives. Ability, of course, was taken for granted, but after that little more was admitted. It seemed to me that one who hailed the noble efforts of Mr. Pitt on behalf of the deliverance of Europe from Napoleon might foster some tolerance for a policy of reanimating the smouldering ashes of Patriotism such as the historian will surely associate with the period between 1876-80. But not so my honoured kinsman, Lord Houghton, whom I have heard fervidly describe the hopes and fears connected with Lord Harrowby's return from Berlin before Austerlitz, and sympathize with Mr. Pitt's patriotic resolution stifled only by death.

The occasion was that of a dinner at Lady Galway's¹ house in Rutland Gate. Her brother being temporarily lame could not ascend to the drawing-room where the guests were

¹The sixth Viscount Galway married, 1838, Henrietta Eliza, only daughter of Robert Pemberton Milnes (my father's first cousin), and the Hon. Henrietta Monckton.

received. Lord Houghton, however, was discovered at the dinner-table in his seat somewhat unconventionally clothed, and having on his head a red skull cap, giving him the appearance of a Cardinal of the Church of Rome. From the first moment his animated conversation captivated the company, and it was then that the pictorial description of Pitt's last hours almost entranced those present. The late Lady Marian Alford, who was present, was drawn thereby into what I must describe as the enthusiasm engendered by Lord Houghton's patriotic narration, and yet he never perceptibly approved when Lord Beaconsfield's Peace with Honour, combined with the securing of our tenure of the Suez Canal, gained respect for Great Britain abroad. Nevertheless the analogy between the two statesmen's patriotic devotion continued to incline me towards making Lord Beaconsfield's great conceptions those which should be adopted by a national party in the then condition of the world. The Imperial idea had not, it is true, been then defined and extended to that of federation with the Colonies, but the sentiment was apparent in the ex-Premier's speeches; so that the crushing victory of Mr. Gladstone at the polls seemed to many, of whom the writer was one, to point towards a reversal of those great ideals. Therefore I set myself deliberately to use such knowledge as I possessed regarding public affairs, and the Eastern question in particular, to justify Lord Beaconsfield amongst my own doubting relatives and acquaintances. This led to my pamphlet, "The Recovered Thread of England's Foreign Policy," being published by Messrs. Ridgeways, then the centre from which such brevities emanated. Greatly encouraged by a swift sale of this brochure, which ultimately reached a fifth edition, I became absorbed in the important matters therein contained, and occupied leisure hours by enlargement of the literary design contained in the pamphlet work, which resulted in the publication of "Foreign Secretaries of the XIX. Century". I was assisted in this undertaking by sons or descendants of some of the statesmen who had held that office, and by one who had himself been Secre-

tary for Foreign Affairs, viz., Lord Malmesbury. Moreover these kindly coadjutors sent valuable portraits of those who had long officially directed the councils of Great Britain, which are precious possessions of the writer.

How often I have ventured into print must not be recorded here, but I am glad to have been able, in conjunction with Dr. Edward Scott (then of the British Museum), to compile the outlines of my old school in "Harrow School and Its Surroundings," and also to have so far utilized the opportunities granted me to search through the Stuarts papers at Windsor as to meet with the approval of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, who after reading the "Stuart Dynasty" as compiled by the writer, sent him two charming portraits of herself with holograph signatures.

This crowning honour of my literary efforts has been succeeded by gaining the position of a Registrar at the Royal Literary Fund. I rejoice to remember how for upwards of a quarter of a century I have, owing to this link, been thrown amongst some of the leading writers and thinkers of the day. The society which enabled Chateaubriand to arise from a condition of despair and proceed on the stately career of thought which left a brilliant heritage to France and the world, now finds vent for its philanthropy in many secret gifts of merciful defence against literary effacement when a career is imperilled by unmerited poverty.

If the year 1880 ushered in a period of acute domestic difference within the British Parliament, so did the shadow of sorrow and anxiety hover over the Battersea Rise home. A daughter of the house being threatened by insidious weakness of the lungs, every means was devised to combat the complaint. A removal to Cannes was arranged, and all the party who could travel so far went with her. This inevitably involved severance for a considerable time from an aged father, whose own condition of health made it impossible for him to reside away from his local medical adviser. There was therefore a pathetic side to an otherwise hopeful outlook, for the beneficent effect of the Cannes sun and air was at

that time much trusted by the great physicians of the day.

It may be said to have been an untoward event when travelling with our invalid from Paris to Lyons by night an axle should break eight miles from Lyons, and throw the train on its side after being dragged some distance, breaking down a telegraph post and injuring a bridge. Fortunately the country near the line was one dead flat and the private saloon carriage, being strong, did not collapse under the strain placed upon it. Moreover, we got off the severe bruising which some of the passengers in confined compartments underwent. We were left on the line for a considerable time before being placed in a relief train and taken on to Lyons, where to the credit, be it said, of the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railway, officials met us with a handsome offer to pay the hotel bill which had been incurred by this delay.

This visit to the Riviera in its brightest aspect can never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to have lived there during a record year for sunshine. The winter of 1880 was simply unique, and should, one might hope, bring new life to each invalid drinking in the clear air. But this was just before the open-air system had been fully adopted.

There was a scholarly and literary coterie gathered together under the sunshine which attracted Lord Houghton, Dr. H. M. Butler (about to leave Harrow and become Dean of Gloucester), Mr. Cross, the late George Eliot's husband; the late Sir Owen Lanyon, our Governor of the Transvaal, whose retirement was necessitated by the events following Majuba Hill; Dr. Quain, the eminent physician, was at the Mount Fleury Hotel with his wife, Lady Midleton, and her nieces the Miss Dickinsons. Some of these and numerous celebrities of all nations were sojourners in this bright corner of Europe, a goodly quota of literary worshippers at the shrine of Lord Acton amongst them.

I met old Harrow friends long lost to sight, especially Captain Walter Cowan, alas, now taken from us, and the late Watts Sherman, a famous New York banker. But I met others

at the friendly lawn tennis re-unions whose names I would gladly now record as those of pleasant and kindly companions.

One cannot forget the hospitable welcome at the Villa Mon Fleuri, near our hotel of that name, by Mrs. Schenley, her son, and daughters. On the whole their garden was the most strikingly beautiful, although the Villa St. Michel, tenanted by Mrs. Elder, possessed rival charms such as greater altitude and more varied sea-views afforded. Amongst the rivals at lawn tennis one met Mr. Clement Kinloch-Cooke, now Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M.P.; the brothers Richard and Edward Hornidge, with whose family it has been my happy experience to have friends in more than one generation; and Mr. Thomas Bennett, of Thomastown, Parsonstown, Ireland, a well-informed gentleman of great experience in Continental travel, and a thorough judge of the game of lawn tennis which he pursued assiduously. To these I might add many, for instance, Mr. T. Gurney Fox, another valued friend whom it is my happy fortune to see often now, and also the late Bishop Sandford of Gibraltar, famous for his kindly welcome to all visitors. I met also Lieut. H. D. Macaulay, R.N., who had been at Harrow in Steel's House, and through his kindness had the opportunity of visiting at Mentone the then typical ironclad of the day, H.M.S. "Inflexible". She was moored off Mentone under the command of Captain John Fisher, afterwards the reforming Admiral, whose career in that particular has rendered him as famous as if he had won some great epoch-making naval engagement. We spent some time on the ship, and I remember the Captain saying that the great steel deck and good fighting qualities of his ship could not save her from soon becoming obsolete and giving place to newer inventions. Little did the writer imagine that this conversation was held with one who was to alter the face and form of British naval preparation so entirely.

Beyond the influence which a brighter clime must exercise upon the strong and weak bodied alike, our invalid did not gather strength proportionately to the sacrifice necessitated when leaving the home at Battersea Rise and the aged father,

who, alas! did not live to see his children again. The sad news flashed upon us with unexpected suddenness, and our responsibility for the charge we had undertaken became much increased. I can only liken the death of Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton within the circle of our family and friends to the sudden falling of some venerable tower which more than one generation had known as a landmark.

The anxiety into which we were thrown regarding Mrs. H. S. Thornton was happily assuaged sooner than we thought possible; as that brave lady after a few weeks came out to join her daughters at Cannes. But it soon became evident that the case with which we were concerned, not yielding to climatic influence of a most favourable nature, needed the quiet of some English sea-side place; and so, after a brief sojourn at Battersea Rise House, Bournemouth was chosen as a temporary home, while Miss Thornton became the patient of Dr. Horace Dobell, a painstaking physician skilled in all weaknesses of the chest and lungs.

CHAPTER XV.

BOURNEMOUTH. SOCIAL AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS, 1882-4.

CERTAIN personalities connected with the old private banking house at 20 Birchin Lane at the time of Mr. H. S. Thornton's death seem inseparable from "the chief" himself, as Mr. W. S. Deacon used to term him, such, for instance, as that of Mr. John Deacon, sedate in demeanour and bountiful in his religious and educational bequests, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, being an apt memorial of his thoughtful beneficence towards those who make the Bible teaching as formulated in the Articles of the Church of England central evidences of belief. J. Frank Deacon, his worthy son and heir, inherited not only headship of the banking house but his father's principles also.

Noteworthy, too, are Robert Williams, the elder titular head of the bank, who married Lady Emily Leslie Melville, Colonel Robert Williams, M.P., his honoured successor in the firm, and Edward Thornton, C.B., of whom mention has been previously made; while the soul of every project which needed capacity and courage to develop stood the indispensable Mr. William Fickus, possessing one of the best business heads in the firm. Nor should the sage legal adviser and friend, Mr. William Godden, be forgotten, inasmuch as without his ripe experience this important banking house acted but seldom.

But the writer has been regaled by his elders with memories of a still earlier date than those of the period when the little room at 20 Birchin Lane, where luncheon was provided, frequently held guests—sometimes relegated to that retreat for the necessary and here homely meal, so that such dis-

course as the interesting conversations of the Hon. William Melville and Admiral Samuel Thornton might be prolonged without disturbing interviews with customers who wished to see either Mr. H. S. Thornton or the Hon. John Thornton Leslie Melville, who, I well remember, suggested this arrangement so as to combine business with the family character of the celebrated house. There used to congregate not only Viscount Kirkcaldie, heir to the Leven and Melville title, Major Cam Sykes, and Mr. R. R. Pym, themselves bankers, and the two last-named sons-in-law of the "Chief," but also Mr. William Dealtry, C.M.G., and sometimes Lord Houghton primed with the latest political information and ready to tell in his inimitable way the best and newest society jest.

Tradition was rife at 20 Birchin Lane of visits paid to Mr. H. S. Thornton there by Lord Macaulay about the time of the publication of his "History" by Messrs. Longmans, and of the famous cheque for £20,000 in payment for the "History," which was a long-valued possession of the firm.

Not the least celebrated personage connected with Battersea Rise was Joseph Huggins, the coachman, affectionately known as "Old Joey". A tall, dignified man, he fulfilled Mrs. Cam Sykes's youthful ideal of "a gentleman," and seems to have been as well known in the City of London as on Clapham Common. Clad in the gorgeous Sunday liveries then in vogue at Battersea Rise House the substantial old-fashioned carriage of the Sykes Thorntons used to stand outside St. Paul's when great Evangelical preachers, such as Canon Melville, were to be heard, and the driver was recognized by a number of citizens of all ages. Sir Samuel Hoare tells me that Joseph's death was noticed as a calamity in banking circles, despite the fact that he survived his master. It is interesting to know that Joseph had been introduced to no less a personage than Hannah More, who gave him a religious book, and he had been spoken to by the ex-Prime Minister, Lord Sidmouth, formerly Mr. Addington, when the Battersea Rise carriage was waiting at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park.

Battersea Rise House was doomed to close its historic portals for a considerable time after the last male owner died, the family, as has been said, being advised to try Bournemouth in order to secure the constant attention of Dr. Horace Dobell for the invalid daughter, Miss A. M. Thornton. There, during a period of comparative seclusion, were exceptional opportunities of meeting divers persons of light and leading, a literary coterie of both sexes, whose homes clustering around the pine woods which swept down towards the shore were often perched above picturesque valleys or chines, so relieving what otherwise might seem monotonous scenery even in this country of small but varied acclivities.

Although the tendency has been to reduce the number of the pine trees, these general features of this now more populous district are still preserved. One characteristic which differentiated the Hampshire retreat from Cannes consisted in the restful atmosphere which invited people of literary leanings to do work such as in the South of France it was difficult to undertake. I remember Mr. Cross at Cannes remarking this Riviera disability to me as the result of experience gathered by friends of his own and his famous wife, "George Eliot".

Amongst the inhabitants or sojourners in this attractive spot were Mr. F. A. Paley, one of the best known and ablest exponents of classical lore at Cambridge, and eminent as a philosopher and commentator of European standing, and Dr. Scott, ex-Master of Westminster School, also at the head of classical learning.

But one who by his presence attracted other intellectuals to Bournemouth at this time was undoubtedly Mr. Henry Bright, author of "A Lancashire Garden," whose personality is not likely to be forgotten by any one who came in contact with him. To begin with, his presence brought Lord Houghton down from London, my part in the matter being confined to discovering Mr. Bright's whereabouts, and finding a quiet corner in our house for the great social inspirer.

To myself Bournemouth would at this time have been rendered interesting by the daily converse held with Mr. John

Stratford Kirwan, even if the association with those I have named had not helped to draw out his almost endless store of historical and biographical knowledge. Suffering from a bronchial affection Mr. Kirwan had been advised to try the Bournemouth air, and he did not desert the neighbourhood for those few years of life which remained to him. His was a most magnetic personage.

Lady Victoria Mary Louisa Kirwan (he had married the third daughter of the second Marquis of Hastings) and her children were conscious of the congenial atmosphere into which he had by chance been thrown, and she encouraged her husband to meet friends interested in his converse with past times.

I have hitherto avoided all gossip in this volume, but having a high opinion of Mr. John Stratford Kirwan's literary acumen, I give for what it is worth the following story as illustrating his powers of observation. In one of his sojourns in a Catholic home of antiquity he visited a recently opened muniment room where documents of modern times were intermingled with some of ancient days which showed evidence of the general neglect displayed by the family with regard to these records. On the floor he picked up a letter from one Lloyd or Floyd of Lincoln's Inn, he could not be sure which, wherein this gentleman declared he had been employed to write the "Letters of Junius" as an amanuensis for Earl Temple, the real author of the letters. Not being an expert in this controversy, with which I am nevertheless familiar, I re-state this narrative of Mr. Kirwan's because I have known the same conclusion to be reached after a long and exhaustive study by more than one who had partially disregarded Lord Beaconsfield's sage advice to neither try to discover the author of the "Letters of Junius" nor give an opinion as to the identity of the man in the iron mask.

Lord Malmesbury, the ex-Minister and Foreign Secretary of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, came from his country-seat, Herons Court, more than once to meet Lord Houghton, entering heartily into the spirit of our social gatherings. Sir

Francis Doyle, once Professor of Poetry at Oxford, often joined us, and needed little encouragement to tell us stories of Mr. Gladstone and other celebrities from the Isis. Some of the more privileged of the circle used to invade the sanctum of the aged Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Philip von Artevelde"; but although Lord Houghton took me there to call I never saw him.

Mrs. Falls, wife of the doyen of Bournemouth physicians, Dr. Falls, celebrated for her historical writings, found a literary counterpart there in that ready songstress Mrs. Horace Dobell, whose Ode to General Gordon was indited, after first hearing the news of his death, almost at the spur of the moment. I avail myself of my friend Dr. Dobell's permission to reprint it, with his own comments in the Preface to her Poetical Works.

ODE TO GORDON.

Procrastination! So our hero fell!
 And England, clothed in sackcloth, rings his knell.
 More fatal harm upon this earth is wrought
 By feeble steps than by men's rasher deeds,
 And harrowed by the lessons we are taught,
 Each heart for England's noble soldier bleeds.

Procrastination! So our hero fell!
 And England, clothed in sackcloth, rings his knell.
 He, fearless, risked his life, and we, *we waited*
 For some new meteor to dispel the gloom!
 And he who thought all things were fated,
 Strong in his faith went onwards to his doom!

Procrastination! So our hero fell!
 And England, clothed in sackcloth, rings his knell.
 What say the bitter cynics of our days—
 Are there no heroes and no martyrs now?
 Will they refuse our sainted Gordon praise,
 Nor crown with monumental wreath his brow?

Procrastination! So our hero fell!
 And England, clothed in sackcloth, rings his knell!

Go lay the garland on his tomb with tears,
 Enrol his lofty name with England's great ;—
 One to be honoured through all future years,
 But one, alas ! we honour now *too late*.

EXTRACT FROM "MRS. DOBELL AT HOME," BY DR.
 DOBELL, p. 57.

"As an example of this promptitude and rapidity may be mentioned the composition of her well-known lines on the death of Gordon. She was out in the carriage with her husband as usual, and after attending a consultation he came back to the carriage accompanied by Mr. Percy Thornton, M.P. (the Historian). Mr. Thornton said to Mrs. Dobell: 'Here is the "Times" announcing the death of Gordon. You ought to write an Ode on it.' To which she replied: 'No. I never could compose when asked to do so.'

"Her husband then went to another consultation close by and on his coming back to the carriage she said: 'Well, I have done it. I have scribbled it on the margin of the "Times," for I had no paper.' We quote it to show how little it bears the traces of haste."

My cousin, the late Rev. F. Vansittart Thornton, M.A., Hon. Canon of Truro, was at Bournemouth at this period, and greatly enjoyed the opportunity of mixing with some of these literary celebrities and meeting the kinsman and friend of his youth, Lord Houghton.

The last years of Lord Cairns were spent at his home "Lindisfarne," Bournemouth, and his was a well-known form, both on horseback with his little daughter during the week end, and on Sunday in his pew at Holy Trinity Church, where Canon Philip Frank Eliot (now Dean of Windsor) regaled a devoted and numerous congregation with fervent and polished Biblical exhortations of a most attractive description. There also might sometimes be seen the aged Canon Carus, the successor of Charles Simeon at Cambridge; Rowley Hill,

Bishop of Sodor and Man ; and the scholarly Prelate, Bishop Perry.

Towards the close of his life our well-beloved family friend, Robert Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon, remained for a time in the Christchurch Road ; and I remember several delightful conversations there with this remarkable man.

At Bournemouth I came into touch with two matters concerning English history of such interest that I wish to refer to them before leaving this period of my life. First came the fortunate find of books from the celebrated Mr. J. W. Croker's collection, which somehow had drifted into the possession of a local collector of old literature. I searched the collector's shelves in the company of no less a judge in such matters than Lord Houghton, with the result that one-half of these old political tracts and biographical volumes went to Lord Houghton's seat, Fryston Hall, Pontefract, and the rest to my home, Battersea Rise House.

We divided some curious books about House of Commons' worthies who flourished prior to the repeal of the Corn Laws, also other volumes fraught with information difficult to obtain. The bookseller, although he asked a fair price, seemed to have no idea of the literary importance of any collection which had been part of Mr. Croker's library.

The other incident is connected with the late Lord Malmesbury. Engaged at that time on the closing volume of "Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century," and approaching the epoch during which the Lord of Heron's Court held the Seals of the Foreign Office, I was surprised to get a communication from his Lordship asking me to consider the question of publishing facts dealing with the origin of the Crimean War which had been revealed to him in the course of his Ministerial career, and observing that as all the parties concerned were dead there could be no object in preserving silence upon the matters in question. He added that his statements were derived from a diary compiled day by day at the time of the various occurrences recorded. Can it be wondered that, anxious to reproduce every noteworthy in-

cident in the Statesmen's lives, I gladly gave these facts on Lord Malmesbury's unimpeachable authority?

When, however, my friend Mr. Kirwan read a slashing article in the "Saturday Review" denying the possibility of these revelations being true, he lamented that they were included in "Foreign Secretaries" without some further testimony than that of the *ipse dixit* of an ex-Foreign Secretary whose alleged defective powers of memory and sight combined were put forward as the cause of his making such a *faux pas* by the hostile critic in question, whom I afterwards discovered to have been the well-known Mr. George Venables. In short, my gratification at being permitted to publish such a "circumstance" which throws—to use the expression of the late Mr. Henry Reeve, Editor of the "Greville Memoirs" (Part III. Vol. I. p. 545)—"an entirely new light on the causes of the Crimean War," was somewhat disturbed by what might perhaps be called a little storm of indignant incredulity displayed in public criticism and private expostulation or resentment. For some time Mr. Reeve strenuously asserted his disbelief in Lord Malmesbury's allegations about the Memorandum in question; but on finding them confirmed by statements in the Greville papers, he tendered me in conversation a handsome acknowledgment of his discovery that I had been right all the time.

I had not, however, acted in this matter without receiving private assurances from the sixth Lord Barrington (Mr. Disraeli's confidant) that the facts were as I had stated, as well as possessing extracts from those diplomatic diaries at Heron's Court confirming Lord Malmesbury's verbal statements, which extracts were afterwards published verbatim by Lord Malmesbury himself in his "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister" (1884).

Lord Malmesbury was very definite in his statement to me that on assuming office in 1853, Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, drew his attention to a small box which would be given him, and which was not to be placed in the Foreign Office, but handed from one Parliamentary Secretary

of that department to another. The box came and in it was the agreement in question.

The note by the Editors of "Queen Victoria's Letters" which themselves contain no reference to the Memorandum was as follows:—

"Another historic royal visit also took place in 1844, that of the Emperor Nicholas, who no doubt was so much impressed by his friendly reception both by the Court and by Aberdeen, the Foreign Secretary, that nine years later he thought he could calculate on the support of England in a scheme for the partition of Turkey. Lord Malmesbury, who a few years later became Foreign Secretary, states in his Memoirs that during his visit to England in 1844 the Czar, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Aberdeen 'drew up and signed a Memorandum the spirit and scope of which was to support Russia in her legitimate protectorship of the Greek religion and the Holy Shrines and to do so without consulting France'; but the Memorandum was really only one made by Nicholas of his recollection of the interview and communicated subsequently to Lord Aberdeen."

This note implicitly supports Lord Malmesbury's account by admitting the occurrence of such an interview as he described, while it emphasises the point implied by Lord Malmesbury that any memorandum communicated by the Tsar Nicholas to Lord Aberdeen was only a private statement of "recollections of the interview," and throws neither light nor suspicion on the Memorandum brought in a box to Lord Malmesbury when he became Foreign Secretary. It is highly probable that this document would be destroyed in the late forties or early fifties of the nineteenth century, and the only persons whose certified denial of its existence would be generally convincing were Lord Aberdeen and his successors at the Foreign Office, Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, Lord John Russell, and Lord Clarendon. It would be ludicrous to maintain that Nicholas's recollections were not

fortified by full notes of the terms of agreement taken by the Tsar at the interview or immediately after it.

Mr. Burdett Coutts, M.P., asked a question in the House of Commons of the Under-Secretary of State as to whether any record of the transaction existed in the Foreign Office, the answer being in the negative.

But the very essence of Lord Malmesbury's statement consisted in the fact that the document was not to be placed in the Foreign Office, but handed from one Secretary to another. I may add that the Minister who gave this reply never denied the general truth of Lord Malmesbury's averment either in public or in conversation with me on the point.

In reference to the anxiety of Baron Brunnow about this Memorandum as recounted in "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," it should be noted that the Russian Ambassador was with the Emperor at all functions from landing to embarkation in 1844, and that Count Orloff was in the suite with Prince Radziwill. His Imperial Majesty was certainly not without diplomatic advice on this occasion. It is fair to the Tsar to state that the "partition of Turkey," named by the Editors of "Queen Victoria's Letters," was a totally different question to the original cause of the dispute, viz., the custody of the Holy Shrines.

My dear friend Mr. Kirwan never ceased to forecast troublous anxieties over my acceptance of Lord Malmesbury's proffered assistance towards completing the account of his Foreign Secretaryship, and, as I have intimated, he was not altogether wrong.

On the other hand, when I did get into the House of Commons twenty years after, I had determined to deal only with questions current in and out of my own constituency, and avoid all diplomatic rumours and suggestions as part of the Foreign Affairs which were no longer considered within the sphere of general politics.

I was not destined to see much of this wise counsellor and friend Mr. Kirwan after we returned home to Battersea Rise; though, meeting him once or twice at the Duke of Norfolk's

London house, I still had tidings of his Bournemouth life and occupations.

Not by any means a mere student, Mr. Kirwan exercised a wide philanthropy towards his fellow-creatures, and took great pleasure in soothing the last hours of those victims to consumption who were in the final stage of the complaint at the Firs Home. Indeed he would stay with any strangers who lacked companionship to their last moments, and it is interesting to have learned from him that in many cases, silently and without any apparent suffering, the soul separated itself from the body. This Christian almoner confided to me that some of his friends thus leaving the world they knew and loved communicated to him the painlessness of their condition when departure was imminent.

If only to have met one like John Stratford Kirwan must have rendered social life at Bournemouth memorable; when another sympathetic authority on all that makes learning useful to the ordinary layman was at hand in the person of F. A. Paley, ever ready to give of his best to chosen friends—then indeed was it a privilege to be one of these.

Our sojourn at Bournemouth was soon brought to a close owing to the death of Miss A. M. Thornton.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTRODUCTION TO PUBLIC LIFE DURING TIMES OF DISTRESS IN BATTERSEA.

ON speaking of our return to Battersea Rise House from Bournemouth under totally new conditions, I am called upon to enter upon the last part of the self-allotted task it has not been easy to perform.

The home bereft of its honoured head and of the daughter, whose character was so like his that the resemblance was often noticed, seemed of course a different place. In Miss A. M. Thornton it was easy to recognize the supreme thoughtfulness for others which, combined with Christian culture, had rendered the old home so long a haven of restful hospitality. Mr. H. S. Thornton's had, on the whole, been a most prosperous life, although to more than one great sorrow had been in later days added that of the untimely loss of his only son and representative, Mr. H. C. S. Thornton, a blow which no doubt weighed much upon him.

It was, however, mercifully ordained that he should not be cognisant of the fatal termination of the illness which had so long afflicted his daughter and the family. His career was of unusual interest and importance, although a self-denying ordinance checked any Parliamentary aspiration which might seem natural to the first son of Henry Thornton, M.P.

The duty now developed upon the writer to keep together for a time the traditions of each side of the family upon the soil rendered almost sacred by its former associations (to use Lord Beaconsfield's words regarding the neighbourhood). The wide knowledge of his kinsmen which my father possessed enabled me to fulfil this mission, inasmuch as I had

but to follow the line chosen for me by one whose presence was welcome at every family fireside and who had been the trusted friend of his cousin Henry Sykes Thornton. But the business necessarily transacted at this time had been undertaken by the genial Banker Mr. W. S. Deacon and Mr. William Dealtry, C.M.G., the trustee of the Battersea Rise House estate. Mr. Dealtry was the son of Archdeacon Dealtry, the celebrated Rector of Clapham (of whom I have spoken several times), and represented a family conspicuous by the ability of several of his generation and name.

Many years at the Colonial Office, Mr. Dealtry had been placed in official contact with prominent personages such as Sir James Stephen, Lord Blachford (Sir F. Rogers), Lord Stanley, afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby, the Rupert of debate, and Mr. Gladstone. He also in youth knew and admired Francis, Lord Jeffrey. Although officially reticent on contemporary matters, as is to be expected of any permanent official, Mr. Dealtry possessed a retentive memory of the sayings and habits of these remarkable men as well as those of others too numerous to mention here. His sisters, Mrs. H. S. Thornton and Mrs. Locock, also inherited the peculiar faculty of giving sympathetic attention to the thoughts and opinions of those around them, while interspersing their own conversation with a bright and ever ready wit.

So it was that clever people like Robert Bickersteth (Bishop of Ripon), Lord Houghton, Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. Tom Taylor, as well as rising young literary and political aspirants, such as Sir Clement Kinloch Cooke, historian and M.P., were ever ready to join the happy circle at Battersea Rise House, while Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and in later times Bishop Rowley Hill of Sodor and Man appreciated nothing better than a chat with Mrs. Alfred Locock, whose numberless friends knew her best as "Ba". When this dearly prized family friend passed away, numerous good stories of the Prelate, known to contemporaries as "Soapy Sam," died with her. The two were fast and warm friends.

Mr. Dealtry's eldest son William when leaving Eton was

declared in his leaving book to have been the best runner ever at that royal seat of learning. As the boyish competitor and school conqueror of C. B. Lawes in the one mile race at Eton his name became historic in athletic circles under Royal Henry's shades by Father Thames. That he went into business straight from Eton and did not go to either University accounts for his name not appearing in connexion with the athletic revival of 1866.

A daughter of Mr. Dealtry, C.M.G., had been allied to Mr. Daniel Sykes, one of the branch of a family whose main Yorkshire possession is at West Ella near Hull, but whose own contiguous home was known as Raywell. This Mr. Daniel Sykes living successively at Druidstoke and Oaklands, Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, gained a name for local philanthropy while in business at Bristol, which, combined with a personal popularity there quite remarkable, revived in the West traditions such as had rendered a former alliance of Sykes and Thornton memorable in Yorkshire. Indeed the wife of Henry Thornton, the great M.P. for Southwark, was Marianne, daughter of Joseph Sykes of West Ella, whose portrait by Hoppner appeared in the Royal Academy in 1796. Their granddaughter, Miss Emily Thornton, married a brother of Daniel Sykes, Major Cam Sykes, eminent in the profession of Arms, having served through the Crimean War and witnessed the night retreat of the Russian Army from Sebastopol—experiences of which he would seldom speak, accompanied as they doubtless had been with sad memories of lost friends who fell in that arduous campaign. Both as a soldier and in after years as a banker it may be said of Major Cam Sykes “in quietness and confidence was his strength”.

Another brother-in-law, Mr. R. Ruthven Pym, has been named amongst the members of his race in Bedfordshire and also incidentally as a London banker who gave much of his time to work at the Middlesex Hospital, being also connected with divers other charities for a long period. But he will be best remembered outside the circle of his relatives by having been chosen by the Ecclesiastical authorities at St. Paul's

Cathedral to act as volunteer verger when crowds of worshippers sought for places whence they could hear the sermons of Canon Liddon, Bishop Magee, and Harvey Goodwin, as well as others of repute who possessed unusual religious knowledge and pulpit eloquence. His first cousin, Mr. Guy Pym, already mentioned, and whose career is related in the "Gleanings," came to Battersea Rise with him about this time (1885), and formed an alliance with the youngest daughter of the house.

Mr. R. Ruthven Pym's second daughter married the Rev. Marshall Tweddell, a clergyman who made a considerable mark both as a minister and a writer on religion, in the Diocese of London. Just when comparative leisure in a country cure had given his friends reason to hope that he would have opportunities for producing more sacred works, he was taken away from them.

Another person connected with the Battersea Rise side of the family, whose original mode of thought combined with a depth of character quite unusual—revealed mostly to those amongst whom he was best known—endeared him to all such associates, was Dr. Reginald Southey, a kinsman of the Lake Poet, married to Marianne Thornton, daughter of Prebendary Watson Thornton, the second son of Henry Thornton, M.P. She is sister to H. S. Thornton and his younger brother Charles Inglis Thornton, the cricketer.

Something of Dr. Southey's innermost thought is revealed in the verse he wrote and desired should be placed on his grave.

Mark this dark shadow which the sun indites,
Learn too the lesson that its passage writes,
Pause here no longer, use the allotted span
Given thee to make thee an eternal man.

Settled down at Battersea Rise House with all its literary attraction I did not find the pursuit of letters quite sufficient as a regular employment to satisfy the sense of duty towards the surging population which ever more thickly encircled the secluded garden and grounds, an invasion which it was as impossible as undesirable to ignore.

Through the encouragement of Canon Erskine Clarke, the energetic Vicar of Battersea, who made me his Churchwarden in 1885, I was thrown into the municipal life there when the local body now known as a Borough Council could only claim the dignity of a Vestry. Therein opportunity was afforded to witness several local debates wherein foemen worthy of any forensic assembly were pitted one against another. The late Mr. Andrew Cameron was a remarkable municipal worker, capable of defending the opinions he held in the debates which his own and Mr. Edward Wood's speeches rendered memorable in the Battersea annals.

Mr. Andrew Cameron, although crippled by rheumatic gout, had an indomitable public spirit; and the success of the Public Libraries movement in the vast Battersea area must be in a great degree placed to his credit. He and one or two other coadjutors certainly elevated the tone of each discussion, and had John Burns himself stepped down into the official arena at this period from that of outside irresponsibility, he would have found either potent allies or foemen worthy of his steel.

It was indeed a privilege to have heard these clever contentions from the lips of such men and to become familiar thereby with local affairs. In the capacity of Vicar's Warden, I was also enabled to rescue the tomb of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, the Minister of Queen Anne, from the obliteration which threatened the record of its exact position. In concurrence with the wishes of the St. John family, and of Lord Bolingbroke in particular, the following Inscription was placed on the stone beneath which some of those living in Battersea had seen the great statesman's coffin.

HENRY ST. JOHN
Viscount Bolingbroke
Secretary of State
to Queen Anne
Born 1678. Died 1751

This epoch in our history was one wherein it needed the

best brain power of England's sons to save her from domestic strife. The state of the waifs and strays of society was more miserable in the southern riverside districts of London than the oldest inhabitants of Battersea, Wandsworth, or South Lambeth remembered, or than their successors have experienced since. There was at that time no Central Unemployed Committee for the Metropolis, nor had Parliament discussed the causes which were at the root of the evil. Although I am here speaking mainly of the state of affairs in and around Battersea Rise, the social disease raged in the very centre of the Metropolis. Turbulent forces appeared on the surface of society, and for several days order was menaced in the West End of the Metropolis.

As an example and justification for such a statement I may cite the fact that the family carriage from our house on Clapham Common just escaped the pillage which had overtaken its predecessor in Hyde Park by the coachman turning sharp to the left into Park Lane. Ladies in the assailed vehicle were politely asked to give up their valuables in the old-fashioned highwayman style, and in the confusion which prevailed acquiesced. It is hard to realize that such an experience as this can be recorded during the decade which closed in 1890, although long before that date order had been firmly re-established.

At Battersea the local expression of internal suffering which organized bands of unemployed workmen adopted was an insistence on the right to attend Divine service at St. Mary's Parish Church, coupled with a demand that the Vicar of Battersea, the Rev. Canon Erskine Clarke, should preach from and upon the injustice of those asking for bread being given a stone; an allusion to needy men out of work having to labour in the parish stone-yard before receiving the small assistance which could properly be bestowed.

Ultimately the Canon faced the situation, and preached the sermon with great success, improving the occasion of getting so many poor men into the parish church who were strangers to the worship there. But the going and returning

to and from the parish church of large masses of unemployed escorted by policemen caused to many of us a time of anxiety on behalf of the peace of Battersea. My colleague, Mr. Edward Wood, J.P., appeared to think the summoning of the police had been premature; and apparently held the opinion that a risk of disturbance had been run when order was not seriously threatened.

But I can never forget that on more than one previous Sunday demonstrations had been made during the service in different parts of the Metropolis, and that in some instances brawling had occurred during the prayer for the Sovereign. This I held to be an incident which never ought to be repeated, and certainly I felt it my duty as the Vicar's Churchwarden to exhaust every legal power in order to prevent.

I should not like my readers to assume that the sources of private charity were not drawn upon for the alleviation of the distress which was at the root of the evil. We had our Distress Committee and a fairly liberal subscription was received from the Battersea people. My friend Major G. S. Windham acted as Secretary to the Fund, while I worked with him as Treasurer; so that we were able in unison with the Vestry authorities to give a number of men two shillings and sixpence on alternate days for screening gravel that the late Mr. Pilditch, the eminent road surveyor, wished to be made ready for use. To get this small pittance I have seen strong men beg most piteously, so great was the need at that moment. It was Major Windham's and my own duty to sit far into the night looking into the cases, and later in the winter this philanthropic effort was rendered more palatable to the poor sufferers by the institution of a soup kitchen near the works, which were situated close to the Latchmere Allotments, now partly covered by workmen's dwellings.

Numerous indeed are the memories crowding one's mind at this period, and although Battersea Rise was our home, the ever-ready welcome at The Precincts, Canterbury, and 7 Bedford Square, London, extended by the Archdeacon of Maidstone and Mrs. Harrison, stands out prominently.

Cricket, hunting, and pleasant re-unions with old friends are owing to these two hospitable relatives, who seldom left these two residences. Once Lady Leven induced them to travel all the way up to Glenfurness on the Findhorn, which they reached one summer's evening; but, notwithstanding their seeing it under pleasant auspices, both of weather and warmth of family welcome, an early return to Dunphail Station was arranged for the following morning, in order that the Arch-deacon might not be absent from a visitation in Kent which was to be held twenty-four hours later.

About this time my cousin Lord Houghton's health began to flag most alarmingly, but his mental and bodily activity remained unimpaired. He had received a shock by having been pushed about in a well-meaning patriotic crowd which had collected to welcome Lord Wolseley back from Tel-el-Kebir and his Egyptian successes generally. I thought at the time that the very independence of mind which prompted his presence unattended on such an occasion was likely to be a drawback to recovery from a liability to cardiac attacks. He welcomed every opportunity to stay at his old haunts at Battersea Rise, and there shortly before the close of his life met Dr. H. M. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the late Head Master of Harrow, and Mr. (Bishop) Welldon, the newly elected Head. On that occasion he was the soul of the party, leading conversation and telling interesting anecdotes about the Cambridge of his time which deeply interested all of us present.

Although his visit was a brief one, it was not long before he returned full of all the news from the great Council of the Nation gathered from his seat in the House of Peers. I thought him very poorly, and attempted to dissuade his dining with the late Lord Redesdale at an official entertainment preparatory to joining Lady Galway at Vichy. Indeed we all saw that a quiet rest in the shades of Clapham would be beneficial, but failed to deflect Lord Houghton's movements. He passed away at Vichy on 11 August, 1815, aged 76. When so many mourned in different climes, the gap in the

life of a humble relative can scarcely be weighed in comparison to the general loss sustained. Nevertheless he had extended the friendly hand of kinsmanship from father to son, and I deeply felt his death.

It has been previously stated how I had become a staunch supporter of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, so that when the Home Rule proposals of Mr. Gladstone dawned upon the political stage I was actively concerned in the local politics and became Treasurer of the Unionist Association of Clapham. Never were more onerous and uncongenial duties undertaken, involving the asking for financial help from all classes. Not even could zeal prompted by what I faithfully thought to be true patriotism reconcile me quite to this. Duty took me to call at the beautiful home of the late Sir Philip Currie, afterwards Lord Currie, British Ambassador at Constantinople. He received me with that courtesy and kindness which let it be said I nearly always experienced during these visits. After speaking to me about the Thorntons and their Clapham traditions he diplomatically reminded me that one holding his position in the Foreign Office was constrained to avoid taking any part in politics. I thought, but did not say so, that the man who brought the Treaty of Berlin back to London, with Mr. Arthur Balfour as a colleague, was more or less committed privately to support the views of their great Master, Lord Beaconsfield.

On another occasion I visited the ample mansion of the business manager of a great London emporium, and here the owner came into the drawing-room with the open arm of friendly welcome, but stopping short before we sat down remarked: "I know your errand. Not one single penny, remember!" So I had to rest content with a highly respectable name and the assurance of the gentleman's personal predilection for our cause.

Only in one instance did something short of complete embarrassment assail Mr. Gilliat, the Unionist candidate, and myself, and that was when we were admonished by an elderly gentleman in epigrammatical not to say hortatory

style for the alleged crime of forsaking the political faith of our family.

Mr. Gilliat, who succeeded in winning the election, had like myself known Clapham and its people since childhood.

Literature occupied much time during this epoch. My friend the late Sir Fleetwood Edwards, finding that following on the Brunswick Accession I was meditating a historical sketch of the Stuarts from the time of their inheriting the Kingdom of Scotland until they lost two thrones in 1745, gained for me the Royal permission to see the papers in the Library at Windsor which were deposited there at the desire of the Cardinal of York. Working hard at this undertaking I sojourned for some time at Boulogne in the year 1888 by way of taking a change, but on returning to Clapham I was attacked by a mysterious fever which although intermittent was of great violence and lasted upwards of three months. It pleased God that I should recover from this visitation contrary to the expectation of those around me, and I feel that I owe my life to the devoted care rendered by my dear friend Dr. Dunbar of Clapham, and also to the sage advice and kindly encouragement of Dr. (now Sir Thomas) Lauder Brunton.

All the time during this illness I was eager to resume my studies and finish the volume of which the late Queen Victoria was graciously pleased to accept the dedication and subsequently a copy of the work, Her Majesty's gracious appreciation of which has already been duly acknowledged (Chap. XIV, p. 222).

CHAPTER XVII.

POLITICS AT CLAPHAM. EXPERIENCES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1891-1900.

It is difficult to imagine anyone taken more by surprise than I was, when early in 1892, after the late Mr. John Gilliat's resolution to retire at the pending general election, Mr. John Hopgood, the Chairman of the Clapham Conservative and Unionist Association, appeared at Battersea Rise House to suggest that my name should be brought forward as the successor of our tried and popular representative.

I had never in my wildest moments thought of such an outcome of my literary work and reading, and to replace this congenial occupation by another, for which I did not regard myself either suited or properly prepared, seemed at first blush quite unthinkable. But Mr. Hopgood seemed so impressed with the importance of the Parliamentary tradition behind the Clapham Thorntons that he would take no denial on the grounds indicated. Neither did he see any substance in what I told him regarding a convinced adherence to Free-Trade principles, despite having heard most of the leading Committee men connected with our Clapham Unionist Association advance arguments on behalf of so-called Reciprocity and Fair Trade, which I remember my friend Lord Jersey about that time aptly described as "Protection in a fancy dress". Mr. Hopgood did not think—taking his views from the official Unionist benches—that the subject would come to the front in our times. And had not the great Mr. Chamberlain himself smashed the dragon up with sweeps of a two-edged sword?

Ultimately Mr. Hopgood not only quieted my scruples

but also having gained the ear of the ladies of the family, departed with a general family adherence to his proposal that he should place my name before the Council.

It all happened so swiftly that neither the Chairman nor myself realized that others might be found who doubted the wisdom of our action, when other good men and true stood ready to take the position of candidate for Clapham; while one notable rival seemed to some Conservatives more fitted by training, legal knowledge and forensic powers than could be said of a literary ex-athlete of 50, loving his study and his books much as he had been attracted by the running ground, the cricket field, and the river-side in bygone years, and was still so attracted in spare moments.

But a word is due concerning Mr. John Gilliat's resignation of his Clapham seat. One of those who had wrested a seat from his opponents on the occasion when Mr. Fletcher Moulton, the eminent Senior Wrangler of 1868, now Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, F.R.S., decided to support Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule proposals in 1886, Mr. John Gilliat must always merit the distinction which accompanies electoral success at a critical epoch in the fortunes of the Unionist party. Moreover he proved himself a good member both at Clapham and at Westminster, where, to the writer's knowledge, his advice was often sought. The electoral episodes connected with 1886-92 had been as creditable to Mr. Fletcher Moulton as to Mr. Gilliat. Indeed the magnanimity of the great Liberal and Radical statesman towards those responsible for the attack on and loss of his seat in 1886 simply knew no bounds. The temporary check happened at an important moment of a career the struggle to secure which ended on the judicial bench owing to native genius. By none more than the writer is the magnanimity of Mr. Moulton, evinced towards his political opponents, more gratefully felt.

It soon became apparent that my friend Mr. Herbert Robertson thought it right to place his services again at the command of the Association, the members of which had once

before decided to support Mr. Gilliat in 1886. But a public meeting held soon after a majority of the Council had declared for my candidature was so divided in opinion that the Chairman, Sir Richard Webster (now Lord Alverstone), recommended that the rival claims of the two Unionist aspirants for the representation of Clapham should be submitted to the decision of the revered chief, Lord Salisbury.

The writer, in reply to a question sent him by a local clergyman, had stated an intention to support the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill should he be elected, and found that its opponents had sufficient backers amongst Clapham Unionists to add to the question which candidate his Lordship advised the party to select, another query as to whether holding this view on the social matter alluded to did not *ipso facto* disqualify any Conservative aspirant for Parliamentary honours, so far at least as the House of Commons was concerned.

The existence of this contentious addendum to the more general question of efficiency to lead and advise one's neighbours on political questions was not disclosed until Lord Salisbury's subjoined decision was announced.

“20 ARLINGTON STREET, S.W.,

“March 4, 1891.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have considered very carefully the documents which you were good enough to forward to me in respect to the selection of a Conservative candidate for Clapham. I feel much honoured by the reference which has been made to me, and the request that I should decide between the rival claims of Mr. Thornton and Mr. Robertson. But the merits of both candidates stand so high, and the difference between their various claims is so small, that the task has been one of no little difficulty.

“On the whole I am of opinion that the meeting of the Council held on the 15th December was properly summoned in accordance with the Rules of the Association, and that a substantial majority of those duly elected re-

representatives were of deliberate opinion that Mr. Thornton's candidature was the most likely to be successful, and that his name must therefore be taken to have been selected by the majority of the Conservative Party in the Borough.

"There is only one other circumstance of which I think it necessary to take notice. Mr. Thornton holds views on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister which are opposed to the opinions of many Conservatives in the Borough, and to which I am myself opposed. But it has for a great number of years been agreed that this question should be looked upon as open in the Conservative Party; and to make it a ground for rejecting a candidate who would otherwise be acceptable, would in my judgment be an unfortunate step, as it would be a departure from that understanding. From the tone in which this controversy has been conducted, and in which the final reference to arbitration was agreed upon, I feel convinced that this difference of opinion will be productive of no division in the party, but that all members of it will feel that the choice and hearty support of a common candidate is the indispensable condition of success.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"SALISBURY.

"JOHN HORGOD, Esq."

Mr. Herbert Robertson represented South Hackney in Parliament between 1895-1906 with success, and made several excellent speeches in the House of Commons.

Although confirmed in the position of Parliamentary candidate for Clapham, it by no means followed that, because a victory had been won there in 1886 over Mr. Moulton, I could hold the seat for the Unionists against the able assaults of the present Home Secretary, Mr. McKenna. For some time I was, so to speak, forced to wage a struggle on two

fronts, and it was not until the evident popularity of my opponent became apparent and dissentient Unionists joined hands on my behalf that I could devote my full energies to defending the Union with Ireland once more seriously menaced by Mr. Gladstone.

But for some deeply serious purpose to pursue, I never could have entered into the turmoil of this long electoral contest with sufficient *vis vivida* to carry it through.

The fervent admiration felt by all Unionists for Mr. Balfour's courageous and statesmanlike treatment of the turbulent and stormy condition of the Sister Island, when he was Chief Secretary in 1887, had filled his followers' minds with gratitude to that brave politician. I may add that, according to the belief on which I acted, no argument had been produced by Mr. Gladstone to convince any student of history that the policy of Mr. Pitt in 1800, when he chose an incorporated union as the best means of conserving Irish resources and protecting her population from religious outbursts between two rival creeds, could, under the conditions prevalent in 1892, be reversed with safety to the Empire.

But in 1892 the Gladstonians were by no means lavish with their advocacy of Home Rule in certain parts of the constituencies, and fervent Home Ruler as he then was, and now is, Mr. McKenna fought the battle more on the "siege of London" programme, embracing as it did taxation of land values and social reform, than on the vital subject itself.

At last, in July, 1892, the long-expected general election came. Lord Salisbury's had been a notable administration, not without spots in the sun of its well-sustained popularity, for upwards of five years. Clapham was fought very keenly to the last, and opinions varied from time to time as to the chances of a Thornton standing where the name had for more than a century been known in the neighbourhood, and a young, able, and ever ready London lawyer in Mr. McKenna, whose political faculties and forensic resources Mr. Gladstone himself recognized, when he came to speak

for the Liberal and Radical candidate from the Rev. Guinness Roger's home just opposite to Battersea Rise House. That with perfect taste the merits of the two candidates were disclosed, I need hardly add, when Mr. Gladstone dealt with personal comparisons, but he did indicate his belief that a distinguished political career was before my opponent. That this has been justified no student of the naval debates in the Parliament of 1906 can deny ; because although the Estimates have not fulfilled the desire of many thinking men and of some naval critics well able to judge, yet it cannot be questioned that at present the British Fleet and personnel are *facile princeps*.

That Mr. McKenna had resisted the onslaughts of Radical extremists on this question of naval defence with so much success is certainly greatly to his credit. In 1895 the future First Lord found a seat in Monmouthshire.

The Clapham majority was 644 ; the occasion being celebrated in electoral history by the return of Mr. John Burns for the Battersea Division, the other half of the borough, by 1559 over a most honourable and popular opponent in the late Walter Moresby Chinnery, who did not, however, succeed in gaining a political position akin to that he long held in the amateur athletic world.

Fifty is certainly late to enter the House of Commons, but in my own case the fact was accepted as a matter of course by a voter whose independence of character gave weight to his views.

When canvassing the poor district of White Square, Clapham, this local Diogenes was not to be tempted from his summer evening haunt opposite his cottage dwelling where he sat pipe in mouth surveying the passers by. "Election," he said, "is there? All right, it's the same old man"—alluding somewhat prematurely and not intentionally with disrespect to my good friend and predecessor, Mr. Gilliat.

I can remember how, when first taking my seat in the House of Commons, I was impressed by the friendly toleration of rival extremists one towards another. Embittered

personal relations seemed to be entirely out of place within those historic portals, and one was subsequently at a loss to understand how a sudden unexampled electricity changed the demeanour of Members generally when nearing the close of the Home Rule debates.

After entering the edifice I took a walk on the Terrace, and the first person I met there was my old friend, Mr. Robert Reid, now Lord Loreburn. We entered into conversation regarding the necessities of our poorer neighbours, which he strongly pressed upon my attention as a Private Member. Although fully in sympathy with his philanthropy, and filled with a desire that the best should be done, no political remedy was suggested by either of us, but goodwill was expressed generally towards the unfortunate. I was much impressed with the serious spirit in which my friend evidently approached these great questions.

We certainly commenced the Parliament in a formal and stately fashion by re-electing Mr. Peel as Speaker, and then submitting to the exigencies of a formal set debate, wherein—after Mr. Asquith had set forth the reasons why Mr. Gladstone at the head of a bare majority of 40 should displace Lord Salisbury, still the master of serried legions—the fall of the Unionist Government was decreed. Only two instances do I remember which relieved the formality of the incisive and eloquent addresses of the several leaders. One was that Mr. Chamberlain, fresh from the platform, commenced by the words “Mr. Chairman,” instead of “Mr. Speaker”; the other that a somewhat lengthy speech of the popular Mr. Chaplin, spoken just before the fateful division was expected, had to be delivered amidst a constant but not ill-tempered fire of interruptions.

I have been since informed that more than one Unionist arrived from the country during the utterance of the true blue beliefs of the Squire of Blankney.

The reason why the spirit of party tolerance became nearly eliminated and replaced for a time by inexorable public discord, aye, private animosity even raising its head, seems

to have been a revolt against the autocracy of Mr. Gladstone, who, in a British minority of 23, was undoing the work of Mr. Pitt by a majority which on the question of the retention of the Irish Members at Westminster fell to 14, while the third reading was only carried by 34.

Moreover, it must be remembered that with the exception of debates ending nominally at 12 p.m. the Rules of the House of Commons had not been materially changed since Speaker Brand took upon himself to crush obstruction such as obviously paralysed the daily work of the nation and the House of Commons, while Mr. Gladstone's administration established the precedent of closing by compartments, applying it to the Crimes Act. Resort might be made to exceptional measures should the Constitutional machine be again choked, and so brought to a standstill; but would anything in the past, Unionists contended, justify forcing this inadequately considered measure through the House of Commons, so using machinery intended, it was urged, for totally different conditions.

The sages of the Reporters' Gallery did not at any rate credit the probability of the Home Rule Bill getting through the Lower Chamber, and the officials of the House were obviously in anxious conclave before a scheme for closure by compartments was devised at the instance of such slender majorities.

Speaker Peel exercised a strong and ruling authority over the proceedings, and his decisions were never questioned. It was otherwise with the late Mr. Mellor, the Chairman of Committees, who scarcely, in the writer's opinion, received fair play and must be considered unlucky in being chosen by a Government wielding such a tiny majority as Chairman in a session when administrative measures like the Army Annual Bill were fought line by line. The Opposition believed themselves justified in adding to the embarrassed official's obvious discomfiture, by interruptions, which the strongest Chairman would have failed to quell unless he had a more reliable majority always in the Chamber.

Certainly the then Chairman of Committees sought to be fair, and if he erred the Opposition had little cause of complaint. Whether or not the Bill would go through the Commons furnished conversation for every politician's breakfast and dinner tables, so that few other matters came under consideration. Nevertheless justice bids one to remember how strong and successful a stand the late Lord Spencer, despite these distracting circumstances, made at the Admiralty for the maintenance of the Fleet at its proper level, also that his success set a precedent which, in times of almost revolutionary change, succeeding Radical First Lords will do well to remember.

In every Legislative assembly there are those who are accepted as friends and business counsellors outside the political arena, and some of these on the Unionist side, after full opportunities for consideration, ventured to express the opinion that on the whole Nationalist M.P.'s did not think their majority large enough to ensure success.

No doubt the energies of our Unionist minority were strained to the uttermost during the session which compares for strenuous exertion even with that of 1887, all things being considered. The Peers themselves saw that if a stand was to be made up in the celestial atmosphere which they inhabited unfailing attendance by Unionists must first be sustained in the House of Commons and their opposition there remain unswerving.

I have never been able to see how anything unconstitutional or deceptive can be charged against the Peers at this turning point in modern history.

POLITICAL LEADERS, 1892-5.

I make but passing reference to the combination of talent afforded in the House of Lords by Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Lansdowne standing on the same platform, but turn instinctively to the Chamber wherein I possessed a seat which was generally occupied, so that I had abundant opportunity of observing the course of this great

Parliamentary struggle. The brunt of the defence of the union fell upon Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. The former statesman, owing to his successful experience as Irish Secretary in 1887, had all the necessary facts at hand, while his knowledge of Irish history since the union came out prominently throughout the debates. He displayed no sort of personal animus against the Irish Nationalists, and treated Mr. Gladstone most respectfully, although firmly adhering to the position he had been led to take up by observation and conviction. Undoubtedly the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, who had at first wavered and sought refuge in national councils or some such devices, had eventually with all the facts before him ranged himself by the side of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour contributed greatly to the determination expressed at the election of 1892 by so many English voters, that neither Scotch nor Welsh nor Irish defections should hinder them from protecting the Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

But the Unionist leaders became aware that they were engaged in no unequal struggle. Despite the fact that the two chosen champions I have named were well backed up by an enthusiastic phalanx of private Members, and supported from the Front Bench by the courage, skill and determination of Mr. Goschen, they had to deal with those who spoke with no less certain sound and who could claim at least equal capacity and strength of will. I had been accustomed to hear Mr. Gladstone speak in the House of Commons before I entered that august assemblage, and had studied his career as presenting an important part of modern Parliamentary history, and it is needless to say that I yielded to none in admiration of this magnificent historical figure. But during the second series of Home Rule debates the Liberal Premier seemed to allow all his great gifts to concentrate upon a whole-hearted praise of the Irish Nationalists, with whom he had allied his Government. And if Mr. Gladstone was deluded, as all Unionists believe, by prognostications of possible prosperity which might attend a semi-independent

Ireland, he had at least allied himself to a phalanx of notable capacity, under the leadership of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the accomplished *littérateur* and historian. The unfortunate fight in the House of Commons stands as evidence of the long-pent-up passions, stirred as they were to the uttermost by much personal altercation, and finally brought to a head by the gibes which Mr. Gladstone then directed against his dreaded antagonist Mr. Chamberlain, whom he compared to the "Devil's advocate".

PERSONAL.

If asked how I discharged the duties of my novel position, my answer must be simply that I tried to do my best. It soon became apparent that knowledge of current political events, as well as familiarity with modern history, which had sufficed to provide platform answers, and sometimes confound unfriendly critics during a contested election, did not provide the Member for a suburban constituency with a panoply of attack and defence such as is requisite for ordinary success in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, after a victory over such a contestant as Mr. McKenna, it became necessary for me to give my opinions upon Home Rule during the debates on the Bill. This I attempted one evening during the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's measure, and opened my record with a mistake which it would be impossible to make at the present time. In 1892 there was an interval of an hour at eight o'clock during which the Speaker or Chairmen of Committees might snatch a hasty meal. On the occasion I mention several arose to speak, and the stentorian tones in which Mr. Peel called the name "Thornton" will not be forgotten by me. Springing to my feet I began at once to roll out my carefully prepared opening sentences without discovering that after putting me in possession of the House *after* the adjournment, the Speaker had called out the mystic words "Order, order," and straightway vacated the chair, which I was consequently addressing when unoccupied, and with no audience beyond those who,

before leaving the Chamber, stopped to gaze on the unwonted spectacle. Newspapers of each side in politics made copy out of the temporary discomfiture of the Member for Clapham, who, nevertheless, on the Speaker's return, came satisfactorily out of a passing controversy with some of the Irish Members on a matter of historical interpretation, and crossed swords with the late J. W. Crombie, M.P. for Kincardineshire, without disaster, there and then establishing a comradeship with him which never was broken to the day of his lamented death. My main contention consisted in urging that throughout the campaign up to the general election, Radicals, and London Radicals in particular, had avoided the straight issue of "Home Rule" and descanted on popular promises associated with the so-called "Siege of London," mentioned à propos of Mr. McKenna's candidature of Clapham.

The fagged condition of mind and body into which Members of the Lower House had drifted when the second Home Rule Bill went to the House of Lords for consideration was the natural result of a long tension aggravated by weary sittings extended far into the morning. For not only had the twelve o'clock rule been frequently suspended, but it must also be remembered that even to the present day certain financial business can be dealt with after the nominal hour, wherein "Who goes home?" should ring through the lobbies, library, and smoking-rooms, being echoed along the Terrace overlooking the Thames.

Both sides of the House had entered into their political duties with grim determination, as is proved very plainly by the division lists. On the Opposition side, well supplied as it was with diligent and devoted Unionists, three notable protagonists, private Members, possessed records which stamped them as having been specially gifted with patient capacity for endurance, viz., Lord Carmarthen (the present Duke of Leeds, then M.P. for Brixton), Mr. Hayes Fisher (M.P. for Fulham, where now he holds the fort after a brief period of forced retirement in 1906), and the late Sir Richard Temple (then M.P. for Kingston), who was as assiduous in the

lobbies as he had been in making roads through secluded parts of India.

Lord Carmarthen, now Duke of Leeds, tied with the Rt Hon. W. Hayes Fisher, each voting 181 times. Sir Richard Temple was only 1 behind, and is understood to have accidentally entered the wrong lobby, and not been liberated in time to vote. The writer's record was only 7 behind that of Sir Richard Temple, passing 173 times through the lobbies against the Home Rule Bill. The total number of divisions for the complete session was 450.

Although the Member for Clapham living within the constituency could not possibly be absent from many of the branch meetings of his Association and keep his political team together, the perpetual enforcement on each of these occasions of the principle contained in Lord Beaconsfield's aphorism, viz., that the "proper place for a Member of the House of Commons is in the House of Commons," secured for me a tolerance without the exercise of which by zealous supporters 387 divisions could not have been attended and also local duties fulfilled. For, as has been fully explained, it was in the capacity of a resident in Battersea Rise House that the seat had been retained in my person; so that there remained the vital question how was this dual allegiance to be given and health preserved. The answer is that from the first day of election I did most of my visiting on horseback and very often ended these lengthy rides in Palace Yard, after which one felt less in despair at having to give up day by day most seasonable recreations and more especially all summer enjoyments in the Metropolis, while the country and its charms were almost forgotten.

I carefully observed Mr. Gladstone during the unceasing efforts he made to defy old age and rule over the House of Commons. I have said that the Irish question somewhat circumscribed the field of his energies; but one remarkable exception must remain in the memory of every one present when, on an evening devoted to Private Members' motions during the 1893 session, the Prime Minister had undertaken

to urge patience and moderation upon those of his supporters who demanded an immediate extinction of the opium traffic between India and China. The reason for this extra exertion was that Mr. (now the Rt. Hon.) George Erskine Russell was Under-Secretary for India and also officially connected with the Anti-Opium Society. The Government were not prepared to go so far as their supporters generally speaking wished, or to listen to a threatened ultimatum by the late Sir John Pease, whose views were then considered extreme.

Mr. Gladstone had been in the thick of the Home Rule combat until the afternoon sitting ceased, so that it was scarcely anticipated he would enter into fresh controversy after a somewhat hasty dinner. But nevertheless he appeared as fresh as if no work had been previously attempted during the day. Wearing a flower in his button-hole the Premier approached this difficult subject with deliberation. That the opium trade and its attendant enormities must go, proved to be the foundation of his argument, which was enforced by vigour and eloquence not at this time equalled by any other disputant upon this or other questions. Indeed, as an effort of denunciatory oratory, shaded by sorrowful regretfulness at the grasping and unchristian conduct of British statesmen in the past, those who were present declared with one accord that they had never heard any forensic effort comparable. To myself I must own a revelation was there and then vouchsafed of the foundation whereon was built the immense reputation of the Premier as an orator.

The somewhat ponderous and even turgid character of the Home Rule speeches, which Members of the House of Commons were accustomed at this period to hear flowing day by day from Mr. Gladstone's ever-eloquent lips, had shown no such undoubted glimpses of genius as this assault on the opium trade disclosed.

Let the reader then judge of the horror and dismay which visibly affected anti-opium enthusiasts, when it was discovered that the orator's theme had led him gradually to disclose another side of the shield, or, in modern slang,

gradually to climb down, so that the House realized after all that a Committee of Inquiry and not immediate abolition was to be the Government policy.

All this time Sir Joseph Pease kept rising partially in his seat and declaiming in deprecatory dumb show with his hands, even once venturing upon a passing ejaculation of an indignant character; whereupon those near the Government Benches were astonished to hear a *sotto-voce* aside from Mr. Gladstone of a simple and unparliamentary character: "Shut up, shut up". This has doubtless not found its way into Hansard; but to such a rebuke, with some addition, had one of the most faithful of Mr. Gladstone's supporters to submit.

One afternoon the Premier was leaning back with closed eyes, looking so pale and worn that a Member present exclaimed to one of his neighbours: "What can be the matter with the Old Man?" Hardly had this passed when Mr. Gladstone rose, and advancing to the table announced with profound emotion, kept well under control, in a few dignified and pathetic sentences the loss of the battleship "Victoria". The scene gave an impressive glimpse of the man as distinct from the politician.

Once I witnessed a swift assertion of truth and justice from the lips of a private Member. One of the Opposition (Radical) ventured to declare that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught had been kept out of the firing line by the military authorities at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, when suddenly the Member for South-west Norfolk, Sir Thomas Hare, rose in his place and with a few determined words disclosed how he had himself witnessed the Duke in the very forefront of conflict on this historic occasion. The incident made a stronger impression, because Sir Thomas, although an honoured and popular Norfolk M.P., was seldom among the debating contingent in the Commons. But the protest was obviously genuine, and the facts stated so incontestable that I record this brief episode as one of Parliamentary interest at this epoch.

Just as the Fourth Party had been celebrated in the eighties, namely, A. J. Balfour, Sir John Gorst, Sir Henry

Drummond Wolff, and Lord Randolph Churchill, so did George C. Trout Bartley, the Rt. Hon. R. W. Hanbury and Thomas Gibson Bowles gain distinction by exercising an influence upon the Government Benches similar to that wielded by their notable predecessors.

For House of Commons industry at this epoch nobody surpassed the late Sir George C. T. Bartley; and, if Carlyle's view was right that genius meant capacity for work, this was possessed by the M.P. for Islington.

Sir William Harcourt was Mr. Gladstone's chief lieutenant in 1892-3, and upon his shoulders fell the leadership of the Commons after his leader, the G.O.M. of Sir William's imagination, resigned. The skilful manner in which a dwindling majority under 40 held together, when the Parliamentary force which created it was removed, places Sir William Harcourt high amongst the list of Parliamentary leaders. He was one of the most interesting of men; a warm partisan, but a kind friend, as the writer knew well. Although devoted politically to Mr. Gladstone, Sir William greatly admired the courage and resource of Mr. Disraeli.

Amongst historical characters in whom he discerned genius, if misapplied—being inclined to plead for him that the circumstances of the time were adverse to true statesmanship—was Lord Bolingbroke; and many talks have we had together regarding the lights and shades surrounding the reputation of Queen Anne's Minister for Foreign Affairs, who more than any one was responsible for the Treaty of Utrecht.

One of the last letters that can have been indited to a House of Commons friend seems to have been that to myself, written after he had perused my account of the Napoleonic struggle and England's part therein which was sketched in "Continental Rulers in the Century" (Nineteenth Century Series), a work regarding the progress of which he frequently inquired.

The thoughtful comments on the changes which had occurred since the French Revolution burst upon the world will be interesting to my readers.

LETTER OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT TO THE AUTHOR

NUNEHAM PARK,
OXFORD.

April 23/90

Dear Mr. Thomson
I owe you
many apologies for
not having answered
your kind letter & welcome
thought in sending me
your interesting book which
I have perused with

" NUNEHAM PARK, OXFORD,

" *April 23, 1904.*

" DEAR MR. THORNTON,

" I owe you many apologies for not having answered your kind letter and welcome thought in sending me your interesting book which I have perused with much instruction.

" I have had the good fortune to live through the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century and I wish I could believe that England will be as well to do in that which is to come.

" I have always myself had a personal preference for the eighteenth century when there seemed to me a more predominant common sense in public business and private affairs than now prevails.

" Yours very sincerely,

" W. HARCOURT."

The G.O.M.'s staunch supporter ever since 1880 and the victorious Midlothian campaign, Sir William was always good at need. It happened that in 1880 the writer was among the guests assembled in Goldsmiths' Hall to celebrate the trial of the Pyx, which—I must say—seemed to savour of a public matter in which all who used coin of the realm must feel concerned. Although the gathering took place at a time when party spirit had not ceased to rage, and the well-to-do citizens present within those ancient portals were for the most part sore at Lord Beaconsfield's overthrow, yet the good temper of the three guests, the combined tactfulness and ability of their several addresses, did much to appease such sentiments. The Premier mingled freely in conversation with those near him, enjoying the good fare put before himself, the late Lord Justice James, and Sir William Harcourt.

I remember how Sir William admitted that once he had cherished a desire to see changes in the City Companies, but that facts had been made known showing how admirably the Goldsmiths and other such institutions were administering the funds left them to disseminate, and thereby making

friends of watchful critics. He ended by uttering sentiments adverse to any Parliamentary interference with the City Companies in their performance of the duties imposed on them by their wealth. This utterance was, as may be imagined, exceedingly well received, except by an old gentleman wearing a skull-cap who had exercised his privilege as a goldsmith to put a magnum of choice champagne under his chair. Being deaf, he heard little of the Home Secretary's remarks ; but at the end shouted out loudly words meant only for his immediate neighbour : " I don't believe a word the man says ! "

Deaf persons are said to be proverbially suspicious, and I don't think the incident was noticed. Neither at the moment was there even a guess why a sudden change came over the Premier after being the very soul of the evening's entertainment, and making a suitable and vigorous exposition of the duties expected of these Companies and Guilds, formed to lighten the cares and woes of life by providing money to aid good causes and to promote higher education, functions for the carrying out of which with honesty and success he gave credit to Mr. Fleming, the ever-eloquent Prime Warden, and the Company generally.

At the end of the banquet the late Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton wished to introduce me to Mr. Gladstone, and I consented with diffidence not feeling that I had earned the right to such an honour. Learning that I was guest and son-in-law of so influential a member of the Company, Mr. Gladstone promptly asked that I should get him a cup of tea. This involved a mission I could not fulfil immediately ; as the great feast had ended and I was obliged to find a waiter who could leave the Hall. When in a few minutes I returned with the tea I found to my surprise that Mr. Gladstone had gone, apparently—as his neighbours at table declared—tired and out of spirits. I felt very sorry that I had not been able to meet his needs more promptly. Some years afterwards, when in the same Hall called upon to return thanks for the Visitors, I told the above story, lamenting that a shadow had been thus

inadvertently thrown over an otherwise bright evening. On leaving the building I met Mr. Fleming, the Prime Warden of 1880, who said to me: "Mr. Thornton, we were much interested in your remarks; but believe me, it was not the tea being delayed which upset the Prime Minister's equilibrium". He explained that towards the close of dinner Mr. Gladstone said to Mr. H. S. Thornton, who never concerned himself with the machinery of politics: "Thornton, where are the reporters?" The reply promptly came that all dinners at Goldsmiths' Hall, and this amongst them, were absolutely private, and that this evening could not be made exceptional in that particular. "Then," said Mr. Gladstone, "I have been deceived," and left as soon as the claims of courtesy permitted.

I have often wondered these able Liberal statesmen, men of the world, engaged at the moment on business matters of public importance, did not learn the rules of Goldsmiths' Hall, unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians, when the invitations first reached them.

On the other hand, a Chancellor of the Exchequer trying the Pyx may be considered as called on to make his views known outside, as Mr. Gladstone certainly expected to do on this almost unique occasion.

But to revert to the House of Commons, in my times a considerable strength to London Unionists consisted in the management of their Committee chosen from Metropolitan M.P.'s on that side and presided over by the Hon. F. W. D. Smith, while Mr. A. J. Whitmore made a simply ideal Secretary. Under their skilful guidance the views of those representing each constituency were elicited, and no cast-iron rules enjoined upon them, except that of eating more than one excellent dinner annually at Mr. F. W. D. Smith's hospitable board, and that of minimizing rather than magnifying inevitable disagreements.

Mr. Whitmore was a statesman of great discretion to whom London owed much. His victory over Sir Charles Dilke at Chelsea in the eighties, after a strenuous campaign,

stamped him as a leading figure in the party, and the representatives of Unionist London strongly revered his wise guidance, just as one and all of us, liking him personally so much, now honour his memory. Mr. Whitmore never received any public honours or reward for his work. Speaking personally, I much regret that before his lamented death there should have occurred the split in the party over Free Trade and Protection. For as the latter doctrine was warmly advocated through life by our friend, he consequently lost support from influential Unionist Free Traders at the election of 1906 and with this the seat.

I am one of those who lament that the fiscal question was then, contrary to the custom prevailing in the days of our Unionist predominance, made a test of party allegiance. Free Trader as I have ever been, and hope to remain, I never could with full knowledge of his patriotism and capacity have forsaken Algy Whitmore at a Parliamentary election under any pretence whatever.

Men of all parties in the House too were very much impressed with the lion-hearted courage of Mr. Chamberlain. As to debate, this remark goes without saying as an admitted truism; but it is not generally known how sometimes these great pronouncements and word conflicts were undertaken by one who most of the day had been bowed down by distressing headache. I remember an occasion when his intimates knew how he was suffering, and desired that a non-political City engagement might be cancelled. Far from this being the outcome of well-meant sympathy, "The Times" next morning contained a masterly exposition of the principle which should animate municipal life under modern conditions.

When the Irish controversy was for the moment set aside, and the responsibility for relegating "Home Rule" to a distant future taken by the House of Lords, other controversies pressed forward in turn. Among these prominently stood forward the question whether railway companies, by establishing societies for encouraging thrift and insurance among their employees, were not setting up an unnecessary opposi-

tion to the trades unions. Upon the question the two Members for Battersea came into sharp collision in the House of Commons, and although the then Junior Member, taking his title from Clapham, did not pretend to carry guns of the same Parliamentary calibre as his Liberal and Radical opponent, Mr. John Burns, yet the fact that the London and North-Western, and the Brighton Railways retained their societies with the warm concurrence of many of the men both in the Clapham and Battersea divisions is quite enough to state here.

In the year 1894 the Government of Lord Rosebery attacked the Welsh Church and attempted to disestablish it. This, the Opposition urged, was an impossible piece of Parliamentary surgery, because the Church in the two divisions of England and Wales was one and indivisible, several of the dioceses intersecting portions of the two ancient kingdoms. The Member for Clapham, who was also an active member of the Church party, moved that Pembrokeshire should be eliminated from the Bill, because the Flemish origin of its population rendered a natural exception to the general rule attempted to be made that the Welsh nation of Celtic origin yearned to be free of the Ecclesiastical bonds which Establishment provided. Although Government triumphed in the lobbies, a very interesting little debate took place. It is not generally known that the administration of Lord Rosebery was tottering to its fall by reason of differences amongst Welsh M.P.'s regarding disposition of the spoils of the Disestablished Church within the Principality so far as the House of Commons could determine. Several Liberal and Radical Members felt so strongly upon this question as to enter into negotiations with the Church party, whereby a vital amendment was to be inserted. With a majority of not quite 40 every vote was eagerly sought after, and, as abstentions had previously occurred, the situation became one of intense interest. At the urgent request of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, then chairman, to observe absolute secrecy, the Church Committee dispersed, fully believing that the official eclipse of all

things Radical was, for the time at least, imminent. With what horror and surprise Unionist Churchmen read an account of the whole proceedings in next morning's "Political Notes" of "The Times" may well be imagined. Of course the dissentient Radicals straightway cried off their bargain, and Lord Rosebery remained Premier for a few weeks longer. It will be remembered that the end came at last through a motion of Mr. Brodrick's in Committee on the Army Estimates, which condemned the Government for not having sufficient cordite in store to cope with any probable emergency.

Into this momentous division I got by a mere chance. The attendance had been very close and irksome for private Members of the Opposition during the debates on Welsh Disestablishment, as well as other questions, so I took the opportunity of not being urgently summoned, to pay a call in the West End. Walking back to Westminster, about four o'clock, I met the late Sir F. Seager Hunt, who assured me we were not wanted that afternoon in the House of Commons. There, however, I went, and had not been present long before I discovered a scene of considerable animation within the Chamber, and saw disturbed and anxious looks on the faces both of Sir William Harcourt and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. That the historic defeat had spread political dismay into the Government ranks it was impossible not to discover. And yet to Sir William Harcourt this crisis must nevertheless have been subsequently somewhat of a relief. The swinging majority gained by the Unionists in 1895 might undoubtedly be cited as an endorsement of the action of the House of Lords, when they decisively rejected the Home Rule Bill. Nor had the warning words which concluded Mr. Gladstone's House of Commons career exercised the immediate influence that his party relied on. The maintenance of the House of Lords as an hereditary Second Chamber has, it is true, become a question of party politics, and Mr. Gladstone's bitter criticism of the Upper House which was contained in the last speech he made in the House of Commons has possibly formed a preface for the Parliament Bill of 1911.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The various Parliamentary discussions concerning domestic matters in which the Parliament of 1895 was called upon to engage, paled before the conviction that it might soon become necessary to enter upon a trial of strength with President Kruger and his national forces. For although the subject of the Transvaal was seldom mentioned at political meetings—and in my own case at Clapham I strove as far as possible to avoid it—the unpleasant realities would force themselves forward whenever men met for friendly converse, while women, too, expressed fear for the fate of their boys in the Army or for friends and relations settled in the Dutch Colonies, where black and ominous clouds were appearing on the horizon. On the whole, I came to the conclusion that, although the necessity of preventing our own British citizens from being forced to accept a permanently subordinate position to the Boers was always before the Ministry, yet the traditional habit of the Colonial Office, whereby rude and sudden changes of policy were feared if not discouraged, both retarded defensive measures being taken by the Government in Cape Colony and paralysed the Executive in the War Office and at Downing Street. In other words, the Colonial policy of Lord Ripon, as expounded by Mr. Buxton in the House of Commons, was not immediately reversed, but in a general way received Government support. The late Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett had many friends amongst the Uitlanders of the Transvaal and amongst the Swazi natives, who made common cause against what they termed the Dutch oppressor; and I had divers opportunities of conversing with these men within the precincts of the House. Their claims for justice and equal treatment were substantially those which soon were to be accepted as indefeasible and to be defended by British arms; and yet, far from being immediately acknowledged, these appeals to the rights of mankind were not accepted as such by the Unionist Government.

No sudden reversal of what had been formulated in 1881

as a "Peace-at-any-price Policy" was destined to be made. Mr. Chamberlain spoke lightly of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's advocacy, and even spoke of the Majuba Hill Convention as the best settlement then obtainable, and the Boers doubtless interpreted all strong incidental political expressions for declarations of a fixed resolution shared by both political parties in London that war was under any circumstances to be avoided. And it is remarkable that this phase of tardy national recognition of plain responsibilities did then seem to be common both to Government and Opposition. For, when Mr. Chamberlain, throwing aside past trammels, boldly asserted that with Lord Milner's agency and help had been discovered the necessity for a firm and determined stand being made against President Kruger's aggressive assumptions, there were cabals going on amongst those sitting upon the Unionist benches fomented by those who distrusted our diplomacy and desired to thwart and check the Colonial Secretary at this crisis of his career. For instance, I was asked at Lord's Cricket Ground to sign a round robin adverse to any war with the Boers. This precious document, although silent as to the special Minister against whom these diatribes were directed, yet left it clear that the signatories distrusted the then management of the Colonial Office. I need hardly say that the Member for Clapham declined to have part or parcel in any such intrigue, but made it more than ever his duty to support the Government by his vote and presence during the anxious days which followed the Bloemfontein Conference.

With regard to the hesitation of Lord Salisbury's Government to take part with the Uitlanders on the Unionist assumption of office in 1895, it must in justice to Ministers and Mr. Chamberlain in particular be remembered that the officialism of the great Departments revolts consistently against swift changes of policy such as was then demanded.

Although admirable histories have been forthcoming regarding the facts of the several campaigns which made up the famous South African War, not the least perspicuous and fair

being that of General Sir Frederick Maurice, indited for the War Office, yet no writer has yet come forward to wield a perfectly impartial pen regarding the negotiations which occurred before the war, or deal out equal justice to the British military and political authorities. Nor can a private Member of Parliament be in the position to do more than state his views, as adopted after carefully comparing all the information which reached the public.

Here I must venture a word of commendation for the House of Commons and the Members of the Ministry during this crisis. Of course there were Pro-Boers with seats all through the anxious hours which preceded the outbreak of hostility, but it must be allowed that the voice of anti-patriotism was scarcely ever heard on the larger of the two home islands which bear the name of Britain. On Mr. Arthur Balfour's shoulders as Leader of the House of Commons fell the main duty of nerving his followers and those opponents who acted with them at this moment. Never for an instant did he hesitate, and urged all the naval and military departments to hasten on preparations which never slackened until the victory had been achieved.

And what a wondrous and incessant procession of transports was then to be seen crossing the Bay of Biscay and wending its way towards Durban and Cape Town. Had England not in very truth "ruled the waves" this succouring host could never have gradually relieved the hard-pressed soldiery from India or given opportunity for that magnificent display of Colonial patriotism which helped so materially to restore our Imperial prestige. Taken as an expedition, I doubt whether our achievement has ever been approached. That Great Britain placed these enormous forces in the field, so holding the South African Colonies, is, in my opinion, greatly owing to the iron determination of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who displayed qualities akin to those of his famous godfather, the first Duke of Wellington. And he was the leader of a patriotic Chamber, throughout which the resolu-

tion thus breathed into their souls was sturdily sustained. Nor were the twin virtues of dignity and respect absent from our deliberations. I shall never forget the silent hat-lifting of nearly all present when the tragic end of the brave General Pen-Symonds had been communicated to the House after Elandslaghte at the beginning of the war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POLITICAL LIFE AT WESTMINSTER. 1900-1905.

THE two Parliaments of 1892 and 1895, notwithstanding almost continuous sittings in each involving such close attention by Members, were, on the whole, disappointing in their legislative results. The Parish Councils Bill of the late Rt. Hon. Henry Fowler (Lord Wolverhampton), and the Budget Bill of Sir William Harcourt stand as the chief fruits of Liberal guidance in the Parliament wherein Mr. Gladstone gave up the Premiership to Lord Rosebery.

Lord Salisbury's second administration, on the other hand, despite some useful Acts must be considered on the whole disappointing. My main reason for adducing this view is the neglect of the proposals for redistribution of seats frequently outlined by Mr. Chamberlain and endorsed by the whole Unionist party.

Although seven years of constant strain and turmoil had only just closed, Members were unexpectedly called on for renewed exertions soon after the election of 1900 had concluded.

Even a few weeks after the death of Queen Victoria on 22 January, 1901, it had become apparent that a majority of 134 would bring no assuagement of the duties incumbent on every Unionist Member. For the war dragged on and some of the Opposition critics were merciless in availing themselves of the forms of the House. The passing of the much-loved and experienced Queen marked a change of idea, which, if accepted by elderly people joyfully when the Prince of Wales and his beautiful consort became King Edward

VII and Queen Alexandra, yet seemed to sever a new England from that of my parents and of my own youth.

That political and social changes were to be as impatiently required by the electorate as events showed during the next decade, there seemed, however, no reason to believe. Certainly Members of Parliament elected to support the Government of Lord Salisbury in 1900 had no sort of second sight to disturb their hopes of speedy peace and national contentment. But the continuance of the guerrilla war in South Africa placed Lord Salisbury's Government at an initial disadvantage. There were divers legislative proposals in the King's Speech which did not then reach fruition, but were afterwards placed on the Statute Book.

It is worthy of remark how prominent amongst these was the education problem, which, when formulated officially later in this Parliament, nearly wrecked the Unionist party and ultimately conspired to bring about its downfall.

Those who remember or remembered the Reform Bill of 1832, spoke of that period as being one of strong political antagonism, such as made fissures in home circles and prevented the commingling of Whig and Tory sons at Public Schools.

My own experience is to the effect that a kindred bitterness was felt in Nonconformist gatherings against supporters of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill of 1902.

Just before the measure in question was sent to the House of Lords, I went at the request of my friend the late Mr. Reader Harris, K.C., the able and eloquent President of the Pentecostal League, to hear an address by him on "Answer to prayer".

The gathering took place in the Nonconformist Chapel in Stormont Road, near Clapham Common, and being assured that there could be neither theological nor Party dissension on such an occasion, I took with me my wife's aunt, the late Mrs. Alfred Locock, a friend of Mr. Harris, who much desired to be present. The sermon, for the address practically took that form, was excellent in style, and fraught with the spirit of Christian love and hope throughout. When, however, a

vote of thanks was proposed to the speaker, an elderly gentleman of serious mien, whose appearance was rendered almost apostolic by the possession of a long white beard reaching to his breast, stood up and in solemn and reproachful tones proceeded to move that as God was known to answer the faithful supplications of His people, He might be asked to soften the hearts of Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Percy Thornton, who had voted for this cruel Education Bill involving an attack on Nonconformity.

At first I thought this to be an unauthorized intervention ; but, when three-fourths of those present held up their hands and joined in a solemn chorus of approval, I became aware that the demonstration was political in nature and might not end without dissension. The Chairman, fortunately, rose to the occasion. He said that the Amendment involved questions too intricate to be settled at the close of a long evening, and moved to relegate decision upon the matter at issue to head-quarters (at Exeter Hall), the result to be thence communicated to members of the Pentecostal League. But he asked the meeting to pray that God's will might prevail, an object which he knew both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Thornton would join in desiring to see established. This was passed in silence and the audience went away I fancied with ill-concealed dissatisfaction. Poor Mrs. Locock was subjected to a fright which my optimistic encouragement only partially allayed.

In vain has it been sought to discover how the inevitable religious question can be solved. There is a saying of the great Duke of Wellington that education given without religion would, as he believed, result in the uprearing of "clever devils"; to which the advocates of Cowper-Templeism reply that reading of the Bible and accompanying prayers amply suffice to supply to the young sacred sustenance for the soul such as may guide the youth of England heavenwards. Nevertheless many experienced and unprejudiced educationists join with the extreme High Church party in the Church of England and the Roman Catholics in repudiating any such compromise as worthless.

Mr. Balfour's mode of dealing with the religious difficulty, as Prime Minister, as is well known, was unsuccessful in its object; so that the question remains unsettled even now. But it is just to record how generally is the view held by those learned in the dissemination of sound knowledge, that placing primary and secondary education under one type of authority as well as supervision by the County Councils form a decided improvement on the old School Board system.

I have sketched out the situation as it appears now to the historian, because in a work such as this a chronicler cannot enter upon much-debated particulars, even if he agree with me that there is an abiding truth in the Iron Duke's sturdy belief. But that the Unionists have suffered politically by the estrangement of the Nonconformists since Mr. Balfour's Education Bill is patent to the world. How these irreconcilable differences are to be composed within the limits of an Act of Parliament it remains for statesmen to devise. Together with purely Constitutional questions they must, it would seem, finally be relegated to some popular decision such as a special referendum in extreme cases may afford.

But I am one of those who hold that, however the Education problem may be dealt with, no settlement upon equally debatable Constitutional issues will be complete or satisfactory which does not include some self-denying ordinance on the part of the all-powerful House of Commons itself, which shall preclude matters connected with the structure of the Constitution, and previously defined as such, being dealt with by closure by compartments. More than this, pure statesmanship will ask of any future party that the so-called "Kangaroo closure" should on these occasions no longer be determined upon solely by the Chairman of Committees, but that the decision to excise batches of amendments should be that of a small Standing Committee of three, by a majority of whom the decisions should be previously determined. Moreover, the Budget should likewise be debated under these freer and more satisfactory conditions. Probably the mere voice of triumphant partisans may continue for a time to

resist such a return to constitutional sanity, but I am certain that if the Parliament Bill or anything approaching it be embedded in our constitutional system, the only sure corrective of extremist views must be found in the dominant Lower House itself. And I venture to claim a title here to depart from the rule of merely stating facts and dispensing with political argument regarding the consequences of my political career, because on the report stage of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893 an effort was made by the author to protest on historical and utilitarian grounds against the unrestricted employment on that and other contingent occasions of closure by compartments, more especially when changes dealing with the structure of the Constitution are involved, a condition of things which, let it be remembered, led, on this occasion, to vital parts of the measure remaining undiscussed.

Nor can that protest be now declared to have been unnecessary when we reflect that neither was the question of how the proposed three Exchequer Judges were to act before sending the forces of the Sovereign into Ireland in order to sustain law and prevent bloodshed debated, nor was the justice of schedules for election of the proposed Irish Parliament with an Upper and Lower Chamber separately canvassed, omissions these the vital character of which were not then made patent to the nation at large.

The growing application of closure when vast interests are often under the protection of an enforcedly silent minority, must undoubtedly be considered an evil, even if recommended by modern pressure of time and circumstance.

In Mr. James F. Hope, M.P.'s record of a year and a half's Parliamentary life, called "A History of the 1900 Parliament," it is shown indisputably (p. 57) that the Nationalist Members had a grievance on the previously named occasion when the second physical struggle occurred in the House of Commons on Feb. 26, 1900, Civil Service Estimates being carried *en bloc* by closure shutting out any discussion upon several Irish votes. No impartial persons can believe that Mr. Balfour intended to inflict injustice on any party in the

House, but was himself on this occasion, as on many others, the slave of that inexorable autocrat, old Father Time. Therefore it is that, acting on the dictum of Demosthenes, that "repetition secures attention," I venture to emphasize the necessity for some relaxation of the present House of Commons system upon some such lines as those above indicated. Moreover no administration but one elected by a Unionist majority can effect these vital and necessary changes.

I can fortify my opinion as to the way to regain freedom for the House of Commons such as is essential to the British Constitution by reference to Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government," Edition 1886, pp. 125, 126.

"There does not seem to be any insuperable objection first of all to making a distinction between ordinary legislation and legislation which in any other country would be called Constitutional, and next to requiring for the last special legislative procedure intended to secure caution and deliberation and as near an approach to impartiality as a system of Party government will admit of."

During all the controversies which have been named the writer kept closely to his local duties as M.P. for Clapham, and faced the electoral storm of 1906, so far prepared as any private Member could be by personal touch with the voters. But parties were, so to speak, unhinged, and the great Liberal and Free-Trade wave rolled steadily onwards.

I was one of those unable to accept Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform programme, so declaring from the first when it was formulated in 1903. But, together with a minority of the Free-Food League, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire, I did accept the doctrine of Retaliation as defined by Mr. Balfour at Sheffield in the autumn of that year, permitting our national negotiators to refuse to deal with those who resolved to treat us unfairly by the imposition of immoderate and unjust tariffs, but I only acquiesced in any temporary taxation of manufactured goods which expressly avoided protective taxation of food, raw material, or any general scheme of Protection. Upon this platform the whole Unionist party

was for some time marshalled, and in common with the late Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, and others I never left it for the now generally accepted party policy of placing fresh fiscal imposts on food as well as on all items not alleged to be raw material.

I am aware that the change of policy which suddenly shifted the scene and inscribed the fresh fiscal page with Protection on a small but defined scale forms a very sore subject even to the present day, and no wonder, since Mr. Balfour's chosen policy of Retaliation on the lines of Adam Smith's well-known utterance was suddenly abandoned in the House of Commons when a motion endorsing it came before them. On this occasion my voice was raised in a fervid and exhaustive protest, from the lonely place I occupied in the Lower Chamber as the sole occupant of the Government benches; an adverse motion passing unopposed save by my own solitary if ineffectual objection. I remember well how on this occasion, attacked between two fires by Protectionists and unbending protestors against any sort of fiscal negotiation threatening tariff changes, I was told that the sole alternative to acquiescence in injustice was abandonment of the Free-Trade system.

Now it is satisfactory to read in Mr. A. D. Elliot's "Life of Lord Goschen" how that deep thinker, like the late Duke of Devonshire, favoured such a Retaliation under circumstances of extremity. The following extract from a letter written by Lord Goschen to the then Duke of Devonshire urging him to take the Presidency of the Free-Food League is dated 11 October, 1903:—

"As to one of your difficulties, your attitude on Retaliation, so far as it depends on the alleged Cobdenic law that no tax should be imposed for any but Revenue purposes; many of us, in fact most of us, would, I think, be prepared to say that we would not take up that general position of 'non possumus'. We would not lay down that Retaliation should be absolutely debarred on principle, only we don't see how it is to be applied till we

have a concrete proposal " ("Life of Lord Goschen," Vol. II. p. 261).

To this opinion I certainly subscribe, although for holding it, combined with rejection of general Protective Tariffs, Unionists of light and leading have been and indeed are now relegated to private life. This view of Lord Goschen's was certainly taken by one of our most able and popular speakers amongst the London Members who never changed his Free-Trade opinions, viz., Sir Ernest Tritton, then Member for Norwood. Lord Goschen and those of his school used to spurn the idea that because they would not follow the Colonial statesmen into measures which would bring about a general scheme of Protection in Great Britain, they would not fight for our Colonies with the last shilling and to the last man.

Upon this subject I will only add the fact that in the storm which prefaced the election of 1906, I fared no better at the hands of Liberal and Radical Free Traders than if a stand had not been made in and out of Parliament for a principle in which I faithfully believed.

The poorer people, in Nine Elms in particular, seemed to be of the opinion that any one on the Unionist, or Tory, side, as they preferred to call it, was in a conspiracy to give the people dear food, no matter what professions had been made to the contrary. My daily rides through Nine Elms were by no means the pleasant progresses of the previous fourteen years, but were accompanied by much opposition, both friendly and otherwise. Good-tempered cries of "Percy, where's your pig-tail?" alluding to support given to Chinese labour, were more often than not exchanged for angry queries concerning burdensome taxation about to be placed on shoulders not able to bear it, while several times open ebullitions of hostile feelings gave warning that the time of a local representative retaining general good favour had departed.

Determined to fight it out and hold the seat if possible, I went freely among the discontented gas-men and railway platelayers on "Playmate," my old chestnut mare, the heroine of three previous victorious contests. One day I found in the

Nine Elms Lane, outside the Gasworks, no less a personage than John Burns himself, who was addressing the men there on Labour problems from a motor. What he said to them there I never knew ; but they, crowding round after his departure to Battersea, taunted me with not daring to give my views as had been the custom of yore, adding, " Johnny dares to speak out straight to us," or words to that effect. It need hardly be added that the best was promptly done to hold one's own, but the solemn silence of some of my well-known supporters on this occasion gave warning not to be mistaken that the Nine Elms working-man's vote was practically lost.

Mr. Burns was very amusing at a mass meeting in Nine Elms Baths at this time, and scoffed wittily at what he termed my Free-Trade stand amidst the Tory Protectionist host. An account which reached me from some one present on this occasion spoke of the roars of laughter following a sally of Mr. Burns, the future President of the Local Government Board, who averred that the Member for Clapham was riding about his constituency preaching in favour of Free Trade, but that if he again reached the lobby of the House of Commons he would be obliged to go in the ruck and " squirm " before Joseph Chamberlain. Now this contention was after all proved nugatory by the test of performance.

The day of the Clapham election in 1906 turned out far too exciting to attempt now to describe faithfully. I never realized that despite having been refused a hearing at a meeting in Nine Elms with Sir Samuel Hoare as a speaker, the friends of many years' standing, whose personal sympathy could scarcely have been alienated, had nevertheless repudiated the Unionist cause. Votes were going to that astute and able canvasser, my friend Mr. Frederick Low, K.C. (now Sir F. Low, K.C., M.P. for Norwich), in shoals—men, many of whom had never voted Radical before, others previously classed as abstainers from all party politics, seemed then to have embraced enthusiastically the Radical programme. Personal and local influence was at its very " nadir," while the general trend of opinion overwhelmed Mr. Balfour's adminis-

tration when the general election took place. And yet it is strange that these evident indications of "coming events" casting "their shadows before" never seemed to affect my inner confidence in the result at Clapham, the fact being that records of over 600, 2000 and 4000 majorities at three General Elections had seemed to mark the loss of Clapham as out of the range of practical politics, although on this occasion the chances were palpably equalized. My trusted secretary, Mr. Albert C. Gaston, had verified the result of the canvass which Mr. Frank Harnett, the Conservative Agent and brilliant organizer, had submitted to us, and apparently the worst possible fate which could befall Clapham Unionists was to return their old Member by something near 500 majority instead of 4420 as in 1900. I was seldom out of the saddle on that cold, showery, and to me fateful day. Stones were thrown in the morning near the centre of New Road, Nine Elms, and detecting an urchin nearly out of his teens with missiles in his hands I galloped the chestnut mare after him into Stewarts Road, where seeing me coming the youth fell prone on the ground crying "Oh, father! don't ride over me". But leaving him thoroughly well scared, I achieved the result that this form of annoyance ceased.

Late in the afternoon when crossing Clapham Common and in a bedraggled and tired state, both man and horse, I came up with my opponent in his carriage bedecked with Radical colours and asked how things fared with his campaign; to which query the reply came of a more than hopeful character. And very soon it was discovered what was the foundation for such assurance.

At the Battersea Town Hall were collected all the official Unionists to whose careful watchfulness, combined with unflagging energy, a smooth working of the local party organization had been due. But these popular experts were by no means sanguine as to the result, and one or two seemed really despondent. Nor were we encouraged as to the trend of events when, the counting for Battersea having concluded, John Burns marched triumphantly down the main staircase

and announced in stentorian tones to the assembled municipal junto surrounding the Mayor "1600 majority," and this victory over such a strong assailant as Mr. Shirley Beun (now M.P. for Plymouth) added to the already visible gloom on the faces of many Clapham Unionist supporters.

It is difficult to say whose features revealed greater anxiety, Mr. T. Ravenhill, our honoured Chairman, Mr. Penn Gaskell, the sapient Treasurer, or those of Mr. Harnett himself.

Unable to gain outside information as to the progress made in the counting-room I asked Mr. Harnett to find out and tell me how the fight went. Very soon he came down and suggested that I should go at once, and, as had been the case on former occasions, look after my own interests—voting seeming to be nearly equal and the last one or two boxes about to be counted. On arrival I found Mr. Low 30 ahead, and anxious glances were directed towards each batch of papers. Moreover a further slight Radical gain on the above figures was at the moment evident, when the officials placing the final box on the table, we all crowded round it. Its Thornton tendency was at once revealed, and the last turn of the political wheel of fortune restored their old Member to Parliament for the fourth time.

The result certainly came as a message of joy to many friends, not the least to my much-loved and gifted mother-in-law, the late Mrs. Henry Sykes Thornton, who was waiting for the tidings in the old home at Battersea Rise House, where an anxious circle of relatives and friends surrounded her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RADICAL REACTION OF 1906.

FINAL POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

WHICH particular event helped to bring about the greatest political *débâcle* in modern Ministerial history will certainly exercise the minds of men in years to come. No contemporary who had to play the part of pawn in a portion of that stricken field can give any satisfactory answer to the query. It has been generally admitted that the Unionists had been long in office, and that hard-worked Ministers of all degrees needed relaxation. People were ready for change of personnel without either attributing special shortcomings to the Leaders in the outgoing administration, or hailing their successors as saviours of society. Neither Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, nor Lord Morley, nor Mr. John Burns, despite the admitted trust conferred upon each of them by masses of their countrymen in 1906, then or at any previous time can claim the pre-eminence gained and authority wielded by Mr. Gladstone in 1880. And yet the rout of Mr. Balfour's forces at this time was on a far larger scale than even that experienced by Lord Beaconsfield on the latter occasion.

In 1906 many a moderate Radical must have secretly feared the completeness of the political triumph, to which he had contributed, as being fraught with results beyond control. Under these circumstances it was certainly wise to place Sir H. C. Bannerman in command of the vast Liberal host. Possessing a happy Scotch humour, this statesman was often enabled to soften the bitterest controversies and at the same time assume no pretence of political moderation in the face of his triumphant following. If ever "Spoils to the Victors"

became the cry, it was at this moment. Although relieved that King Demos had spared my political head when severing those of my friends in South London—halting not at all until at Woolwich, Greenwich, Deptford, Bermondsey, Limehouse, South Lambeth, Peckham, Walworth, and Kennington Unionists had all shared the same fate, while men of the calibre of Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. A. H. Morton, the late Sir James Bailey (the once beloved of Walworth), Sir Frederick Banbury, Sir Frederick Cook, and Mr. H. Cust lost their seats; Sir Henry Kimber escaped at Wandsworth by 500 votes—I found myself in a particularly uncomfortable situation.

The defeat of Mr. Balfour at North-West Manchester, occurring in the midst of this *débâcle*, undoubtedly swelled the magnitude of these latter disasters, just as it threatened the Clapham seat so menacingly.

The little remnant of Unionists, naturally sore at their loss of power, were overwhelmingly Chamberlainite, and were in the mood to resent the presence of some few Free-Trade followers of the Duke of Devonshire within their ranks. Unfortunately for me this sentiment became prevalent at Clapham just when it appeared to me unthinkable not to support in the lobby those views I had expressed in my election address and had advocated consistently. Indeed any Unionist Free Trader who passed into the hot strife of 1906-10 was deemed “anathema maranatha” by those officially called on to decide how best to deflect the democratic torrent then raging, while sudden converts to the proposed fiscal changes were most of all zealous in drumming such backsliders out of the Unionist party. The lack of toleration remains simply inexplicable, and one can only wonder at the want of foresight then evinced by capable and not unkindly officials, when, after encouraging independence, they suddenly frowned on colleagues engaged in defending doctrines which these waverers had themselves but yesterday inculcated.

It can be imagined under these circumstances with what painful sentiments a small band of Unionists thought it their

duty to support the Free-Trade resolution of the late Lord Airedale (then Sir James Kitson). The writer entered this division in company with the Hon. Walter Rothschild, but such was the surging pressure within the lobby that we soon became separated, and I was confronted with no less a personage than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who remarked in his kindly manner: "You must find this very trying". Thinking that he meant my political sacrifice in voting for the Radicals on behalf of Free Trade, I rejoined: "Yes, but having given a promise, here I am," or words to that effect. "Oh!" said the Premier, in his lightest jesting vein; "yes, of course; but I only mean we may all be stifled." I have indicated elsewhere, however, that such a mammoth division as that I am describing is rendered less oppressive to the voters by Mr. L. Harcourt's reforms in the direction of throwing the lobbies open longer.

Sir James Kitson, demonstrably, was triumphant in and out of the House of Commons regarding the vast majority then gained for Free Trade; but this great master of industry, the late Lord Airedale, lived to see British parties nearly equally divided on this vast issue, and being so classed in the House of Commons at the first of two successive general elections in 1910, a result which the Unionists improved on at the second time of asking. But for the Irish Nationalists allying themselves to Mr. Asquith, there would be a majority for Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals at the time these words are written. This fact is stated here to illustrate the uncertainty of British politics, and also to mark how untiring enthusiasm and skilful advocacy such as that of the Tariff Reformers is likely to succeed.

I have said that the position in 1906 was at first one embarrassing for a Free-Trade Unionist in the House of Commons, but it became less so day by day when the Radical Government unfolded its programme. In the opinion of the late Sir Richard Jebb, while in his view Free Trade remained the far-preferable system for Great Britain as for the world at large, yet it was not incumbent on private Unionist Members

to forget other promises made on behalf of the union between England and Ireland, the interests of religious education and the defence of society from threatened rude changes in the tenure of landed property, conceived in the spirit and carried out in the interests of a ruthless democracy, the leaders of which were intending to change fundamentally the constitution of our country. So at least the future appeared to the Free-Trade Unionists during the depression of Conservatism which accompanied the three and a half years of extreme reactionary Radical Government initiated in 1906.

This is not the moment to write a history of the democratic apotheosis of 1906-10, which was checked by a dissolution of the House of Commons caused by the Peers declining to pass Mr. Lloyd George's Budget without an appeal to the country. A counter-reaction, almost unexampled, which recovered 100 seats for the Unionists and forced the Liberals and Radicals to render their whilom Platonic relations with the Irish Nationalists a live reality, has still left a majority seldom below that same figure which is at the command of a coalition led by Mr. Asquith on critical occasions.

Although making politics the main occupation of life, I had flagged somewhat in energy and consequently went less hopefully into the fray, as this celebrated Parliament sped on towards the end of its comparatively brief existence. And when the death of Mrs. H. S. Thornton, the owner of Battersea Rise House occurred, and the historic home was up for sale, a secret conviction possessed us all there that with the imminent change of residence, the representation of Clapham could not much longer be held. Yet I may claim to have opposed measures such as the Trades Disputes Bill, Plural Voting, and London Elections Bills, both by tongue and pen, urging that the Government policy was avowedly incomplete when "one man, one vote" was not accompanied by any approximation towards "one vote, one value". Add to this a faithful attendance in the Opposition lobby whenever projects involving taxation of food as part of a general scheme of Protection were not put forward.

FINAL GLIMPSES OF POLITICAL LIFE.

Though personal support so long rendered was not even relaxed owing to my change of residence, it was impossible to do one's duty in the borough quite so thoroughly from town as when, for seventeen years, the work had been undertaken on Battersea Rise. The reasons which induced me to leave the House of Commons when the Radical Labour combination submitted their case to the constituencies in 1910 were cumulative.

Receiving friendly toleration from my political friends in the Clapham Council, I felt it just to consider how far it was right or expedient artificially to constrain their ardent desire to see Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy officially adopted. For undoubtedly in that locality, fiscal conflict would have ensued within the Unionist ranks, and the seat have been imperilled by such internal dissensions.

A successor was selected at my own instigation in Mr. G. D. Faber, C.B., M.P., who expressed himself prepared to contest Clapham instead of York City which he then represented in the Unionist interest. Mr. Faber's previous record had been one of moderation in his fiscal professions, a necessary adjunct in my view, and being a strong Conservative and Unionist as well as an eloquent and interesting speaker, he soon became immensely popular in the constituency which he now represents with such distinction.

When about to close the record of my own recollections I naturally strive to answer the often-repeated query, What differences do you perceive in the House of Commons you entered during 1892 and that democratic assembly of 1906, the dissolution of which in 1910 was the occasion of several retirements on the Unionist side?

My answer is that in allegiance to the House of Commons as a collective whole, little change was to be recorded between these dates, although the use of power by the Labour Party became so marked.

That the ideals pursued were somewhat different, and the prestige of the Ministerial Bench enhanced when endeavouring to carry out swift changes, is certainly true. Also more time came to be occupied by Front Bench men on both sides than was the case in 1892. At this time new Members got early opportunities of uttering their views on the great questions of the day, privileges which were certainly fewer in 1910, and since have apparently decreased. But I agree with Mr. Balfour that no deterioration of manners, or minimizing of genuine enthusiasm for ideals conscientiously pursued, can be charged against that great assembly in its later phase. The deterioration, if any, has emanated from the gradual enshackling of the House of Commons itself by increased powers granted to Ministers who more frequently use closure by compartments and its kindred instrument the "Kangaroo" closure.

Sections of varying proportions have existed in political parties ever since I had an opportunity of exercising personal observation from without or within the popular Chamber. Passionate scenes have from time to time been the heritage of this as well as other popular assemblies, but it is clear from later facts that at the present time all such ebullitions of feeling pale before the united sentiment of patriotism. The remarkably firm and calm attitude of the present House of Commons on July 27, 1911, when Germany was thought to have ignored Great Britain in Morocco, stands as an example of this, in contrast with the not unnatural emotion over the Parliament Bill, combined with denial of a hearing to Mr. Asquith, still fresh in memory.

"Farewell" is always a painful word to utter and so it remained, even though beautiful gifts—of a diamond pendant to my wife and three water-colours by that redoubtable artist, Mr. Sutton Palmer—were showered upon us, in addition to the magnificent plate given us at our silver wedding in 1902 by the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist Councils; and I now only wish to say regarding the close of my career

in the House of Commons, that votes deliberately and consistently given in general support of any particular party involve a politician in responsibility which retirement cannot shake off. Therefore I think it right to register the following views.

Former Unionists who helped to comprise what was called the "gallant little minority" against the Budget and contingent legislation of 1906-10 are not entitled to speak harshly, and ruthlessly blame the leaders in the House of Lords for making a stand there against these innovations. With our votes staring us in the face the most we can do with propriety seems to enjoin moderation by means of private influence. Bitterly do I personally regret that it has not been considered possible to reform the House of Lords by means of selecting a chosen number of the ablest politicians and business men therein, while allowing this nucleus to be strengthened by Members sent up as the result of a well-considered scheme of Life Peerages.

I must be excused from entering further into particulars from my cave of reflection and retirement, only wishing to emphasize the inability of any man to shed the weightiest of responsibilities because a few years have passed since the crisis which was germinating when he left the House of Commons.

To admit that this epoch of retirement was not one of a certain sadness would be equivalent to assuming time to have dulled the sacred springs of friendship as well as obliterated interest in those stirring events of deep national importance with which I had dealt in the dual capacity of Historian and Legislator.

Any sojourner in the home of the late Mrs. H. S. Thornton, who had possessed the friendly confidence of one so kindly sympathetic, and yet armed by nature with an ever-ready wit, consequently felt most of all the personal loss which preceded the disappearance of the Battersea Rise household, and the apparent ruthless dispersal of those traditional "*Lares et Penates*," the history of which has fascinated

some of the leading chroniclers of the great Evangelical movement. It has seemed incomprehensible to many that those bearing our name, and one a Member for Clapham resident on the estate, should have not been able to rescue Battersea Rise House from the Auction Mart and the Builder. So I take this opportunity of stating how inexorable were the legal enactments of the late owner, Mr. H. S. Thornton, who directed this sale and division between his children or their descendants, whenever his widow's life interest came to a close.

It can be understood what the feelings of those who had spent so many happy years at Battersea Rise House must have been when they left the old home.

At a period when dire gaps in the list of those most trusted and revered appeared from time to time, among those who had reached the close of useful and much-loved lives, I can recall few more sorely missed than the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, a wise and high-minded counsellor to the many relations and friends over whose happiness she watched so loyally. That I was fortunate enough to be placed in the latter category I shall always rejoice to remember, but the poignancy of the inevitable separation which must some day come was in this case brought closely home to all within the charmed circle of her immediate acquaintance. I must also mention the gap in our opportunities of becoming better as age crept steadily forward consequent on the death of that well-loved clergyman, the late Canon Fleming. Communion with one possessing a mind so lofty and a spirit so bright will not be forgotten even when the deeper problems of life and the way to use it here can never again be taught by that eloquent tongue. To visit York Minster with the Canon was indeed a revelation that the eloquent preacher was also a thoughtful and correct historian.

Sir William Harcourt told me how he had enjoyed one of these peregrinations with the Canon, so knowing I could not go wrong in repeating this at St. Michael's Rectory, I was met with the swift rejoinder: "Ah, but Sir William did not like

all he heard that day". It appears that when they came to the beautiful Chapter House, Canon Fleming, conscious of the statesman's advocacy of Lay Church rights in the House of Commons, pointed to the gallery devoted to those secular representatives at the summit of the building. Churchmen in those days did not exclude the lay element, hinted the Canon; "No," almost shouted the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, "but they had no voice". On approaching the tomb of Archbishop Vernon Harcourt in the nave of the Minster, Sir William in his own turn told the Canon a story.

"My great-grandfather had his difficulties in those days. Once when driving four-in-hand, as was the Episcopal custom, into a village to perform a clerical duty, the Archbishop of York was suddenly confronted with an indignant and almost iconoclastic Nonconforming critic, who asked him loudly before the servants whether St. Paul ever rode in such a chariot or performed sacred duties with similar insignia, betokening clerical pomp and display. To which Archbishop Vernon Harcourt promptly and calmly answered: 'Good friend, remember, times are changed'."

The same may be said of the writer's own experiences during eighteen years of public life, the recollections concerning which are nearly concluded.

It is impossible for anyone under such circumstances not to have been called on to take the rough with the smooth, but at first regret at abandoning a most interesting phase of existence predominated. Now, however, I enjoy contented concentration upon various occupations, and shall ever dwell with grateful pleasure upon the kindness and tolerance experienced within the precincts of the British House of Commons.

CHAPTER XX.

RECENT ATHLETICS (1908-11).

EMANCIPATION from Parliamentary duties after seventeen years and more at Westminster might very easily have lured one aged 68 years into the proverbial armchair, associated as this is in many minds with that attractive word "rest". But happily owing to my having kept up a constant connexion with younger people both at Harrow and Cambridge, ample opportunity was afforded me to remain abreast of those athletic movements with which I had been associated for at least half a century. But the term athletic must in my own case imply unusually keen observation of the conditions of the cricket world and of the doings on the running path not only of Oxford and Cambridge but likewise of Yale and Harvard, our American cousins having crossed the Atlantic no less than three times to cope with our athletes. A response was made in October, 1895, by Cambridge competing at Manhattan Field, New York. Both British Universities tried conclusions with the cross-Atlantic Universities during their celebrated forgathering at Berkeley Oval, New York, on 25 September, 1901, the last meeting of picked men of the Old and New World having concluded in the month and year these lines were written (July, 1911). P. J. Baker of Kings, the Cambridge President, was one of the finest runners from half a mile to one mile I ever saw at my University. Certainly his achievement of winning both at the Inter-University Sports in 1911 has not been equalled.

With regard to Harrow cricket, without for a moment suggesting any decline on "the Hill" of the qualities which make for success in our ancient national game, it is impossible

not to recognize the remarkable advance in all-round playing which the Etonian teams have displayed since the magnificent new ground at Agars Plow has been utilized. The closely contested Eton victories of 1910-11 were gained by playing the game in a true sense, although luck on the whole inclined to the Light Blues on the first occasion. Harrow's gallant up-hill game of 1911 was the outcome of cricket fully worthy of her traditions. The writer was on this occasion, as ever, with his old school in warm sympathy.

Again, with respect to rowing, my never-ceasing interest in the fortunes of my beloved Jesus College on the Cam has enabled me to extend that sympathy into the progress of that most seductive art whether in or out of the British Universities. Indeed, given a steady horse to ride and eyesight such as enables the onlooker to follow the fortunes of a boat in practice, the favoured sportsman indulging in such attractive recreation will never regret time or trouble taken in trying to understand the mystery of how success is gained in not the least noble of all athletic contests.

Owing partly to feelings of gratitude towards G. L. Thomson, the Cambridge University Oar of 1909, and his Manor House coadjutors, who helped to draw me up to Battersea Rise House after those exciting Clapham elections, and also to the Jesus youths participating in the 'Varsity trials and the supreme struggles at Putney and Henley, I found myself, when a veteran, in spirit at least once more living in the sixties of the last century, and back in my later teens.

The struggles between Oxford and Cambridge at Putney had for three years resulted in Light Blue successes, and our Jesus College President, H. M. Goldsmith, led the University rowing to its very apotheosis in 1908, when the gallant oarsmen from Harvard had to acknowledge a temporary defeat. Just as these trusted representatives of the Cam were apparently the chosen children of fortune, a cloud appeared in their sky in the shape of a reverse in the Olympic struggle at Henley, when a Belgian crew beat them fairly and squarely over the historic mile and five hundred yards, this check

occurring when supervised by several of their most experienced coaches and stroked by the then almost invincible D. C. R. Stuart. Having taken my week-end holiday from Westminster, and even rushed from thence to see the early practice at Henley, I became so far a participator in the hopes and fears of my young friends as to induce them to come and meet a number of their old Cambridge predecessors in the 'Varsity boat and join in a gathering of young and old in the now famous Harcourt room in the House of Commons. The idea became popular owing to the warm approval of those notable "wet bobs" the late Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge, the late Mr. Russell Griffiths, the late Canon Kynaston, and the late Sir Charles Dilke, and from the co-operation of other Cantabs then in Parliament, such as Mr. R. C. Lehmann and Mr. W. Dudley Ward, M.P.

The following list of guests at the Complimentary Dinner to the President of the C.U.B.C., and the crew, will no doubt prove of interest.

The Rt. Hon. Lord ALVERSTONE—Lord Chief Justice of England (Chairman); winner of Inter-University 1 mile 1865; winner of Inter-University 2 miles 1865; second in Inter-University Steeplechase 1864; Victor Ludorum; Charterhouse and Trinity College.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR—M.P. for the City of London; Prime Minister 1902-5; Eton and Trinity College.

S. H. BUTCHER—M.P. for Cambridge University; late Professor of Greek, Edinburgh; Marlborough and Trinity.

J. F. R. RAWLINSON, K.C.—M.P. for Cambridge University; Recorder of Cambridge; C.U.A.F., 1882-3; Eton and Trinity College.

D. C. R. STUART—President C.U.B.C.; C.U. boat (*st.*) 1906-7-8; Harvard crew (*st.*); Cheltenham and Trinity Hall.

R. F. BOYLE—C.U. boat (*cox.*) 1907-8; Bradfield and Trinity Hall.

S. M. BRUCE—C.U. boat 1904 ; Australia and Trinity Hall. Since famous for his able coaching of the Jesus Boat which beat the Belgians at Terdonck on May 23, 1911.

J. S. BURN—C.U. boat 1907 ; Harrow and Trinity College.

O. A. CARVER—C.U. boat 1908 ; Charterhouse and Trinity College.

¹ The Rt. Hon. Sir C. W. DILKE, Bart.—M.P. for Forest of Dean ; Trinity Hall First Boat 1863 ; Private and Trinity Hall.

A. EDGECUMBE—Magdalene College boat 1905-8 ; Eton and Magdalene College.

F. J. ESCOMBE—C.U. boat 1902 ; Clifton and Trinity Hall.

G. E. FAIRBAIRN—C.U. boat 1908 ; Eton and Jesus College.

Sir R. U. P. FITZGERALD, Bart.—M.P. for Cambridge 1885-1906 ; C.U. boat 1861-2 ; Westminster and Trinity Hall.

H. M. GOLDSMITH—C.U. boat 1906-7 ; Sherborne and Jesus College.

W. R. GRIFFITHS—Recorder of Bedford ; C.U. boat 1865 (*st.*), 1866-7 ; Eton and Trinity College. (Died 1910.)

C. GURDON—C.U. boat 1876-9 (*dead heat* 1877) ; C.U.R.F. 1877 ; Eton and Jesus College.

The Rt. Hon. Sir W. B. GURDON—M.P. for North Norfolk ; Lord Lieut. of Suffolk ; Inter-University Rifle Team 1864 ; Eton and Trinity College. (Died 1910.)

F. G. HUDSON—Trials 1906 and 1908 ; Private and Jesus College.

¹ Sir C. W. Dilke rowed in the Trinity Hall First Boat in 1863, when the Senior Wrangler of that year, Lord Justice Romer, left it owing to overwork, finishing second on the river and rowing head next year. In 1866 Sir Charles put the father of F. H. Jerwood, whose absence from the dinner was regretted, as stroke of the Trinity Hall First Boat.

R. A. KERRISON—Inter-University Team Hurdle race 1862; Harrow and Trinity College.

R. O. B. KERRISON—C.U. boat 1893-4; Eton and Trinity College.

R. A. KINGLAKE—Recorder of Bournemouth; C.U. boat 1863-6; Eton and Trinity College.

H. E. KITCHING—C.U. boat 1908; Uppingham and Trinity Hall.

The Rev. Canon KYNASTON—Professor of Greek, Durham; Senior Classic 1857; C.U. boat 1856 (*st.*), 1857; Principal of Cheltenham College, 1874-88; Eton and St. John's College.

Sir C. LAWES-WITTEWRONGE, Bart.—Winner Inter-University 1 mile 1864; C.U. boat (*st.*) 1865; Victor Ludorum; Eton and Trinity College. (Died 1911).

Sir J. F. LEESE, Bart., K.C.—M.P. for North-East Lancs.; Recorder of Manchester; Lancs. cricketer; London and Trinity College.

R. C. LEHMANN—M.P. for Harborough Div. of Leicester; Member of staff of "Punch" since 1890; Captain Leander B.C. 1894-5; Highgate and Trinity College.

H. M. MARSHALL, R.W.S.—C.U. XI. 1861-3; Winner of Junior Pairs, Westminster; Westminster and Trinity College.

The Rev. Prebendary McCORMICK—Honorary Chaplain to H.M. the King; Vicar of St. James's, Piccadilly; C.U.C. XI. 1854 and 1856; C.U. boat 1856; Liverpool College and St. John's College.

The Rt. Hon. R. McKENNA—M.P. for North Monmouthshire; First Lord of the Admiralty; C.U. boat 1887; King's College, London, and Trinity Hall.

The Rev. Sir H. J. MEDLYCOTT, Bart.—Member of Royal Toxophilite Society; Member of Wimbledon Skating Club; Harrow and Trinity College.

A. H. A. MORTON—M.P. for Deptford 1897-1906; Eton and King's College.

S. D. MUTTLEBURY—C.U. boat 1886-90; Eton and Trinity College.

LESLIE PYM—Capt. Magdalene College B.C. 1906; Magdalene boat 1903-6; Bedford and Magdalene College.

T. D. RICHARDSON—Trials 1907-8; Inter-University Boxing 1906; Private and Trinity Hall.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice ROMER—Senior Wrangler 1863; Trinity Hall First boat 1862; Private and Trinity Hall.

R. SCHOLFIELD—President Third Trinity B.C. 1863; Eton and Trinity College.

C. M. STUART—Trials 1908; Radley boat 1907-8; Radley and Trinity Hall. Captain of their Boat Club, 1911.

C. W. H. TAYLOR—C.U. boat 1901-3; Eton and Trinity College.

G. L. THOMSON—Trials 1906-7; Head of River 1907-8; Manor House School, Clapham, and Trinity Hall.

P. M. THORNTON—M.P. for Clapham since 1892; Victor Ludorum 1862-3; First Secretary Inter-University Sports 1864; Champion Half-mile 1866; Second Jesus Coll. boat 1861 and 1862; Captain Coll. Cricket xi. 1862-4; Harrow and Jesus College.

W. T. TRENCH—Captain Third Trinity B.C. 1862; Eton and Trinity College. (Died 1912.)

J. F. A. TROTTER—Trials 1908; Head of River 1908; Radley and Trinity Hall.

HARCOURT TURNER—Captain Trinity Hall Cricket ix. 1864; Trinity Hall Third boat 1862-4; Cheltenham and Trinity Hall. (Died 1910.)

W. DUDLEY WARD—M.P. for Southampton; C.U. boat 1897 and 1899, 1900; Eton and Trinity College.

E. G. WILLIAMS—Captain Eton boat; C.U. boat 1908; Eton and Trinity College, now Sub-Commander in Rhodesia.

There can be little to add to the universally welcomed words of Lord Alverstone, who presided; but to the regrets he expressed at the premature loss of University oarsmen, such as John Chambers, Bishop Selwyn, and Jack Dale, I desire to add my tribute as an old Jesuit to J. H. Ridley and Herbert Rhodes, of Jesus College, the first of these being not only famous at Putney in 1869-70, but unbeaten on the running path at a quarter of a mile in 1866, while the second participated at the date of 1873 in a notable victory for Cambridge as stroke of the first boat fitted with sliding seats.

Mr. W. R. Griffiths did me the honour of giving me his ticket for the Umpire's boat when he stroked the Cambridge crew on April 13, 1867. The race was grandly contested, the two crews keeping but a few yards apart most of the way.

No notice of Cambridge crews can be complete without mention of the debt that Cambridge rowing owes to the pluck and skill of J. H. D. Goldie, who stroked three winning crews and broke a sequence of nine consecutive Cambridge defeats.

The death of Sir Alexander Onslow, late Lord Chief Justice of Western Australia, has a pathetic interest in reference to our gathering of past and present Cantabs. Educated at Winchester and Trinity College, he was a popular member of the Third Trinity Boat Club in the early sixties. He had looked forward enthusiastically to this Cambridge meeting—to mingle with former friends and become acquainted with the new generation of rowing men.

Possibly these notes may be valued hereafter when their possessors contemplate the careers of those dining in the Harcourt Room at the House of Commons on October 15, 1908. The period which elapsed between the time when Canon Kynaston (then "Snow") rowed in 1857, and that reached during D. C. R. Stuart's career, covers upwards of half a century.

Alas, as I write, in July, 1911, I have to chronicle deaths of S. H. Butcher, Sir Charles Dilke, the Rt. Hon. Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, the Rev. Canon Kynaston, Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge, Harcourt Turner, and W. T. Trench.

The idea of bringing young, middle-aged and old together in friendly converse, originally suggested by Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge, was appreciated by those assembled in the Harcourt Room, as speeches from the ex-Presidents, Mr. Muttelbury, Mr. Goldsmith, and Canons M'Cormick and Kynaston demonstrated ; while the President of the C.U.B.C., Mr. D. C. R. Stuart, spoke in a similar manner regarding his youthful colleagues. Subsequently he wrote the following letter which I am allowed to publish, and which I value deeply :—

“C.U.B.C.

“DEAR MR. THORNTON,

“Just an inadequate note to thank you for all your kindness and keenness to the crew and myself. I cannot express the sentiments of the younger Cambridge contingent, they have if I may say so a tremendous admiration for you, your sporting achievements, and the strenuous example you have set us in your later work at the Commons.

“For myself the dinner was one of the happiest and proudest times of my life and I have you to thank for it, and although I cannot express well enough what I feel, I do thank you from my heart.

“The dinner has already had the effect of making every one keener and its effect, if I can judge Undergraduate signs, will be very enduring. I hope that you will come and pay us another visit whenever you can.

“Thank you again and again.

“I am,

“Yours very sincerely and gratefully,

“DOUGLAS STUART.”

Success in the 'Varsity Boat Race was destined to fall to Oxford for the three years following this re-union at the House of Commons, but the gathering was nevertheless successful in bringing past and present together on the Cam.

I may add that when in 1909 I took the degree of LL.M.,



JESUS (CAMBRIDGE) BOAT WINNING THE TERDONCK RACE AGAINST THE BELGIANS
ON MAY 25, 1911

I was welcomed by the kindly greetings of Undergraduates, who cheered again and again from the crowded galleries of the Senate House, the surprise felt at this demonstration being swiftly changed for sentiments of pleasure and satisfaction when the identities of these young well-wishers were revealed by hand-shakings and kindly words.

Moreover, one fortunate circumstance of thus making Cambridge a playground of my holiday hours was that a conclave of members of Jesus College, including the Master, Dean, Dr. Foakes Jackson, H. M. Goldsmith, and F. G. Hudson, gave me the opportunity of helping to organize the scheme framed to send a picked crew to give a worthy, if belated, response to the repeated visits of those good sportsmen, the Belgian Oarsmen, to Henley, where their records, even when unsuccessful, remain for all time worthy of remembrance. It happened that a nucleus of Jesuit aquatic talent seemed to be available within the Metropolitan area.

The names of these aquatic representatives deserve such record as I can give them here:—

H. M. Goldsmith (Captain), G. E. Fairbairn, H. J. S. Shields, F. G. Hudson, H. E. Swanston, Captain Cecil Hudson, E. C. Henty, T. M. Crowe (Stroke), and C. A. Skinner (Coxswain).

The practice at Richmond and the bright and happy meetings of Jesus and University friends would of themselves have seemed memories worth preserving; but when these are considered with the ultimate success at Ghent, I must acknowledge I feel to have been associated with one of the most inspiring ventures of a lengthy life. As Chairman of the Committee I am able to record the fact that while the same tact, personal popularity, and genuine oarsmanship, which enabled H. M. Goldsmith to render his Presidency of the University Boat Club so famous in 1908, were present and at our service throughout, yet the Jesus crew which won the Belgian race at Terdonck near Ghent on 25 May, 1911, never could have been brought together but for the zeal, wisdom, and sportsmanlike qualities displayed by Mr. F. G.

Hudson, who, I am told, both in Belgium and at Henley this year has thereby greatly raised his rowing reputation.

The main virtue of our Jesus oarsmen's visit to Ghent consisted in their fulfilling an obvious international responsibility. Again and again had the members of the Royal Nautique, under M. Maurice Lippen's presidency, journeyed to Henley and with remarkable success demonstrated what a high level of rowing had been attained in Belgium. But no sort of response came from the English Universities, London, or Provincial Clubs, so that it became evident that unless some decided step was taken these interesting competitions would, for some time at least, not be renewed. All, however, went as happy as the proverbial marriage bell, when letters between M. Maurice Lippens, H. M. Goldsmith and F. G. Hudson had rendered it certain that the Jesus crew would go over to Ghent and that they would be warmly welcomed out there.

The match was avowedly one between two private Boat Clubs, and any international character given to the visit was imported into the contest because of the fast-growing enthusiasm of the gallant men of Brabant who hailed our men as friends and allies.

It must be remembered that Magdalen and New College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, were not in the position to join in any such much-desired competition, owing to the May races being at hand. The Author travelled over to Brussels and there forgathered with other 'Varsity sportsmen bent on a like errand. Amongst these were found the veteran Oxford oarsman and critic W. B. Woodgate, S. D. Muttelbury, R. B. Etherington Smith, D. C. R. Stuart, W. P. Pulman (lately an enthusiastic Clare Captain), and J. F. Escombe, to remind the Cantabs of their honoured Cam side.

It was naturally very encouraging to the men of Jesus College to find how heartily their attempt to pay the debt long due to the Belgians and at the same time enter on a high class competition was appreciated by those so well able to

judge. The character of the welcome extended to the English visitors cannot possibly be adequately realized unless seen on the spot, as it surpassed the imagination of any absent sympathizer to describe the enthusiastic scenes which followed the Jesus College success. Local residents there had been who previously approached the question of a possible spirit of disfavour following any ill-success of the popular Terdonck-Belgique combination; because in the poorer districts through which we passed to the scene of the contest, the national flags exceeded those of the British by at least fifty to one, and no sort of indication had been given as to how a disappointment in the region of their special athletic sport might be taken by some elements amongst an excitable people. But in the words of the able descriptive writer in the "Sportsman" of 27 May, written after the race: "The crews cheered each other, the thousands joined in, the syrens and hooters not ceasing until the Jesus men reached the Boat house". The "Sportsman" adds: "It was one of the most remarkable scenes I have witnessed and out-did a popular win at Henley".

As to the merits of the oarsmanship displayed on the Terdonck Canal there can be no sort of doubt. Even, as M. Maurice Lippens assured us, the time in which the course had been covered, viz. 6 minutes 43 seconds, was a record at Ghent, and as our gallant opponents were little more than two lengths behind, the excellence of the performance stands confirmed, even if experts associated with Oxford University, Trinity College, Cambridge, and Trinity Hall, had not expressed such decided views as to the unusual merits of the victorious crew.

I knew Mr. Woodgate's favourable opinion before the contest commenced, as he had been several times to see the practice at Richmond; but those of Dr. Etherington Smith and Mr. D. C. R. Stuart, although more tardily given, quite bore out the hopes the fulfilment of which gave such a glowing satisfaction to every member of Jesus College.

But to the spirit evinced by the gallant Brabant nation-

ality there can be no doubt that it is correct to attribute an International importance, and I state this with the sense of responsibility engendered by over seventeen years' membership of the British House of Commons and a long study of the historical side of European foreign policy. From the weighty character of Sir Arthur Hardinge's, the British Minister's, speeches it was not difficult to see that he too perceived in the surroundings of the contest something beyond the athletic rivalry which brought upwards of 100,000 people together around this usually deserted canal path six miles from Ghent. That the people of the Low Countries have realized the weighty nature of the Treaties which made Holland and Belgium European nations, I have no doubt, not that when called on at the banquets in Ghent and Brussels to respond for my beloved College anything beyond joy at the mutual goodwill between the two peoples could according to the dictates of taste, judgment or statesmanship be directly named. Nevertheless this undoubted truth places the aquatic and International rivalry, which it was a crowning honour of my athletic career to promote as Chairman of the Jesus Committee, in a category different in character to any such continental contest of the time. The statesmen both of Great Britain and the Low Countries must be pondering how to weld together and utilize these reassuring public sentiments in the cause of the independence of smaller nations and that moreover of the peace of the world. This I have written advisedly, because no doubt the Coronation ceremonies temporarily and in a great degree withdrew these remarkable demonstrations in Belgium from the eye of the British public.

S. M. Bruce of Trinity Hall, the Cambridge University Coach of 1911, also acted as Mentor to this crew at Terdonck and Henley, although on the latter occasion his pupils were beaten by those equal in style but much superior in strength. Without any suggestion as to the effect of the two changes I may mention that before Henley Regatta our Captain, H. M. Goldsmith, had retired through ill-health in favour of his cousin of the same name, and a capable substitute in L. A.

Pattinson had taken the place of Cecil Hudson, who had joined his Hussar regiment.

Mr. Bruce would be the last man to deny that any success achieved under his tactful management for Jesus College bore the mark of Steeve Fairbairn's long and patient instruction.

“GLEANINGS.”

I COMMENCE the promised “Gleanings” which were intended to follow the last chapter dealing with my subject generally, by recording two family recollections of my father’s. At the close of the first chapter, allusion has been made to the alliance of my Aunt Harriet Thornton with the Hon. John Leslie Melville, afterwards ninth Earl of Leven and Melville, who lived to become Father of the House of Lords after a hard-working life mainly spent in the banking-house at 20 Birchin Lane, although he had undergone considerable privations when acting during the Peninsula as a business adviser concerning the Commissariat.

Two of the Earl’s sons succeeded to his title. Firstly, Alexander, known with warm regard to more than one generation of Etonians, who enjoyed his kindly hospitality at the Bank House, Windsor. He was also a warm supporter of cricket and athletics in Eton College, and a leading member of the Committee responsible for rebuilding the Racquets and Five Courts so rendering them worthy of “Pious Henry’s Royal shades”. As a partner in the banking-house of Williams, Deacon & Thornton, of 20 Birchin Lane, Alexander Leslie Melville, the tenth Earl, then best known as Viscount Kirkcaldie, became a trusted coadjutor of that great banker Henry Sykes Thornton when the “Chief,” there termed, needed advice from those “whose study of mankind” was, in Pope’s words, “man”. To relations and his numerous friends Alexander Melville was known as one of unstinted liberality. He died 22 October, 1889, aged 71, as the result of a carriage accident at Dunphail, Scotland, having never married.

Secondly, Alexander's half-brother, the eleventh Earl, Ronald Ruthven, who succeeded to the title at his death was one whose talents for the conduct of public affairs were demonstrated when he performed the duties of Lord High Commissioner at Holyrood with a tact and popularity not likely to be forgotten in Scotland. A man of influence in the City of London, as a Governor of the Bank of England, and a successful and far-seeing financier, he will be remembered as a worthy and successful grandson of Henry Thornton, M.P. for Southwark. Married to a daughter of Lord Portman, he has left behind him those undoubtedly well able to sustain the prestige of an ancient and honoured Scottish name. His water-colour paintings were shown in Bond Street after his death, and much praised by those most competent to judge.

The new chapel in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, is at once a graceful gift from the ancient family of Leven and Melville to that historic fane, and a fitting memorial to Ronald the eleventh Earl, *obit.* 1906, who wished to see some such sacred centre in Scotland's capital as that dedicated to the National Order of Knights of the Thistle. The donors of the chapel are the present Earl and his brothers, carrying out their father's intentions.

A younger brother of the eleventh Earl was a favourite nephew of my father's, and bears witness to the universal satisfaction felt at home in Roehampton House when " Uncle Sam," as he was affectionately termed, came to see them there. When my father became an Admiral he received a written congratulation from the members of this family.

Captain Norman Melville gained a reputation in the Grenadier Guards for horsemanship, and had the honour of winning a race in Ireland for the late King (then Prince of Wales).

In August, 1861, a race meeting was held at the Curragh, and Captain Norman Melville was deputed by one of his messmates in the regiment to ride for him. Unfortunately the mount stumbled and fell, and Melville was both bruised

and shaken. While, however, resting on a bank near, with a soldier's cape thrown over him, a command came from H.R.H. requesting him to ride his horse "Rupée," in a race for animals of fifteen hands. Captain Melville represented that he was by no means in full vigour, and also said that better gentleman-riders were on the course who could be trusted to do justice to the Royal mount. But the Prince of Wales signified his desire that, if possible, Mr. Melville should ride in his colours on that occasion.

Fortunately the amateur jockey chosen by the Prince was successful after a hard race by half a length. Next morning while Captain Melville was resting in his room, H.R.H. called, and was most grateful and affable, putting ceremony aside and insisting on thanking the rider of his horse in person. Subsequently a gold-mounted riding-whip was received by Captain Norman Melville bearing an inscription that it was given to him by the Prince of Wales for riding "Rupée" to victory on 6 August, 1861.

My father's early friendship with the Admiral, Earl of Leven and Melville, had led to an intimate association with the cousins at Melville House, Fifeshire, such as existed with those members of the family whose Southern home was at Roehampton House, and there, as at Battersea Rise, occurred periodically forgatherings of relatives and others, attended by people of all ages.

Neither the ninth, tenth, nor eleventh Earls of Leven owned the family home at Melville in Fifeshire, which together with the portrait of Graham of Claverhouse when a youth, and that of Gustavus Adolphus, given to the first Lord Leven by the Swedish monarch, went in the female line by a flaw in a will after the death of the Admiral, David, the eighth Earl.

A sister of John, ninth Lord Leven, namely Lady Jane Elizabeth Leslie Melville, was married in the autumn of 1816, according to Burke, to Mr. Francis Pym of The Hasells, Sandy, Beds., whose father of that name sat in the House of Commons for that county from 1806 to 1819, being a con-

temporary at Westminster with Mr. Samuel Thornton, M.P. Their eldest son Francis was killed in an accident on the Great Northern Railway near Hitchin in 1850. The present owner of The Hasells is his eldest son Francis Pym, late of the Life Guards. One of the best known of this ancient family was the late Mr. R. Ruthven Pym, partner in Coutts' Bank, and connected with the Middlesex Hospital, as well as with numerous other philanthropic undertakings. He married Harriet, eldest daughter of Henry Sykes Thornton of Battersea Rise House.

Mr. Charles Guy Pym, a first cousin of the above-named Francis Pym, who met with the fatal accident, has kept up the legislative traditions of his race by being elected M.P. for Bedford in 1895, and retaining the seat for eleven years. Afterwards he was chosen D.L. for Beds. and Sheriff for the County of London, 1910-11, so acting during the Coronation of George V. He married in 1885, Emily Mildred, youngest daughter of Henry Sykes Thornton.

Mr. Guy Pym's representation of Bedford, beyond the fact that his care for the interests of the borough was the leading object in his public life, will be also memorable for the promotion in the House of Commons of a measure devised for the purpose of improving the condition of local Committees charged with the duty of extinguishing fires in country localities.

The representative of Bedford, in an exhaustive and brilliant speech made when introducing his Fire Brigade measure, proved to the satisfaction of the House of Commons that the need of reform in administration, due attention to the improvement of water supplies, and the providing of fresh engines in many cases, could be brought about at a relatively small cost. In the writer's opinion, had it been found possible to send this measure to a Select Committee, an arrangement might have been reached which would have already been the means of saving some historic British homes from destruction. This view is founded on the arguments contained in Mr. Pym's speech.

Mr. Chaplin, speaking for the Local Government Board,

recognized the importance of the question and the strength of the appeal made, but could sanction no legislation calculated to place an enhanced charge on the localities. The last has not, I believe, been heard of this question regarding which country firemen feel so deeply.

Mr. Guy Pym had a half-brother, Mr. Horace Noble Pym, a literary expert of remarkable culture, wit, and taste, who edited the life and letters of Caroline Fox, was responsible for shrewd comments on the Diary of Mr. Pepys, and collected a valuable library at Foxwold, near Westerham, in Kent. Mr. Horace Noble Pym having an introduction to Thomas Carlyle visited him by appointment at his Chelsea home. Anticipating a treat of reason and being by long study a genuine literary man, Mr. Pym was not in the first instance the least nervous. The Sage, however, coming suddenly into the room asked for the visitor's name, and being told Pym, promptly retorted, "Pray, Sir, what have you done to justify the possession of such a name?" Although, no doubt, slightly embarrassed, Mr. Pym as promptly answered, "Sir, I have done my best". A short conversation was sufficient to reassure Mr. Pym that he was in very truth a welcome and congenial guest. It was a loss to letters that this clever writer did not survive long enough to enjoy a leisure certain to have been fruitful in further literary output of the high class to which he had accustomed his readers. Mr. Guy Pym's parents were the Rev. William Wollaston Pym, Rector of Willian, Herts., and Miss Gambier, a niece of Admiral Lord Gambier. My father, who much enjoyed his visits to The Hasells, there met the Rev. William Pym, and promised to visit him in his parochial home when the two families were assembled under the paternal roof. He was struck with the similitude to some scholastic institutions which the numbers of those present forced upon him. The Rev. William Wollaston Pym was one of the evangelical pastors of the day, able to impress his hearers by the eloquence and transparent fidelity with which he expounded a belief founded on a most accurate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

So far the Leven and Melville and Pym relations, but even now I find I have not quite emphasized enough my father's deep and constant thought for more distantly related members of the Thorntons of Birkin whom he heard spoken of with honour. For instance, he used to talk with pride of one of the race, the Rev. Spencer Thornton, Vicar of Wendover, Bucks., whose son G. R. Thornton was up at Jesus College in the sixties. Deeds of Godliness and mercy occupied the comparatively brief life of the said Spencer Thornton.

To have been a favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby is of itself no small distinction ; but since that great teacher of youth said of this patient pastor after he left school, “ I would stand to that man hat in hand,” it is easier to understand how his parishioners soon discovered his merits. Indeed he was a most successful clergyman and one who looked closely after all the people at Wendover. To understand the full measure of his worth the Memoirs by the Rev. W. R. Freemantle should be studied. (Nisbet, 1851.)

A deep knowledge of the Bible had led him to instance Martin Luther's experience of the sacred record : “ The Bible is a fruit tree, which bears many thousands, and all various, fruits. I have gone round this tree for many years, have looked at it, and shaken its stem, and never shook it in vain. There is not even the smallest branch from which, if properly struck, something does not fall.”

When reading of Spencer Thornton's school-life I could not but observe how the advice of Dr. Arnold to the young man was much of the same character as that which Dr. Vaughan gave us at Harrow, whence, in 1850, came a most characteristic letter from the ruler of the school on the Hill written on the occasion of his Rugby friend Spencer Thornton's sudden death.

It is remarkable that I should myself have known three of this good clergyman's sons and even be in friendly converse with descendants of a later generation, viz. Frederick Du Pre Thornton, the Oriental scholar, Henry Thornton, the

Nottingham banker, and the Rev. George Ruthven Thornton, for some time Vicar of St. Mark's, Addison Road. This broad-minded, warm-hearted Englishman comes into the category of friends I have remembered at Jesus College, where soon after going down myself I knew him amongst those early in athletic distinction, when he won the Inter-University competition for throwing the hammer, and was a warm supporter of the muscular Christianity then in vogue. From his son Spencer it is my good fortune to have gleaned something of the means whereby his father won hearts in a difficult London parish.

Mr. F. Du Pre Thornton's scholarship has been sympathetically recorded by the Cambridge University Lecturer in Persian, Mr. Reynold A. Nicholson, from whose pages I briefly transcribe the facts.

Frederick Du Pre Thornton was born in 1841 at Wendover in Buckinghamshire and was educated at Brighton College.

He commenced the study of Arabic in 1880 when he first visited Egypt and Palestine, following the method he recommended in his "First Reading Book," namely "to begin reading aloud from a book fully pointed, with a Moslem who is accustomed to recite the Qur'ân (Corân) in public prayer". From 1880 to 1892 he was almost continually in the East.

A visit to India with Mrs. Thornton, formerly Miss Hill, elicited the information that the Moslems there do not speak Arabic much amongst themselves, it being only used there as the sacred language.

Altogether Mr. Thornton's researches were strongly appreciated by scholars. Mr. Reynold A. Nicholson, Lecturer in Persian at the University of Cambridge, when engaged in editing Mr. Thornton's works, said, "I made as few alterations as possible, since I know Mr. Thornton had pondered every word over and over again and that he took infinite pains to secure the clearest and most concise expression". He was trying to improve his knowledge until the day of his death.

This learned kinsman of my own had a desire to enter

Parliament on the Unionist side, and received encouragement from Lord Salisbury the then Prime Minister of Queen Victoria. But ill-health clouded those hopes before his death in January, 1903. Mr. Henry Edward Thornton, the Nottingham banker, is a sympathetic authority on the past history of his race.

Now as regards what seem to me to be omissions in the records of what I personally " have remembered ".

For instance, in the narration leading up to my own selection as a Unionist candidate for Clapham in Parliament I omitted to name three remarkable brethren, who were so celebrated for their kindly philanthropy in that populous quarter of the Metropolis that, had not Charles Dickens selected only two brothers for the title of " Cheeryble," I should certainly have claimed the name for the trio of kindly Clapham inhabitants remembered with affection by many still living, as the three Whitings, Matthew, Henry, and Noel.

When I promised to contest Clapham all three brothers were living in the neighbourhood, and to Henry, a resident on Lavender Hill, I went, trusting in his notorious sympathy for all neighbours and especially for those who belonged to the Unionist Party, and asked him for the loan of a carriage at the approaching Clapham election. " By all means," said Mr. Whiting, but while I knew what giving up his brougham for even a few hours, as driving, in his lame condition, was his sole means of progression, would mean, I did not realize at the moment how probable it was that the temporary denizens of the vehicle might perhaps render it uninhabitable and useless to its owner for a time. Hence I did not avail myself of the carriage, but relied on the kindly personal support which was given through speaking to those not generally interested in politics, who thereby learned that I had a genuine desire to help my neighbours and benefit the country. With all three Cheeryble brothers speaking thus, I had a good personal send-off from Lavender Hill. Mr. Henry Whiting's chief avenues of charity were the Police Orphanages and the

Royal Dental Hospital. He believed that the community owed much to the police both in Ireland and Great Britain.

It is a pleasant memory to have been a guest in the little house on Lavender Hill, where so many celebrated people congregated, Madame being a most kindly and charming hostess. There I learned to know Mr. Maxwell the publisher, and his wife (Miss Braddon), and also their sons, now themselves becoming notable for their literary accomplishments. Of Mrs. Maxwell's gifts the world knows well, but her continual work at home did not prevent the great writer from being an invariably animated conversationalist when a guest, and moreover a sympathetic listener to the woes of struggling authors. Mr. Henry Whiting had friends in other walks of life, and I first met the late Sir Henry Peek there, and also my future House of Commons friend, the late Sir John Aird.

The eldest of this family was the ever kind and generous Matthew Whiting, who gave much of his time to photography, in which art he became remarkably expert. He battled in later years with a distressing deafness.

The younger of these brethren, Noel Whiting, became a well-known figure around Clapham Junction, which latterly he seldom left. The School Board, prompted as Mr. Whiting believed, by certain busybodies in the neighbourhood, several times scheduled his beautiful, old-fashioned house and grounds, which Socialists maintained ought not to exist where land was so much needed for housing the working classes. Many of us, including the writer, did our best to combat this assault on an octogenarian's beloved home and with success, because no school was really needed in this particular spot. I may add that Mr. John Burns, to his credit, defied the political retaliation of extreme Collectivist supporters by using his best private endeavours to save an aged neighbour from this calamity. At Mr. Whiting's death the property fetched £17,000 an acre.

Mr. Noel was, like his brother Henry, a lover of horses and also good at a bargain. But I have known him after

resisting what seemed too high a price, therefore apparently losing a good animal, to send the baffled dealer away with a nice little present in his pocket just to show there was no ill-will accompanying the refusal to buy.

Mr. Noel was the only bachelor of the trio and solaced his aged loneliness by a general benignity towards all who approached him even if he suspected them to sympathize with the secret conclave of Collectivist land grabbers which, before the much-abused Education Act of Mr. Balfour's passed, exercised a terrorism over suburban residents holding land near Clapham Common.

I often thought that Mr. Noel Whiting's unaffected distress at the prospect of leaving his lifelong home when over eighty softened the heart of some of these mysterious foes. My friend, General Sir Alfred Turner, who married Mr. Noel's niece, will vouch for the truth of the statements.

The remarkable fortunes of the Whiting brothers were gained by assiduity in business methods. Indeed they were almost ubiquitous in their adaptation of such knowledge to divers purposes, the wool trade of Silesia vying with support granted to the Water Companies in the early days of their dissemination over the Metropolitan area. Far-seeing in this direction, the docks of London came also under their purview, while no better judges of furs ever dealt in those articles so comforting the aged of both sexes who winter in Great Britain.

I conclude these personal memorials by the narration of one or two facts concerning my work when M.P. for Clapham, showing what measures I was able to forward at St. Stephen's beyond walking so many miles in the Lobby of the Unionist Party between 1892-1910.

It is worthy of mention that during the time I was M.P. for Clapham two Prime Ministers, one past and one *in futuro*, visited the historic home on Battersea Rise. Lord Rosebery came there on 15 November, 1893, to open the Battersea Town Hall and was accompanied on the platform by the two local M.P.'s, Mr. Burns and myself. All three addressed a closely

packed and interested audience. The occasion inaugurated a long series of interesting and inspiring local gatherings, religious, social, and political, in the Hall, of which the architecture redounded to the credit of the late Mr. Mountford, whose name is writ large in stone around Battersea.

On 18 February, 1899, Mr. Balfour gave away the prizes at the Battersea Polytechnic, and made a well-received address on those fast developing Institutions classed as Polytechnics. Edward VII and Queen Alexandra showed a deep personal interest in the educational welfare of Mr. Burns' as well as my own constituents, and his royal forethought has already been the means of elevating the tone of technical teaching in this part of the Metropolis, as the educational reputation of the Battersea Polytechnic proves. The late Principal, Mr. Sidney Wells, working on similar lines in Egypt, and Mr. Edwin Tate, the first Chairman and liberal benefactor to the Institution, must feel proud of the bantling over which they watched so assiduously.

Mr. Balfour's advent to Battersea Rise House formed the last link in the list of eminent statesmen who had visited the oval chamber designed by the younger Pitt when frequenting the home of Henry Thornton, M.P. for Southwark, and William Wilberforce.

Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, when The Hon. George Curzon, having addressed a meeting at Clapham in view of becoming Conservative candidate, came to see the Pitt Room at Battersea Rise House. Like Lord Rosebery he admired Höppner's portrait of Henry Thornton, M.P., and remarked on the likeness of the bust by Nollekens of Pitt, saviour of Europe, to that of the rising statesman, Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Curzon soon after this became member for Southport in Lancashire, and the Hon. Algernon Bourke unsuccessfully opposed Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton at Clapham. Mr. Bourke, who wrote an interesting history of Brook's Club, is now heir to the Earldom of Mayo, being second son of the gifted Viceroy of India who was assassinated in the Andaman Islands, in 1872.

Amongst the few satisfactory personal endeavours in the House of Commons I count that of getting justice for the officers of the Royal Indian Marine, who had lost all their personal property which was on board the troopship " Warren Hastings " when she was wrecked off Réunion in 1897. The Government swiftly acquiesced in the scarcely veiled demands of the considerable military element which then existed in the House, but no mention of any kind was made of the Indian Marine whose champion I straightway endeavoured to become.

It happened that two young friends of mine, Lieutenants Walter Windham and Ernest Huddleston, had distinguished themselves by life-saving in the surf off Réunion at the time of the wreck, Windham by presence of mind in finding lights and affixing a rope to the shore, which he was the first to reach through surging waves and broken rocks. Again, the engineers of the ill-fated vessel never left their posts until ordered to pass on shore. It was clear that, like the military, everyone had done his duty.

Between them Windham and Huddleston on this occasion rescued eight persons from drowning.

At the end of this moving drama it did certainly stir my indignation to the uttermost when I learned that, although the brave soldiers of the York and Lancaster Regiments and the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles had received well-merited compensation for their personal losses, an equivalent was at least temporarily withheld from the Indian Marine officers and men. Indeed I became animated with the spirit of the obstructionist, and gave some trouble at question time.

It seemed to me then that the Speaker, Mr. Gully, gave me a good deal of latitude in the matter of asking questions and applying for information in queries arising out of them. Indeed these pieced together read rather suspiciously like a speech.

But the forms of the House were not otherwise open to me, as another whip up such as the military brought about

on the War Office Estimates was not possible upon an identical subject which the ordinary member believed to be disposed of. But the brave tars were fairly compensated, and I have rejoiced thereat ever since.

Captain Walter G. Windham was afterwards for eight years a king's messenger, and is known as an active pioneer both of the motor industries in this country, as well as being one of the earliest promoters of the art of aviation. He was the founder of the Aeroplane Club.

At Allahabad in February of 1911 he established an Aerial Post in that city, demonstrating the feasibility of a beleaguered garrison communicating with the outside world.

After the Coronation of George V this idea was carried out between Windsor and Hendon in September, 1911. His Majesty was pleased to express his interest in this successful undertaking by a letter to the promoter. The bags were taken up at Hendon and the Aeroplanes descended with them in Windsor Park.

Both these experiments of February and September, 1911, were carried out under Government supervision.

1020 lb. of letters and postcards representing over 160,000 in number were carried a distance of 720 miles in the aggregate between Hendon and Windsor and back, at an altitude of 1000 feet in seventeen days. Gustave Hamel carried most of the bags, the weight of each being 25 lb.

As a result of this achievement a sum of £1500 was given to charity, £950 to the Windsor Hospital and £500 to Mons Hubert, who had the misfortune to fracture his legs by falling while carrying the mails. Captain Windham also received letters of congratulation from several of the Crowned heads of Europe.

Captain W. G. Windham's father is Major George Smythe Windham, late of the Rifle Brigade of earlier Crimean and Indian Mutiny times, who married Clara Clarissa, daughter of Lord Charles James Russell, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons. Major G. S. Windham's eldest son, Major Charles, is British Resident at Jodhpur in Rajputana.

I am glad to remember how in unison with several other members of each party I also advocated restoration of the Scotch palaces, especially those of Holyrood and Linlithgow, which had been visited more than once and appeared to sorely need attention. The value of their historical traditions seemed to justify judicious expenditure on these priceless buildings, a sentiment, conservative in character, shared by large masses of the Scottish race. Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, now M.P. for Sutherland, took a leading part in this movement, which has at last led the Government to acknowledge the desirability of dealing with the matter, otherwise H.M. George V could scarcely have sojourned at Holyrood.

Officials connected with the Cyclists' Touring Club attribute their success in getting lights on all vehicles, including bicycles, to my advocacy of this reform at a critical stage of the controversy, since I saw the Vehicles' Lights Bill through a second reading, although it was lost by obstructive opposition in the dog days. Therefore I claim to be a pioneer in the field where my friend, Major L. Renton, M.P. for the Gainsborough Division of Lincolnshire, finally achieved success in 1908.

The same may be said of the Southwark Bishopric Bill, to the passing of which I gave of my best, when religious party differences voiced by eager advocates threatened to obstruct that ecclesiastical reform.

As Chairman of the Committee of South London Unionist M.P.'s I opened communications with certain of the evangelical clergy which enabled them in support of the Bill to go hand-in-hand with members of other Anglican parties. Without some such approximation the measure must have been again delayed.

A measure of a different character was passed in the 1906-10 Parliament. Not political, as Lord Salisbury's letter in this volume demonstrated, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill stirred up animosities, which it will some day be for the historian to explain, but are mentioned here because they

retarded the change even when overwhelming majorities in the House of Commons joined to the solemnly expressed hope for its success by the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII), in words uttered from his place in the House of Lords. The writer is thankful to have worked consistently for this measure in company with men such as the late Sir Brampton Gurdon, Mr. T. Paynter Allen, and Colonel John Rutherford, M.P. for the Darwen Division of Lancashire, of whom the two last mentioned are happily with us still. These men convinced a majority in both Houses that the interests of the poor demanded this change in the law, and also that the legislation of 1835, which excluded future cases from the relief, previously allowed to persons who had contracted this marriage in order to legitimize the heir to a dukedom, formed a sorry and discreditable story. It is just to the memory of the late Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman to say that without his timely intervention as Prime Minister this question might have dragged on indefinitely.

Nor can it be forgotten how in times when this question was comparatively in its legislative infancy, the late Lord Houghton's fearless advocacy did much to persuade the Peers of the grave injustice which was being visited upon large numbers of the late Queen's loyal subjects. Also it should be admitted that public opinion was ultimately mirrored in the House of Lords despite the fact that good men and true, whose views were, as such, held in high respect, never ceased protesting.

It is interesting to record that the same evangelical clerical influence which assisted us to carry the Southwark Bishopric Bill was to a great degree exercised in passing the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill through the House of Commons.

In the 1906 Parliament the Government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman brought in a Bill to improve the laws as to keeping and controlling dogs. On behalf of the Committee of the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea, of which I was a member, I was successful in getting this measure amended in Grand Committee by the

addition of a clause forbidding the indefinite detention of stray dogs in private houses without information being sent to the police, under a penalty of £2. This has acted beneficially in the opinion of the Agricultural Department.

At the time I finished these sparse recollections of my Parliamentary life, the regrettable misunderstandings between Great Britain and Germany had reached a dangerous pitch. After considerable thought I reached the conclusion, which I still hold, that a detailed examination of the causes which have brought this state of things about, made by any private British writer, might prove injurious by provoking recriminations.

I can now, even, only trust myself to say this much generally, viz., that in the writer's experience amongst all sorts and conditions of English people, no visible anti-German prejudice prevails, or finds expression. Certainly not when persons wielding any genuine influence are concerned. Nor is it possible to discover a popular sentiment on this side of the Channel which could conceivably arouse a demand for using our "all in all," the Fleet, or the brave but small British Army, in an unprovoked attack upon the great German Empire.

Such a circumstance would be unthinkable, and yet credible witnesses say that the belief prevails amongst those subjects of the Emperor William II who tenant the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea. It is certainly open for all of us to help in dispersing this injurious and fantastic legend.

These memories are written when the preservation of the Crystal Palace seems to hang in the balance. That this noble edifice should be saved from the builder is in my opinion a matter of vast importance to the people of London, and its maintenance in a less but still considerable degree would be beneficial to the whole nation. No more dignified place of recreation exists wherein vast crowds may be assembled in or out of doors on important occasions. And where, let me ask, are the great sacred works of Handel to be heard by an equal number of people with the same advantage? The musical

traditions of the Crystal Palace are best appreciated by a survivor who has listened to the bird-like notes of Clara Novello echoing through the transepts; who has been entranced under similar circumstances by the volume of Titiens' glorious and resounding soprano voice; has heard Madam Sainton Dolby's stately contralto tones heartily appreciated by assembled multitudes who loved also to recall their favourite tenor and baritone Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. (now Sir Charles) Santley. Such a person may be excused a pæan of rejoicing should this famous arena once more be available for the musical talents of the greatest artistes of the reign of George V just as it has been under those of Victoria and Edward VII.

But to speak of times nearer the present date—the last hour of “Israel in Egypt” at the Handel Festival of 1904, those fortunate enough to participate in will ever remember. Mr. Balfour, who was present, sent his congratulations to the performers, a fact which confirmed my own belief that I had been a fortunate listener upon a unique occasion.

But I must be excused for holding the belief that however scientifically improved may be the modern method of vocalization, when interpreting the German masterpieces of opera which Wagner has produced, yet no living singer can be said to combine histrionic ability fitted to interpret the heroines of tragical opera to that remarkable degree in which, until her death in 1877, Teresa Titiens possessed it so pre-eminently.

Gardoni the tenor who sometimes took the place of Guigliini when that sweet songster needed rest, spoke in the writer's hearing of the remarkable experience any colleague underwent who was on the stage with the prima donna best fitted for the rôle of Lucrecia Borgia, Norma Valentine in the “Huguenots” or Leonora in “Fidelio” or Ortrud in “Lohengrin”. Gardoni, not easily infused with such enthusiasm, declared that she absolutely compelled her stage companions to act by very force of natural genius.

It was a great occasion when under the management of

the late Mr. Gye the equally celebrated artist, Adelina Patti, appeared in Don Giovanni with Titiens in the stately rôle of Donna Anna. My friend the late Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge and I, present on that exceptional night, when Titiens forsook for the occasion the stage of Her Majesty's, that famous old house tenanted by Mr. Mapleson's Company, were the happy recipients of a musical and dramatic feast neither of us ever forgot.

Outside my Parliamentary career, and these remarks shall close my records, it has been a deep satisfaction that for upwards of twenty-eight years I have been a member of the Royal Literary Fund, promoted first to the General Committee and chosen in 1910 just before leaving the House of Commons to be one of the Registrars.

The colleagues I have served with as Registrar have been Sir Sidney Lee, the able successor of the late Sir Leslie Stephen in conducting the "Dictionary of National Biography," the late Sir Richard Holmes, Librarian to Queen Victoria and Edward VII, and Sir Henry Craik, M.P.

During this long connexion with the Literary Fund I have always considered attendance at the committee which dispenses the funds at the corporation to needy but deserving authors, as constituting a species of urgent engagement which never should without good cause be neglected. That this ideal has been absolutely achieved I am far from claiming, but only emphasize the desire of us all at Denison House to strengthen our finances, so as to be better enabled to succour the wounded soldiers of literature.

It took nineteen years for the Rev. David Williams, the honoured founder, to mould his budding institution so as to render it sufficiently virile to bear the test of holding the first Anniversary Dinner of 1793 when Sir Joseph Andrews, Bart., presided. From that time the Anniversary has been held uninterruptedly, some eminent or influential personage taking the chair. It is not too much to say that many of the greatest, wisest, most thoughtful, and eloquent men who have served Great Britain from the reign of George I to that of

the fifth successor, H.M. George V, at the Royal Literary Fund's Annual Dinner, have dealt with the pregnant subject how best to relieve struggling men and women, who, successful in various branches of literature, have yet found themselves stricken with poverty such as afterwards may be permanently removed by a timely and secret gift. For secrecy, except to members of the committee, was the very corner-stone of Mr. Williams' scheme; while to that same body charged with administering these grants has been entrusted the frequently painful duty of discriminating the merit of each suppliant's work. His present Majesty, as Prince of Wales, himself presided in 1890 to the great benefit of the Institution.

It has been universally admitted that amongst subjects, one of the most moving and relevant appeals to the public for aid to the Royal Literary Fund was that made from its Chair in 1868 by Mr. Disraeli, the Leader of the House of Commons, from which he came straight after an important debate on the Reform Bill of that time. In terse sentences the great statesman placed before his hearers the hopes, fears, and occasional calamities which assail the struggling man of mind who utilizes brain power for what is often a bare subsistence. Nobody could be better fitted from knowledge and experience to enforce this leading fact, and Mr. Augustine Birrell did well forty-three years later (1911) to take Mr. Disraeli's comments as a foundation for his own bright, witty, and informing speech, which held its own amongst the best of those I have listened to.

It has been my lot to be present at remarkable intellectual efforts, such as those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and informing historical addresses by men like Dr. H. M. Butler, Master of Trinity, and in a different way, Mr. Andrew Lang. The peroration of Archbishop Temple will be remembered as a very outburst of philanthropic genius by one who at first seemed overweighted by the task before him.

It would be invidious to select many names from such a galaxy of talent, but I must mention the dignity and pathos

thrown into Mr. A. J. Balfour's sincere appeal for the poorer brethren of the pen, with whom it is notorious he has always sympathized and done his best, both in and out of office, to succour.

Personally I rose from my place impressed with the culture and convincing arguments of the gifted and genial Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who in 1910 secured us an almost record purse.

As regards the essential secrecy in dispensing grants of the Royal Literary Fund, one great man and one only has ever publicly torn down the veil and acknowledged gratitude to this Institution. I allude to Chateaubriand, who, when Ambassador to Great Britain, stated on a public occasion that but for assistance from the Literary Fund when an exile he must have succumbed in the battle of life.

The friendships formed during the twenty-eight years of my own membership have more than repaid me for the time and thought expended, and prominent amongst these I place that with the kindly and wise secretary, Mr. Llewelyn Roberts.

Although the Rev. David Williams was the original founder of the Society and Mr. Thomas Newton the earliest pecuniary benefactor on a large scale, any student of its archives cannot but reach the conclusion that the Royal Literary Fund never could have reached its present position but for the munificence of the then Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, who charged his income from the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall with 200 guineas annually in order that the Institution might have a house over its head. Ultimately in 1818, when a Charter of Incorporation was granted, the Prince of Wales permitted his crest to appear on its arms. After he came to the throne he became Patron of the Fund, upon which he bestowed no less than £5,455. Successive sovereigns, William IV, Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V have been Royal Patrons.

This literary connexion has proved a solace through days which might otherwise have passed by without useful and

congenial occupation being always available. Probably I owe it to a great extent to my old friend and mentor in the once-famous Camden Society, the late Professor Rawson Gardiner, that this habit of mind has been preserved amidst the toils of political life and the comparative levity of athletic distraction. I may add that the last-named master of sixteenth century constitutional knowledge left behind him advice given to me which has been for the most part obeyed in writing the present volume; that is, to visit the places named as centres of intellectual influence or remembered as scenes wherein events of national or local moment have occurred.

By observing this rule I trust I have added some interest to the pages of which this ends my present undertaking.

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